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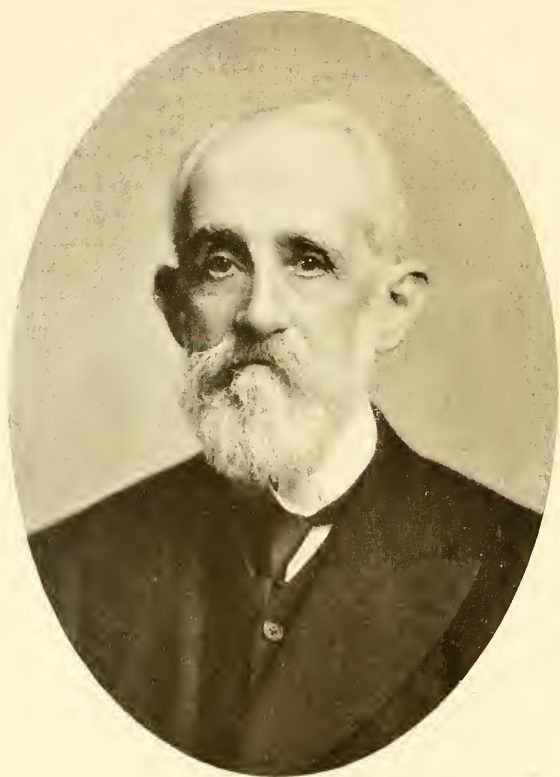


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RICHARD MCILWAINE, D.D., I.L.D.

Memories of Three Score Years and Ten

BY

RICHARD McILWAINE, D.D., LL.D.

ILLUSTRATED



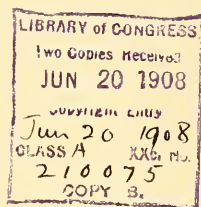
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DEDICATION

These recollections are affectionately dedicated to the descendants of my father and mother and of their brothers and sisters—four generations of whom are now represented in Virginia and as many in the Emerald Isle—with the fervent prayer that they may take their fathers' God to be their God, and walk in the light of His word.

PREFACE

THIS volume was begun with special reference to my kinspeople. As it developed it seemed to contain matter of interest to a wider circle; sketches of honored and useful men and women, whose memory ought to be cherished; scenes in bygone days and stirring times, little known to the present generation; suggestions drawn from experience, which may be of value, specially to the young entering on the duties of life.

It covers a period of nearly "three-score years and ten," spent under a variety of conditions, embracing: childhood; school days; college, university and seminary life; a visit in youth to Ireland, the home of my ancestors; travel and study abroad at a later period; pastoral work in Amelia, Farmville and Lynchburg, Virginia; service in the army of the Confederate States as lieutenant and chaplain; the progress and close of the Civil War and of Reconstruction in Virginia; a period of service as Secretary of Missions of the Southern Presbyterian Church (1872-1883), including Reconstruction in South Carolina (1872-5); presidency of Hampden-Sidney College (1883-1904), and membership in the Constitutional Convention of Virginia (1901-2). It includes residences outside of my native State in Edinburgh, Scotland; Columbia, South Carolina; and Baltimore, Maryland.

It is written in plain, colloquial style, without reference to rhetorical effect, as my life has been spent in the discharge of plain duty, mostly among plain people, by whom, chiefly, it will be read, when read at all. Some of the recollections are of things told me by friends and relatives, and I have endeavored to state everything with absolute accuracy; others, to a considerable extent, are sustained by written and printed documents in my possession or accessible to me. I trust it may prove useful to some of my fellow-men. If so, it will be the occasion of thanksgiving in my declining years.

R. M.

RICHMOND, VA.

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Memories of Three Score Years and Ten

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY AND KINSPeOPLE

AMONG the many pleasant recollections of my childhood and youth, none are so vivid and delightful as those connected with my father and mother. If ever a man had reason to rejoice in parental character, example, and efficiency, surely I have. They were both natives of Londonderry, Ireland, the former of the city and the latter of the county of that name, and both were reared, educated and came to maturity in their parental homes. They were born the same month of the same year, to wit: December, 1801, the former on the 5th and the latter on the 15th of that month, but never met until, in the good providence of God, they were brought together in the city—then the town—of Petersburg, Virginia, about the year 1823.

My father, Archibald Graham McIlwaine, was the son of Richard and Jane (Graham) McIlwaine, the former a native of County Derry and the latter of Fermanagh County. Their residence was in the city of Derry, where they lived in affluence, the head of the family being a wholesale grain merchant, an honorable citizen and a man of standing in the community, a member of the Cathedral (Episcopal) Church of Ireland in that place, a vestryman and churchwarden. The latter fact is witnessed by his name carved on the wall in rear of the chancel of the cathedral, together with that of another, who with him held the same office at the time when repairs were made on the building under their supervision, not far from the beginning of the nineteenth century.

My father was in course of education for the Bar and had about finished his academic studies at Londonderry Academy, when, on the death of his father leaving a widow and nine children, it was found impracticable for him to continue his proposed course in life. His scholastic, moral, and religious training had been careful and thorough, as is

evinced in later life by his character, culture, and appreciation of the best literature and the positions attained and adorned by him in the community and church.

On the winding up of her husband's estate it was deemed best for the widow and her children not to remain in Londonberry, and she returned promptly to the place of her nativity, Gledstown, Fermanagh County, where she was among her relatives, some of whom were people of consequence and means, and where she found support for herself and family.

In this emergency my father, with the concurrence of his mother and friends, determined to emigrate to the United States. On his arrival in this country he found employment for some months with a mercantile concern in New York, but soon after was engaged by Messrs. Thomas and Robert Dunn, natives of County Derry, Ireland, who were established in a prosperous mercantile business in Petersburg and were among its leading citizens. This association was most agreeable and of life-long continuance. At that day a large portion of the active and successful men of the place were natives of Scotland and Ireland, who did much to build up its business and mould its social and civic character. If there is any town in America which excels Petersburg, as I knew it in my youth, in the geniality, hospitality, integrity, purity and good fellowship of its people; in civic righteousness and religious consecration and earnestness,—it has not been my good fortune to know that place. Much of this is justly attributable to the character and life of the men and women descended from the Fathers and Mothers of the Revolution, who perpetuated the virtues of their ancestors, but no little credit must be given to the men of Scotch and Irish birth, who, after the Revolution, became masters of industry, leaders in business enterprise, and exemplars of uprightness.

My father, a youth of eighteen years of age, brought with him to Petersburg a well-trained mind, a well-formed character, a reverent spirit, an ardent affection for his mother, brothers and sisters in the far-off land, a cheerful heart, and an earnest determination. He was promised a salary of two hundred dollars per annum with board and lodging. He found his surroundings, commercial and social,

agreeable and addressed himself to the duties of his position with intelligence and assiduity, soon winning the respect and confidence of his employers; he made friends among the citizens and at an early day became a citizen of Virginia and a loyal Virginian. He spent his spare time at night in reading the best literature,—history and biography by preference,—and in keeping a diary, which was forwarded monthly by mail to his loved ones at home. He told me that on his first visit to Ireland after an absence of sixteen years, his eldest sister told him that she had a letter from him for every month since his arrival in America, and this when it took from a month to six weeks to cross the Atlantic and postage was inordinately high. His first notable act after settling in Petersburg was to ask and obtain from his employers an advance payment of a year's salary. The generous confidence thus bestowed was gratefully reciprocated and was the beginning of many strong ties which bound all together in mutual regard.

Having obtained the money he invested it in flax-seed, which was put aboard a ship at City Point about to sail for Liverpool, and a merchant in that city was directed to sell it, deduct his commission and forward the whole proceeds to his mother at Gledstown. It happened that flax-seed was low when bought, but high when sold, so that the amount realized was largely in advance of the purchase price. In narrating this incident to me, my father said impressively, "And, Richard, from that time, I have never known what it is to want a dollar." His loyalty to his mother and loved ones was a benediction to him throughout life, and begot in him a spirit of generosity and helpfulness, the beneficence of which was experienced by many throughout his career.

Soon after this a suit in chancery which had been pending in the Irish courts for more than half a century in settlement of the estate of some correlative member of the Graham family was issued and the share allotted my grandmother made her and her daughters independent during the remainder of their long, honored, and consecrated lives.

My mother, Martha Dunn, was the daughter of Robert and Ann (Strawbridge) Dunn of Bally Spallen. He was a farmer and land-owner, a man of intelligence and excellent

standing, and a ruling elder in the Ballykelly Presbyterian Church. Thomas, Robert, and John Dunn of Petersburg were brothers to my mother. Thomas was the eldest of the three and emigrated to America at an early period, was successful in business, married and had his residence at Oak Hill, north of the Appomattox River. Robert followed not long after and John, the youngest, at a considerably later period. They were all men of high character, active and attentive to business, won the confidence of the community, secured a large patronage in southern Virginia and North Carolina, and accumulated estates ample for that day. I have no recollection of any of the trio, except my Uncle John, as my Uncle Thomas died some years before my birth (May 20th, 1834), and my Uncle Robert not long after. Thomas and Robert married sisters, Walthall by name, of Valley Farm, Chesterfield County, an estate which had been in the Walthall family since it was granted by royal patent. Thomas died leaving no children, and his wife soon followed him to the grave. Robert left a widow,—my Aunt Mary (Walthall), with four sons and one daughter, all of whom are deceased.

My Uncle John married Mary Page Bragg, daughter of Col. Joseph Bragg of Chesterfield County and later cashier of the Bank of Virginia in Petersburg. My only recollection of him is that once, as a child of five or six years of age, I was playing on the floor of his sick-chamber, when I saw my mother sitting by his bedside and noticed the tenderness of their affection for each other. The late Rev. John H. Boccock, D. D., in speaking to me of him with admiration some forty years ago and lamenting his untimely death, narrated the following incident, which it was thought brought on the disease of which he died: My uncle was a member of the Synod of Virginia which met in Staunton in 1838. During the meeting a fire broke out at night in one of the public stables of the town, which threatened the destruction of much valuable property. The town had lately been furnished with a fire engine, which was handled inefficiently by raw hands. My uncle, who was captain of a trained volunteer company at his home, stood with other delegates to the Synod, and remarked that unless the stream of water was better directed, he feared the flames would

spread and cause a general conflagration. This remark was communicated to the captain of the Staunton company, who immediately requested him to take charge of the nozzle, which he did, and after a hard struggle the fire was suppressed and the town saved. The night was cold, Mr. Dunn was thoroughly drenched with spray from the stream, while his system was relaxed after overexertion, and the result was the seeds of the disease from which he afterwards died at White Sulphur Springs, August 5th, 1841. He left a widow with three sons and three daughters, of whom one son and one daughter survive.

My mother came from her parental home about the year 1823, in company with her brother Thomas and his wife, who had been visiting his relatives in Ireland. She came expecting to return and spend her life in the land of her nativity: but "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." I can imagine the joy with which she received and returned the greetings and embraces of the brothers she so fervently loved and with what ease this Irish country maiden, with the radiant geniality and sweetness of her race, ingratiated herself into the affections of the circle to which she was introduced, and how she entered with grace and dignity into the congenial amusements and duties of the social life in which she found herself. It was at this time that my father first met her, and that mutual attachment was formed which culminated in marriage in 1826, and lasted for more than fifty years of happy wedded life. If ever men have been entirely blessed in the choice of wives, as many doubtless have, surely my father was one of them, for of all the women I have known in a long life and a wide circle of lovely friends, I have never met a human being who seemed to me to have approached nearer to the standard set by the Saviour of mankind in the injunction, "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your father in heaven is perfect."

My father died in 1878, having seen his oldest son, Robert Dunn McIlwaine, pass away before him leaving a widow and five children, and was himself survived by three sons and three daughters. My mother survived him for ten years, cheerfully and happily spent, and then "fell on sleep" and "entered into rest." Well do I remember the sad day when her five remaining children were gathered in pensive

grief, comforting one another with reminiscences of her loving gentleness and fidelity. I asked: "Does any of you remember anything in our mother, from your childhood to the present hour, in word, look or gesture; anything in the tone of her voice, the expression of her countenance, or any action towards child or servant or the humblest person,—that was not good and kind and Christian?" and not one of us could recall a circumstance or incident in her life that was not full of loving kindness, gentleness, truth, purity, and uprightness. In fact we felt that like Enoch of old, "She walked with God and was not, for God took her"; and were comforted. The following letter, written to my eldest sister, Mrs. John Stevenson, by the late Rev. Dr. T. D. Wither-
spoon of Louisville, Kentucky, for some time my mother's pastor, when he heard of her decease, well expresses the estimate in which she was held by those who knew her:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 11, 1888.

My dear Friend:

We have received by to-day's mail, copies of the *Index-Appeal* containing notices of the death and interment of your dear, venerated mother. No removal that could take place in Petersburg, except that of the old church itself, could more painfully impress us with the changes that are incident to this present life and with the severance of dearest earthly friendships that must inevitably come.

All my earliest associations with Petersburg are connected with your home and cluster about the persons of your venerable father and beloved mother. One of the greatest privileges of my life was to sustain to them in their old age the relation of pastor. With your father, it was very easy to see the decay of the vital powers and impossible to conceal from ourselves the fact that he could be with us only a little while longer and then the priceless value of his counsels and prayers would cease to be ours.

But your dear mother never seemed to grow old. "In quietness and assurance" she seemed most wonderfully to "possess her strength." Neither the changes of years nor the changes of fortune seemed to impose upon her any additional load. Always cheerful, always hopeful, happy in her Saviour, in her religion, in her home, the physical beauty

which defied the tooth of time, and to which gray hairs became an accession rather than an injury, was only the outward type of that soul beauty which manifested itself in every act and uttered itself in every word. The years as they went on seemed to leave no trace upon her. Her faculties were all so bright and clear, her interest in everything around her so constant and unflagging, that it really seemed as if she were being preserved as a kind of miracle of God's love, to show us how "they that wait upon the Lord" do indeed "renew their strength," how the righteous do indeed "flourish like the palm tree," which, the older it is, bears the more delicious and abundant fruit. But she is gone, and I cannot help wondering, shall we ever see her like again?

There are few such characters—so gentle, so patient, so loving, with piety so intelligent, and yet so childlike; with convictions so decided and unalterable, and yet so suffused with charity for all who differed; so fond of the retirement and quiet endearments of her home circle, and yet so ready to show hospitality, and to minister to the saints.

With a faith that here on earth was almost equal to vision, and a daily companionship and communion with the Redeemer that almost brought heaven down to actual realization in every-day life, I do not think that she was overwhelmed with any such sense of amazement as must seize most of us when the pearly gates unfold; but, with a bliss like that deep, tranquil one which belonged to the brightest hours of her earthly joy, her full soul, radiant with the beauty of Christ and filled with the joy of the Spirit, passed in "quietness and assurance" up through the shining ranks to the possession of her crown. What a beautiful life! What an inheritance to the children that "rise up and call her blessed"! What a testimony to the power of Christ's grace! What an incentive to holy living! What an antidote to the sorrow that would otherwise be disconsolate at her loss! No one that I have ever known has so impressed me with "the beauty of holiness,"—spiritual beauty, mirroring itself in physical beauty. It helps us to understand how Moses' face shone when he came down from the mount, after long and intimate communion with God.

Please convey to Mrs. Martin and to your brothers assurance of my tender, prayerful sympathy in the removal

from them of a mother—and such a mother! What could I wish or ask for our daughters, more than that they should each, as she did, in woman's own modest and appropriate sphere, illustrate all those graces, both of natural amiability and spiritual consecration, which made her life a perpetual psalm of praise. With tenderest sympathy for your own personal sorrow, which must be, in some sense, the greatest of all,

Your sincere friend,

T. D. WITHERSPOON.

There have, doubtless, been women who have attained this heavenly ascendancy. I think I have known such. God grant that many more by divine grace may arise.

Next to my father and mother and brothers and sisters, the permanent and pleasant memories of my childhood and youth cluster around my Aunt Mary Walthall Dunn, my Aunt Page Bragg Dunn, my Uncle James McIlwaine, and their families. The two former were widows of my uncles, but they were as good and kind to me as if I had been of their own blood, and I have only the most tender and affectionate recollections of them. The last-named was my father's youngest brother, who came to America much later than he. Three older brothers, Thomas, John, and Joseph Finley, had come over at an earlier day, but died before I can recollect. Uncle James (Bud Jim, as we called him) was one of nature's noblemen, whole-souled, and beloved by all. A splendid specimen of physical manhood and richly endowed intellectually, he attained large success in mercantile life and no man of his day was more esteemed by all who knew him. He married my cousin Fannie Dunn, with whom he lived happily until his lamented death in 1856, leaving a son and two daughters, the former of whom died in childhood and the latter still survive.

CHAPTER II

HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS

It will, perhaps, seem strange to persons not acquainted with the benign influence of African slavery as it existed in Virginia during my early life, that many of the most vivid and tender memories of my childhood are connected with the household servants of my father, and of other families to which I had intimate access. The trouble with these persons is that they know nothing of the institution as it really was, as I knew it, and of the relations between master and servant. To me and others similarly situated it appears perfectly natural and proper and right, and we look back on those days without misgiving or regret, but with thanksgiving for what we experienced and learned under those conditions,—for the love and kindness we cherished for our colored friends and received from them, and for the relations we sustained to them and they to us. We have no antipathy to negroes as negroes. We were nursed and nurtured by the older of them, played with the younger and a mutual esteem and affection grew up between us. No institution has been more grossly misrepresented and maligned. Those were good old days for white and black,—better, *far better*, for multitudes of both races than these degenerate times of insincerity, lust, pelf, mammon-worship, strife, and murder.

How can I ever forget old Aunt Charity, although she passed into the skies, after a long life of consecrated service, more than sixty-five years ago! She was my mother's cook, the first servant my father owned. She had been in the family for years before my birth, and was regarded as one of its members. She treated us children with affectionate tenderness, and we all loved and revered her. She was a sincerely pious woman, efficient and helpful, and along with other servants, attended family prayers, which were held morning and evening, after breakfast and supper, before the family arose from the table. The servants were fed largely

from the table, which was abundantly supplied with the best that could be had, and fared pretty much as their master did. I remember on one occasion, when I was three or four years old, after eating dinner with the family, going out to the kitchen to share some of the old woman's menu; where, with me standing beside her, she would take a mouthful, then pinch off some of the soft part of her bread, dip it in gravy and put it into my mouth, and how good it was!

A year or two later I paid a visit with my father to Aunt Charity's sick-chamber, and I remember how kindly and tenderly he ministered to her, and that he offered prayer before taking his leave. I also distinctly recall the morning following the night in which she died:—what a solemn stillness and sadness rested on us all, and how my father told that he had been sent for about midnight and had gone out and prayed with the old saint, remaining with her until her translation. My sisters have the same recollections of this godly and faithful woman. I believe that such relations between masters and household servants were not uncommon throughout the South.

My recollections of Aunt Hannah and her husband, Uncle Peter, are of a very different kind, more grotesque and amusing, while tender and affectionate. The former was one of the older household servants, efficient in her way, kind and respectful, somewhat tempestuous at times, a member of high standing in the colored Baptist Church, but a little slick, and inordinately fond of whiskey. Uncle Peter was not connected with the household, but was by trade a whitewasher, plasterer, and bricklayer. He had not been purchased by my father because he needed him, but to keep him from being separated from his wife, for whom my parents entertained most kindly feelings and with whose weaknesses they were very forbearing. He was not an avowed Christian,—no saint even by profession, but an honest-hearted, industrious man with some bad habits, such as now and then uttering an ugly word and at Christmas times taking too much grog. He and Aunt Hannah were really attached to each other and generally lived in harmony, with frequent demonstrations of true affection, but now and then with ebullitions of anger on the part of the wife, which sent the old man away from the premises, not

to return until her wrath was cooled by the shades of night. The next morning they would appear together as loving as cooing doves. His pet name for her was "Plunky." I remember that when I had grown up to manhood, on my return home at the close of my first session at the Theological Seminary, I was told that Aunt Hannah had become more and more addicted to drink and was getting to be intolerable. On hearing this I felt it to be my duty to talk to the old lady, with the hope that I might induce her to give up the bad habit. So in a private and affectionate interview I reasoned with her from a religious point of view, endeavoring to show her how inconsistent her life was with her profession as a Christian, and exhorting her to desist. She listened to what I had to say, with kind and deferential attention, and I hoped I was making a wholesome impression, but when I ceased she gave her answer kindly in a sympathetic tone of voice, "Go way, chile! I has been under de water fo' you was born." My recollection is that she did mend her ways to some extent, lived till after Emancipation (1865), Uncle Peter having died some years earlier, and spent the latter portion of her life in St. Louis, Missouri, where she had a sister and other relatives.

This incident reminds me of two stories, the one told by Rev. Dr. John Miller of Petersburg, Virginia, afterwards of Princeton, New Jersey, and the other by Rev. Dr. E. H. Harding of Farmville, Va., now of Milton, N. C. Dr. Miller said that Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, of blessed memory, was standing in the front porch of his residence at Princeton Theological Seminary looking out on the yard, when, observing his half-breed Indian-negro cleaning grass from the walk with a hoe, it occurred to the pious Doctor that he had never spoken to the old man on the subject of religion. So, under conviction of duty, he approached the faithful servant, who stood leaning on the helve of his hoe in respectful attention until the dissertation was ended, when he remarked with some emphasis, "Dr. Alexander, I has got all dat you say in me fust," and went on with his work.

Dr. Harding's incident was one of his own experience, and occurred soon after he returned from the army (1865), in which he served with constancy and courage as chaplain of a North Carolina regiment. He was at the residence of Mrs.

Harding's mother, not far from Milton, N. C., standing in the front door, still attired in Confederate uniform with the buttons cut off, pensive and uncertain about the future, when he saw a favorite old colored servant of the family whom he had known many years, engaged in work in the yard. The same thought occurred to him that directed Dr. Alexander. So going out he addressed the old man by name and proceeded to press on him the duty of becoming a Christian. The old man replied that he had not done any one any harm, that he treated everybody right, that he didn't lie or curse or steal, etc., to all which the Doctor listened with interest and said, in substance, "That is all very well, but is of no avail in the sight of God as an atonement for sin," and urged the necessity of faith, repentance, and a consecrated life; when the old man replied with some vigor: "Hie, 'cause you are dissatisfied with yourself, you want to make me dissatisfied with myself," and resumed his occupation.

Whether any of these efforts for the betterment of our fellow-men availed anything, or whether all of them under God's blessing may have been followed by beneficial results, is not known, but they are illustrations of the effort to "sow beside all waters," knowing not "whether shall prosper, either this or that."

I might go on to say something of five or six other family servants of my father, whom I knew in my childhood and youth and remember with pleasure; but those spoken of must suffice, except that I cannot refrain from mentioning Burwell Zilks. He was a young negro man of eighteen or twenty years of age when he became a member of our family by purchase a year or two before I went to college (1850). He continued in it until some time after my father's death (1878), and with one of my brothers until his death many years later. His special sphere of service was in the dining-room. He was thoroughly capable, efficient, polite, truthful, honest and trustworthy, and his allegiance to duty as a servant, a husband and a father was unsurpassed. He was a quiet, sincere, unobtrusive Christian, and regulated his life by the divine word as he understood it. As long as he lived he kept in touch with the family, every one of whom now alive will corroborate these statements.

When the bombardment of Petersburg took place my father and mother felt it to be their duty to go to the country, leaving Burwell in charge of everything. The house had to be kept open for the convenience of Rev. Dr. W. H. Foote of Romney, W. Va., an evangelist to the army, who made it his headquarters, and of my younger brother, whose command was located near the city, and of other friends in service, who when sick or worn out found refuge in it. The servants were also there and had to be cared for. So for the time Burwell was *major domo* and had access not only to the storerooms but to everything else, being charged with the expenditure of money for the purchase of perishable supplies from day to day. After an absence of some weeks, my parents, preferring the risks of the siege to further absence from home, returned. My mother afterwards told me that she found everything in perfect order and that the depletion of the abundant supplies under Burwell's supervision was far less than if she herself had been at home. To her dying day she had a tender regard for the old servant and friend and the most implicit confidence in him.

I have often heard men, and sometimes gentlemen under irritation, say that they did not believe "there ever was an honest negro." For my part, I have never sympathized with such statements. In old Aunt Charity and Burwell Zilks and others of my father's negroes of whom I need not speak, I have positive contradiction of this position. "The African Preacher," a little book written by the Rev. Dr. W. S. White of Lexington, Va., issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Philadelphia, which ought to be in every Sabbath-school library and every family of our Southland, gives another noble example of an honest Christian negro of wonderful influence and usefulness; and from my own observation of late years, as well as in times past, I do not hesitate to say that I have known many negroes to whom I would rather trust my reputation or money than to some white men of pretentious positions. The touching and lofty tribute paid by the late Lieut.-General Richard Taylor, C. S. A., in his able book on "Destruction and Reconstruction," to the servant who ministered to his wants in his campaigns in Virginia and Louisiana, fully corroborates this view. The late Governor Charles T. O'Ferrall of Vir-

ginia, too, in his interesting work, "Forty Years of Active Service," gives strong testimony to the same effect, and I can buttress these statements by the warm and unsullied regard I entertain for the memory of my old army servant, William Evans, of Farmville, who in life had the respect and confidence of the people—white and black—among whom he lived and in death was mourned by them. William was ever careful for my comfort, concerned for my safety and ready to lend a helping hand in dangerous exigencies.

The morning that General "Stonewall" Jackson, unexpectedly to us, withdrew his forces from before Franklin, Pendleton County, whither he had driven General Milroy and his army after the fight at McDowell, William asked for instructions as to what he should do. I told him to keep with the wagons and have a good supper, as the movement was unexpected and we would be without food during the day. when we reached camp, rather early in the evening, the first man I saw was this dutiful servant, waiting for me with a huge bunch of beautiful mountain-trout—the finest I ever saw—held high up in the air for my inspection. To my earnest inquiry, "William, where in the world did you get those fish?" he replied, "Out of that little branch you saw running by the roadside"; and I learned that he had caught all of them himself, that his fishhook was made of a pin, his line was a piece of cotton string which he happened to have in his pocket, and his bait was gathered from under rocks by the side of the stream. That night my messmates and I had the pleasure of entertaining our colonel and his staff at a royal supper, which was enjoyed by hungry but happy men, with an abundance left over for the satisfaction of the servants.

William was not only resourceful and diligent, but courageous in the best sense of the word; not foolhardy, but willing to expose himself to danger in the discharge of duty. I have seen him under fire again and again when he thought that I needed him or that he could be of service to others. I can recall no dereliction in duty on his part during our connection with each other, and I never heard a word to his disadvantage or harbored a suspicion against him.

It is all bosh, because there are some mean and untrustworthy negroes, to say that all negroes are false and unreliable. The induction is too broad and the conclusion a *non sequitur*. It would be equally just to assert that because there are known scoundrels among white people, male and female: therefore, all white people are marauders and thieves.

It was only two days ago, May 31st, 1906, that an old negro, whom the younger generation call Uncle Bob, and whom I knew as a boy in the family of my aunt in the City of Petersburg, Va., sixty-two years ago, was in Richmond and called to see me. He has continued since her death in the family of her son without interruption to the present time. He is about as good a specimen of the old-fashioned Virginia household servant as can be found in the Commonwealth to-day. Erect in person and character, courteous in manner, full of the memories of the past and recalling them gratefully, thankful for the care taken of him now in his old age, he is loyal to his white people as every true man is to his family and country. It is true he is an anachronism, but he is contented and happy in his lot. I have known quite a number, male and female, like him. In the course of nature few such now survive, but those who do are living witnesses to the kindly relations which existed between masters and servants under "the old *régime*."

CHAPTER III

EARLY SCHOOL-DAYS

My early days at school seem to have made small impression on my mind, as I can recall little in connection with them. My three female teachers were Miss Phoebe Swartz, Miss Abigail Rockwell, and Miss Emily Stillman, all of whom were from the North, as were most of the teachers, male and female, of that day. A circumstance in later life connected with Miss Swartz is interesting to me. Soon after I became Co-ordinate Secretary and Treasurer of Home and Foreign Missions of the Southern Presbyterian Church and was located at Columbia, S. C. (1872), I received a letter from her written at her home in Jacksonville, Fla., asking if I was the son of Mr. McIlwaine of Petersburg, Va.; adding that if so, she thought I, as a little fellow, had been one of her pupils. I replied that I remembered going to school to her as my first teacher, and was glad to hear from her and to renew her acquaintance. Soon after this she sent me a framed picture beautifully wrought by her own hand, with a centrepiece and the monogram surrounding it, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." She also became a regular and generous contributor to the cause of missions. Some years later, after attending a meeting of the Synod of Georgia and Florida in the southern part of the former State, I ran down to Jacksonville with the sole purpose of renewing my acquaintance with this lovely Christian woman. She continued her contributions to missions throughout her life and at death left her whole estate to this noble benefaction.

An incident of a very different character is connected with my school-days under Miss Abigail Rockwell. Her school-house was located on the corner of Halifax and Liberty Streets. Just above it on Halifax Street was a retail store where horse-cakes, Scotch herrings, oranges, candy, etc.—things which pleased the childish appetite—could be had,

as well as supplies for older people. It was of the better class of what were familiarly called "shops" at that day.

It happened that on the evening of the day preceding that of which I am speaking, "Bud Jim" of blessed memory, my generous uncle, had given me a quarter of a dollar, what for or why, I cannot recall. At any rate, I was rich for a boy of seven or eight years of age. So at "playtime," as recess was then called, some of my companions accompanied me to the "shop." Along with other things we ordered cigars at a cent apiece, for all of which I, as the financial prince, paid. What was the physical effect of this indulgence, I do not remember, but I have a distinct recollection that I was late at dinner that day, which was an offense against the rules of the family, my father being a minute-man, and requiring his children to be promptly at their seats when the bell had been rung and the blessing was to be invoked.

On entering the dining-room, my father said to me in a tone of anxious inquiry, "Richard, where have you been?" to which I replied, "Up in the old field, Sir"—the playground for the boys in that neighborhood. "Who were with you?" I replied by giving the names of the boys. "What were you doing?" "Playing, Sir," I responded. "Have you been smoking cigars to-day?" he asked. "Yes, Sir," I promptly replied. "Where did you get the money to buy cigars?" he then queried; to which I answered, "Bud Jim gave it to me." "Well, my son," he said in a softened tone of voice, "I am glad you have told me the truth. Take your seat and eat your dinner, but don't let me catch you smoking again." And he didn't, for to the best of my recollection I never indulged in the weed again until I had completed my studies at Hampden-Sidney and was assured of my diploma, when, during the senior vacation and surrounded by congenial companions, I took up the habit, which, with the intermission of one year, I have continued throughout life, and which, so far as I can see, has done me no harm, but brightened and cheered many hours;—not a few of which were spent in fellowship with that loving parent who so wisely and sedulously guarded and directed my childhood and youth. Soon after this I learned that on the day I bought the cigars the proprietor of the "shop"

from which they were purchased sent out a negro girl with a basket of oranges for sale; she called at my father's and on being informed by my sister that none were wanted, remarked, "I certainly thought you all would buy some. Your little brother is up yonder at Mr. _____'s buying cigars and treating the boys, and I surely thought you all had plenty of money." This information was conveyed to my mother and through her to my father and thus early I learned the lesson, "Be sure your sins will find you out." This incident clearly defines the terms of mutual respect, confidence, and affection which existed between my father and myself from that day forward, until, standing by his bedside, I saw him pass from a sorrowful world to his Father's house in heaven and reverently closed his eyes in death.

Another incident of this period illustrates the vigilance of my father for the welfare of his children and the care given to their proper rearing. At that day in Petersburg, while, as everywhere, there were hard cases, the people generally knew and respected one another and their relations were pleasant and cordial. There were few wealthy and few dependent people. The average citizen was self-respecting, and social relations were not determined by wealth or outward estate so much as by character and conduct, and, to a considerable extent, by church affiliation. A story of my childhood days humorously illustrates this. There were two friends who lived as neighbors in Petersburg and were closely connected in business, in church relations, and in social life. One of them removed to Richmond and the friends were each the guest of the other when in the other's city. At that day when a gentleman was a visitor in his friend's home, it was the custom for the butler at a certain time before breakfast to enter his room, put back the curtains, open the shutters, tell the guest that it was time to rise, and take his shoes out to be polished. In due time he would return with the shoes and a whisk broom and go through the formality of administering a thorough brushing. On the occasion now described, the butler, Henry by name, who had removed with his master from Petersburg, had a multitude of questions to ask about his old friends and neighbors, and when his laudable curiosity had been satisfied, the gentleman

said, "Well, Henry, how do you like Richmond?" to which the simple-minded African replied, "Ah, Marse ———, Richmond ain't like Petersburg, Sir. We all goes for money and show over here." No doubt he received his proper share of money for his hospitable service, as it was the universal custom of that day for a guest to requite generously the polite attentions of household servants; and I believe it was usual with masters to make a moderate weekly allowance to their domestics in addition to an abundance of good clothes, food, etc.

In accordance with the social characteristics of Petersburg, its boys were brought together on the ground of respectability, behavior, and congeniality of association. I cannot recall a single misunderstanding or disagreeable circumstance connected with my associates of these early days. Such occurrences may have taken place, but, if so, they were so speedily and happily adjusted as to leave no permanent impression. I remember the friends of my childhood with unaffected pleasure and meet now and then one of the survivors with affection. But there was one boy in Petersburg, ——— by name, not of my acquaintance or friends, whom I recall as the one I met at first with terror, but later on in triumph.

My father was a man of peace. While a Scotch-Irishman, with some of the hastiness of temper belonging to his race, he was governed by the highest Christian principle, and by precept and example endeavored to bring up his children in the same line. Consequently he instructed us not to quarrel and fight but to be kind and pacific in conduct, and I for one tried to obey his injunctions. But this obedience caused me much mortification and trouble, for the rough and vulgar boy, who seemed to have a constitutional and ineradicable dislike to me personally, completely dominated my life and made it miserable. This state of affairs came to my father's knowledge and he conferred with me about it sympathetically; and after evoking my opinion that I could whip the boy, he said, "Well, I think you have stood this treatment long enough," and gave me his permission to try conclusions, but added, "Be sure you whip him." The eventful day soon came. I recall the circumstances vividly although they occurred sixty-three or -four years ago. I

was walking along Halifax Street on my way home from my Aunt Page Dunn's, when whom should I see in front of me and approaching but my natural-born enemy and persecutor. My first impulse was to cross the street in order to avoid him, which I did. On seeing this he also crossed, and thus we were brought face to face, the conflict began, was soon ended, and, in the boyish parlance of that day, "I beat him good," and went home in triumph. My father was much pleased; the ——— boy no longer annoyed and humiliated me but dropped out of my life. The exact counterpart of this incident occurred many years later in the experience of my oldest son, at about the same age, with the same result, except that the boy flagellated, the son of an honorable Christian mechanic, afterwards became his steadfast friend.

A just conclusion from these incidents seems to be that parents, while inculcating the duties of kindness and forbearance on their sons and cautioning them against bumpiousness and rudeness, ought to remember that there is a point where "patience ceases to be a virtue." Independence and manliness are as important in the constitution of Christian and civic character as are gentleness and love, and there is no incompatibility between the two. There is as much danger, perhaps more, to church and state, from milksops and lickspittles than from bullies and braggarts. The former accomplish their objects by dark-lantern proceedings, underhand methods and devious ways, and are hypocrites and traitors; the latter come out in the open and attain their ends by force. Both are not only undesirable, but vicious, and ought to be eliminated from our social life, and the way to do it is by the education of the young to be kind and deferential and to accord to all their dues, and at the same time to be manly and courageous and to maintain their rights against all odds and opposition. Thus the church will be purified, society rendered sane, and the administration of government be elevated and made a blessing. It is just as surely a duty to "abhor" and contend against "that which is evil" as it is to "cleave to" and stand up for that "which is good"; and both duties are inherent in Christian character and living. Many reputed saints of the present day do not seem to understand this. Hence their rank meannesses and the glaring evils prevalent in church and state.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY SCHOOL-DAYS (CONTINUED)

My first experience in travel was in a trip with my father and older brother, Robert, about the year 1841, to the Amelia Springs, which at that time was quite largely patronized as a summer resort. Bob was mounted on my father's beautiful, blooded chestnut riding mare, while we drove in a buggy. My most vivid recollection of the journey is in connection with our stop-over for the night at Newbill's Tavern in Dinwiddie County, some sixteen miles from Petersburg. I was to take my first meal at a public house—which was an event in my life. So seated at the supper table, I reached out to a plate of butter in front of me and helped myself to a large portion of it. No sooner done, however, than my father said disapprovingly, "Richard, what are you doing?" to which I replied, "Hie, Pa, ain't this a tavern?" evidently meaning by this that having to pay for what we got, it behooved us to make the most of it. No such manners as these, however, could be tolerated by a parent punctiliously polite, and careful to rear his children according to the most rigid rules of good breeding. After a stay of a week or ten days, wherein we met a good many pleasant people, we returned home with agreeable impressions of the place and company.

In the year 1844 my father took me, along with my two older sisters about fourteen and seventeen years of age, on a trip to the White Sulphur, Salt Sulphur, and Old Sweet Springs, at which we spent six or eight weeks in most congenial surroundings. We went by rail to Gordonsville, where we took the stage coach for the mountains. It is said that at that day Presidents were made at the White Sulphur, and it being Presidential year, some of the candidates were there, among whom I remember only Henry Clay, a magnificent-looking man, with most suave and captivating manners.

An incident of this period in connection with an earnest movement in Petersburg against the habit of liquor drinking, comes up vividly into memory. A temperance lecture was announced and widely advertised to be delivered at the old Methodist Church on Union Street. At that day "the drink habit" was prevalent among a large class of the younger men and some of the older had been enmeshed by it. The present effort had in view the rescue of those who were already its slaves and the security of those who had not yet come under its influence, and, so far as possible, the abolition of social drinking. The barroom, while regarded by right-thinking people as the doorway to hell, was not the terrible and widespread menace to virtue and civilization it is at present. It was the decanter on the sideboard in private homes, the wineglass on the domestic table, the friendly invitation to "take a drink" among the better class of people at their firesides and in their places of business that was making drunkards by wholesale among all classes of people,—and the further fact that "the shops" (small retail groceries located at the corners of the streets in the upper part of the town) dealt out whiskey by the drink at an incredibly small price. Thus all classes were in danger, and the effort was to stay the tide of drunkenness and to keep the community sane and sober.

Somehow I had become interested in what was going on and had a desire to hear the lecture that had been announced, and on so expressing myself to my father, he said he would go with me, the lecture being at night and I too young to go by myself. Such addresses were usually made by "reclaimed drunkards," were picturesque in the extreme, descriptive of actual scenes and occurrences, and thrillingly exciting. On this occasion the speaker held his audience well in hand and made a profound impression. My father and I sat three or four seats from the front bench. My recollection is that the audience was respectable in numbers but not above that. When the lecturer had finished with a glaring peroration and appeal, the presiding officer arose and stated that "Pledges" for signature would be distributed, and requested certain gentlemen to pass them around. When the pledge came to the bench on which we were sitting it was handed at the end nearest to me, and when

reached, I passed it on to my father, saying "Pa, please put down my name." He turned to me with a smile and quizzical look and said, "Do you wish to put your name down?" and on my replying, "Yes, Sir," he put it down, wrote his own name under it and showed it to me. What was the effect on me of thus early taking the temperance pledge, I cannot certainly say. I have, however, no recollection of having tasted spirituous or vinous liquors until my senior vacation at Hampden-Sidney, when in the spirit of mannishness and in company with congenial friends, I indulged two or three times; but, thanks to God, I was early delivered from the snare of the fowler.

The motive of my father in signing the pledge is not far to seek. It is possible that primarily he wished to give his sanction and approval to my act, but perhaps his chief purpose was to throw the weight of his influence on the side of temperance. He was a pronounced Christian man, the teacher of the young men's Bible class in his Sabbath-school, and an officer in his church. He was already a "total abstainer." I never knew him to touch a drop of spirituous liquor except when recovering from sickness or in old age and under the advice of his physician; nor wine, except in Great Britain, when dining with friends and politeness seemed to require that he should not refuse, and then he limited himself to the smallest possible quantity. He clearly had in view the movement then and there inaugurated, and determined as a virtuous citizen and a God-fearing man, to throw his active influence on the side of sobriety and righteousness. This step on his part was fraught with important consequences. Soon afterwards he was elected president of the "Petersburg Total Abstinence Society," becoming the leader in the movement, which he, along with others, prosecuted with vigor and success. One effective means employed was through the use of pledges, which he kept in his office, letting it be known that they were there, so that anyone who desired to be strengthened in resolution could come and sign for a time,—limited or unlimited. After his death I found scores of these signed pledges in a private drawer of his desk, the signatures of some of them being of the leading citizens of the place, who, finding themselves in danger, took this means of staying their downward career and of

reinstating themselves in the confidence of their fellow-citizens.

The most efficacious means used, however, in prosecuting and promoting this important branch of social reform was through temperance lectures and meetings. I remember the visits of John B. Gough, a young Englishman, a printer by trade, who early formed the drink habit, emigrated to America, settled in Boston, Mass., signed the pledge, became an earnest advocate and friend of temperance, relapsed more than once, but afterwards became steadfast, maintained a consistent course and gave the rest of his life to the advancement of temperance and the elevation of society. Gough made two visits on invitation to Petersburg in my childhood, the first about 1846 and the second a year or two later. The meetings were held in the old theatre on Bollingbrook Street and each continued every night, except Sunday, for a week or more. I hardly know how to describe him as a public speaker. His power over his audience was absolute. His humor was unbounded; his pathos overpowering; his descriptive faculty of the highest order. He would sometimes have the crowds in a roar of laughter, again in a flood of tears, and he held their attention firmly in his grasp. Much good was done,—many converts gained and the cause greatly strengthened. I afterwards heard Mr. Gough in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, in the year 1853, and later in the city of Baltimore about 1875 or 1876, and he was the same magnetic, commanding speaker that I knew him to be in my childhood.

Another means used at that early day by my father in coöperation with Mr. D'Arcy Paul, Sr.,—a friend and fellow-laborer in the purification and uplift of society,—was the publication statedly in the Petersburg papers of a half column of temperance literature. This privilege was paid for by these gentlemen, whose names, however, did not appear in connection with the publication. It is impossible to say what, if any, good was accomplished by this venture. Mention is made of it here to show their zeal and earnestness in the prosecution of the work they had undertaken.

The name of D'Arcy Paul, Sr., brings up one of the noblest characters that ever adorned the annals of the business, social, and religious life of Petersburg. He was a

native of Armagh, Ireland, settled in Petersburg the same year with my father and was his bosom friend throughout life. Tall and erect in person, of marked intelligence and ability, a steadfast, earnest Christian, a Methodist by conviction and profession, the very soul of integrity evinced in all his conduct, he stood in the front rank of the men of his day in business enterprise, moral reforms and Christian effort. Few residents have done so much for the city of their adoption, and none deserves better to have his memory cherished and his example followed.

CHAPTER V

SCHOOL-DAYS (CONTINUED).

THE Petersburg Classical Institute, located on Union Street, opposite the U. S. Post Office, is now the Petersburg High School. In 1844, when I, a boy ten years of age, entered it as a pupil, its principal was Rev. Ephraim D. Saunders, who was assisted by five or six male teachers and one female, Mrs. Mildred Campbell, a well-prepared and consecrated teacher and the mother of Mr. Charles Campbell, the historian of Virginia. The Institute had been founded many years before this time by a number of public-spirited gentlemen of the Presbyterian persuasion, who were its owners and whose object was to educate their sons and to give the opportunity of education to the other boys in the town. The trustees whom I remember were George W. Bolling, David Dunlop, Benjamin Jones, John E. Lemoine, and A. G. McIlwaine. The Institute was one of the finest, if not by all odds ahead, of all schools of its grade in the Commonwealth. Its scholars, as I remember them, ranged in age from ten to seventeen or eighteen years, and numbered from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty. The building had five or six class-rooms on the lower floor and a commodious study-hall on the second story, which was also used on occasion as an auditorium where lectures on various subjects, literary and scientific, were delivered and public declamations by the scholars were held. It had an extensive rostrum, stretching from wall to wall, on the rear of which was a large case with sliding glass doors; this case contained a full supply of the most approved scientific apparatus, embracing a telescope and microscope of power and beautiful make. Maps hung on the walls and globes stood on the ends of the rostrum.

Mr. Saunders was a man of some eccentricities but a first-rate principal of the school and manager of boys. He met with great success. His withdrawal three or four years

later was regretted, and his success in an institution opened in West Philadelphia, Penn., was even greater than that in Petersburg. He prepared his boys for business or college. The Institute was largely patronized by all denominations except the Episcopalians, who generally sent their sons to a school taught by a member of their own church.

My earliest recollection of the Institute is connected with a declamation which took place the year before my entrance as a scholar, when the larger boys were on the rostrum. It was the effort of Roger A. Pryor that most impressed me and the audience generally. When his name was announced he walked up on the rostrum, bowed gracefully and began, "Ye Nymphs of Solyma," and paused. Then looking to the right hand, he said in a feebler voice, "Ye Nymphs of Solyma" and paused again, when, turning to the left, he repeated these words in a trembling voice, broke into tears, and ran down to his seat.

It happened that in the spring of 1905 I was invited to address the teachers of the schools of Manchester, Virginia, and in discussing the importance as a part of education of teaching boys to declaim, and of cautioning them not to be discouraged in their efforts because of failures at first, I took occasion to narrate this incident, adding that in a few years Mr. Pryor, who had made such a signal failure, had become one of the ablest, readiest, and most eloquent orators in Virginia and on the floor of the Congress of the United States, and at a later day a leader at the Bar of the city of New York and a member of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. On my return to Richmond that evening I saw in the *News-Leader* that Judge Roger A. Pryor of New York had arrived in the city that morning and was a guest at the Westmoreland Club. Having known him from my childhood and kept up my acquaintance throughout life, I called the next morning and had a most pleasant visit. In the course of conversation I said, "Judge, I recall vividly the occasion when I first remember you," and in response to his eager inquiry, narrated the incident at the Petersburg Classical Institute, along with the use I had made of it on the preceding evening in Manchester. As I advanced I could see an amused, quizzical expression on his countenance, and when I con-

cluded he broke out into a hearty laugh and ejaculated, "Do you remember that?" and on my replying, "Yes, distinctly," he said, "Well, Sir, that is historical! It occurred exactly as you have told it."

The old Tabb Street Presbyterian Church, located on the south side of the street, was burned about this time (1841),—an event which caused great sorrow among its members and the citizens generally. The fire occurred in the middle of the night and was communicated to the church from a burning building in its rear. The next day a large crowd of gentlemen was gathered in front of the smouldering embers, many regrets and deep sorrow being expressed. In the company was a minister of the Gospel, Rev. W. H. Foote, then agent of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America and afterwards the distinguished and useful pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Romney, Va., and author of several valuable books. Mr. Foote was in full accord with the feeling of his friends, who were mourning on account of the loss of their sanctuary, and being "a prophet of deeds," spoke out in a clear, distinct voice and said, "I am sorry fifty dollars! How sorry are you?" One member of the congregation immediately responded, "I am sorry a thousand dollars." Another spoke up for the same amount, and so on throughout the assemblage. Before the crowd dispersed they had lighter hearts, and the building of the noble structure still standing on the north side of Tabb Street was assured. It was dedicated in 1844. Rev. John Leyburn was then the pastor of this church, had occupied this position for some years previously, and continued to do so several years after the new church was completed and dedicated. He was a native of Lexington, Va., a graduate of Washington College, and of Union Theological Seminary, Va. He was an exceptionally fine preacher and an earnest worker, and the church prospered greatly under his ministry. Tabb Street Church, which had been organized under the pastorate of Rev. B. H. Rice early in the nineteenth century (1813), had grown to be one of the most important and perhaps, judged by numbers and contributions, the most important church in the Synod of Virginia. Dr. Leyburn resigned his pastorate (1848) in

order to accept the position of Secretary of Publication in the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., and after two years resigned this position and became one of the owners and editors of *The Presbyterian*, published in Philadelphia. He continued in this position till 1861, in the meantime traveling extensively in Europe and the Holy Land. Being a "true blue" Virginian, when his State seceded from the Union, like her loyal sons living in other parts of the country he sacrificed all and returned to his mother Commonwealth. Soon afterwards he was elected Secretary of Publication and Education for the Southern Presbyterian Church, organized in Augusta, Ga., in the latter part of 1861. His office was in Richmond and he served the church faithfully and efficiently until the close of the war, not long after which he became pastor of the Independent Church, Baltimore. In this latter position he continued until a year or two before his death, when, on account of feeble health, he resigned, was elected Pastor Emeritus, and was generously provided for during the remainder of his life.

I was a boy of only fourteen years of age when Dr. Leyburn left Petersburg, yet I remember his ministry distinctly and with deep gratitude. He was a man of earnest piety, a gentleman of pleasing address, a preacher of popular power, evangelical, pointed and practical. Many of the teachings I received from his lips took hold of my mind, went to my heart and wrought serious conviction, and while for years I resisted the workings of God's Spirit, I never got rid of their impression, until at last I laid my burdens down at the feet of Jesus and learned to own and serve Him as my Savior and God. I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with this venerable man of God and to be thrown into intimate relations with him for eight years (1875-1883), to preach for him and to hear him preach often, when, as Co-ordinate Secretary of Missions, I was located in the city of Baltimore, with him as a member of the committee on these departments of church work; and I am free to say that I have never known a minister of the Gospel who seemed to me more faithful, earnest, and successful in the work given him to do. He was small in stature, but great in soul, and I do not doubt

that thousands will rise up at the last great day and call him blessed as the instrument under God of their salvation. His was one of the largest and most influential of the churches in Baltimore at that day, and while the building has been removed further north because of the removal of residences, it still occupies the same relative position among its sister churches.

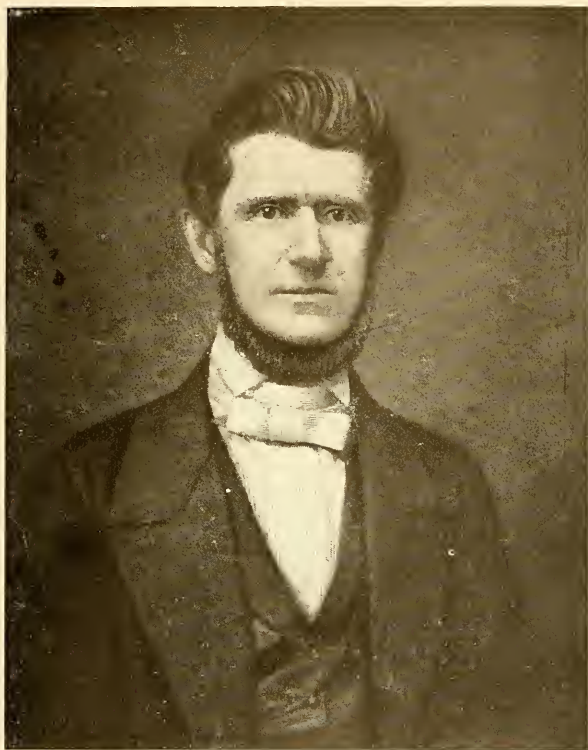
On a late visit (1905) to Knoxville, Tenn., I saw in the library of my son, C. R. McIlwaine, a handsome copy of the Bible presented to me by Prof. Saunders in 1847, which I had given my son as a memento, and in the front pages of which was pasted a leaflet bearing on one side, printed, the names of the members of the Faculty of Petersburg Classical Institute and on the other side, written in Prof. Saunders' hand, the following:

"Richard McIlwaine, who has been a pupil in the Petersburg Classical Institute for several sessions, is a youth of great promise, both in respect to disposition and intellectual excellence. Few youth of his age have given more evidence of integrity, firmness and decision of character. This Holy Book is presented to him as a tribute of esteem and friendship.

"May 25th, 1847.

E. D. Saunders."

How far this "promise" has been fulfilled, I leave to others to say, but it is a joy to believe that "integrity, firmness and decision of character" have distinguished my life and shown themselves prominently at times under adverse circumstances. Doubtless Mr. Saunders' present and his kind estimate were a stimulus and inspiration and helped me in my early days. We cannot be too careful or prodigal in our efforts to aid the youth who come under our influence in forming stable and trustworthy characters.



F. S. SAMPSON, M.A., D.D.

CHAPTER VI

STUDENT LIFE AT HAMPDEN-SIDNEY

IN 1846 my father was appointed by the Synod of Virginia a director in Union Theological Seminary, and in 1848 he was elected a trustee of Hampden-Sidney College. At that day the journey between Petersburg and Hampden-Sidney was made by stage coach through Dinwiddie and Nottoway Counties to Farmville in Prince Edward and thence to College by hired conveyance. It could also be made by private conveyance to Burkville in Nottoway County and thence to College, leaving Farmville to the right. My father chose the latter mode of travel as most convenient and expeditious, although a day and a third would be consumed in travel each way, the distance being about seventy miles. I remember that Dr. William S. White of Lexington, also a director in the Seminary, was accustomed to drive down from his home in his buggy. He would sometimes extend his visit to Petersburg, Richmond, and Hanover County,—his native place,—and then return by Charlottesville and the University, with both of which he was intimately associated in earlier years, to Lexington. I also recall that Rev. Dr. W. H. Foote of Romney, Va., made the trip more than once in my day on horseback. These men were deeply interested in the institutions they represented, and made these journeys at their own personal expense, no provision for this purpose being made by the institutions until a much later date. My recollection is that the Trustees of Hampden-Sidney College paid their own expenses in attending the meetings of the Board until the year 1882 or 1883. My first visit to Hampden-Sidney was made with my father in June, 1849, when he went there to attend the commencements of the two institutions and the meetings of the two boards, which occurred consecutively the same week. This required an absence from home of a week, from Monday morning till Saturday at midday.

After the death of President Cushing, in 1836, probably the ablest executive officer who ever administered the affairs of the College, and the division of the Presbyterian Church into Old and New School in 1837, both institutions declined greatly owing to the unseemly and bitter wrangling between the parties. This feeling had penetrated many parts of Virginia and existed in Prince Edward County in an intense degree. I remember an account given me by old Mrs. Mary Womack, née Venable, of Farmville, of an occurrence which took place in her presence at College Church, Hampden-Sidney, that fitly illustrates the state of things. To this it may be prefaced that Rev. Benjamin Franklin Stanton, a native of Connecticut, and pastor of College Church at the time, is described in the *Presbyterian Cyclopedia* as "a distinguished scholar. Quiet and retiring in his study and social intercourse; in the pulpit he was always earnest, emphatic and courageous, not unfrequently impassioned and vehement; as often perhaps a son of thunder as a son of consolation."

Mrs. Womack said that on a Sunday morning, when the excitement ran high,—families closely connected with one another, and sometimes members of the same family, arrayed against each other,—a situation calling for calm reflection, thoughtful discussion, and pacific treatment, Mr. Stanton took for his text 1 John 2: 19, "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us; but they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us," and instead of pouring oil on the troubled waters, launched forth into a heated diatribe against all who differed with the Old School position; whereupon a large minority of the congregation, men and women, some entire families, arose with utterances of disapproval, rushed out of the church and hastened to their homes. The rupture was complete.

I remember when, within seven miles of Hampden-Sidney, there were three organized New School Presbyterian Churches (Douglas, Prince Edward C.-H., and Appomattox). Happily this division in the South was healed in the year 1864, but while it lasted it proved most disas-

trous, and caused many persons to transfer their membership to other Christian denominations.

For ten years things dragged along sadly at Hampden-Sidney, and while the College and Seminary were kept open and did useful work, there was much discouragement. In 1848 Rev. Lewis W. Green, D. D., was elected President of the College, and Mr. Charles Martin, Professor of Ancient Languages, and some new members were added to the Board of Trustees. A forward movement was inaugurated by the establishment of a series of scholarships, the minimum amount of which was to be \$60,000. Two classes of these scholarships were sold, one class for \$100 each and the other for \$500. The first class entitled its owner to educate his sons at Hampden-Sidney free of tuition fee, or if he had no sons, he was empowered to nominate a student to this privilege annually for twenty years. The second class entitled its owner to keep one student in the College free of tuition fee, in perpetuity, and some of them are still in force.

The inauguration and success of this scheme is attributable largely to President Green and Professor Charles Martin, aided by members of the Board and specially Rev. Jesse S. Armistead, D. D., of Cumberland, who acted as agent for a time and was a power among the people.

This scheme, while, in the light of the present century, ridiculously generous in its terms, and as afterwards experienced, a heavy incubus on the College, at once infused new life into the institution and raised the number of matriculates from a handful to nearly a hundred and then to a hundred and fifty, and perhaps to a par with other colleges in the State. A considerable number of these matriculates, however, were not in the college classes, but in the Grammar School, a school of three sessions, taught by a tutor in the second story of the old Steward's Hall. Its pupils were reckoned among the students of the College although not in any college class. This school was continued until the session of 1858, when it was abolished. In the session of 1849 there were enrolled 90 academic students, of whom 39 were in the Grammar School, leaving 51 in the college classes, nearly one half of whom were

freshmen. The next session the number of matriculates went up to 146, of whom 39 were in the Grammar School and 107 in the college classes,—aggregating, perhaps, a larger number of matriculates than were ever connected with the College until a much later period.

To the credit of the College be it said that its Board of Trustees, during all its vicissitudes and up to the present time, have kept faith with the holders of the scholarships.

At this time Hampden-Sidney had a Medical Department located in Richmond, which a few years later was chartered by the General Assembly of Virginia, is now owned by the State and is known as the Medical College of Virginia. Its faculty, as given in the catalogue of 1850, consisted of Doctors R. D. Bohannon, L. W. Chamberlayne, S. Maupin, Charles Bell Gibson, Carter P. Johnson, and David H. Tucker, and the number of its matriculates was eighty.

Another medical school, similarly connected with Randolph-Macon College, was also open for students within a mile and a half of Hampden-Sidney. At the head of this school was the eminent physician and surgeon, Dr. J. P. Mettauer, the son of a French surgeon who accompanied Lafayette to this country during the Revolution, a native of Prince Edward, and an alumnus of Hampden-Sidney College in the class of 1805. At a late meeting of the American Medical Association in San Francisco, its retiring President, Dr. George Ben Johnston of Richmond, took this distinguished man as the subject of his address,—and did him ample justice in both departments of his professional life. The school was never reopened after the close of the war in 1865.

CHAPTER VII

STUDENT LIFE AT HAMPDEN-SIDNEY (CONTINUED)

The departure of a youth from his home and his entrance on a college course constitute a serious epoch in his life. These steps were taken by me when I was fifteen years of age, not of my own motion but at the suggestion and on the expressed wish of my father. His will was law to me. The biographer of the late Commodore M. F. Maury says that the three virtues he learned at home were "obedience, industry, and reverence." Though certainly not to the same degree, I had learned them too and the ruling desire I had on entering college was to gratify my father and mother and to relieve them of anxiety on my account. I early appreciated to some degree their goodness and solicitude, and while far from measuring up to the correct standard of filial deportment, I think I can truthfully say that I never did anything knowingly to wound them and that my sincere respect and affection for them kept me from many errors and incited me to diligence and regularity.

The modern boy of to-day will be surprised and perhaps amused at my first independent experience in a journey from home. It was from Petersburg to Hampden-Sidney, a distance of about 75 miles, which is now passed over in a little more than three hours, mostly by rail. But there were no railroads in that part of the state at that day, and on account of the condition of the country roads the stage coaches were not running at that time of the year. The only other practicable route then open for travel was through Richmond, thence by the James River and Kanawha Canal to Pemberton, opposite Cartersville, thence stage coach via Cumberland C.-H. to Farmville, and thence by hired conveyance to the College. I find the following announcement in the College Catalogue of 1850: "Hampden-Sidney College (the Literary Department) is situated in Prince Ed-

ward County, two miles from the Court-House, and seven miles from the town of Farmville, both of which places are connected by lines of stages with Richmond, Petersburg, Lynchburg, Va., and Milton, N. C., *so that the College is easily accessible from every quarter.*" (Italics mine.) This will have to be read in the light of that generation in order to be understood and believed.

So on January 1st, 1850, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon I took the R. & P. R. R. for Richmond, where I spent the night at the hospitable home of one of my father's friends. At 8 o'clock the next morning the boat started for Lynchburg and landed us at Pemberton, a distance of forty-odd miles from Richmond, at 6 o'clock P. M., where we remained in a comfortable old-fashioned tavern until one o'clock the next morning; on going out then to take the stage coach, we found an open country wagon instead, to which were hitched four good horses, the stage having broken down and been left at Cumberland C.-H. for repairs.

Into the wagon our trunks were put and we,—myself and two or three students of the College,—got in and sat on the trunks until our arrival at Cumberland C.-H.—a distance of twenty-two miles—in time for breakfast. Here we found the stage, which took us to Farmville—a distance of eighteen miles—for dinner, after which we hired a conveyance and arrived at Hampden-Sidney at 5 o'clock P. M., having taken in the journey two days of 24 hours each and two hours to boot. Merrier boys, happy and bubbling over with animal spirits, enjoying every incident of the trip without surprise or complaint, can hardly be found in Virginia to-day with all the conveniences and comforts of modern travel.

Arrived at Hampden-Sidney, I took up my abode in the hospitable home of Rev. F. S. Sampson, D. D., Professor of Oriental Literature in Union Theological Seminary, with whom my father had perfected arrangements. Dr. Sampson was a remarkable personage: a gentleman and a scholar, a M. A. graduate of the University of Virginia when this degree was sparsely bestowed, and afterwards a student in Germany; an humble Christian, a whole-hearted, genial, sympathetic and sometimes jovial man; a preacher of power,

a teacher of unsurpassed excellence, and a great favorite in the community and country roundabout. I remember him with unstinted gratitude, reverence, and affection, and feel that I owe him more in the shaping of my character than to any other, excepting my beloved and venerated father alone. Mrs. Sampson, née Dudley, was a fit helpmeet for such a man, worthy of him in every respect, and their children were sweet and attractive as could be. Some of their servants too I recall with kind regard, especially Uncle Dennis Evans and Aunt Matilda, his wife, and their oldest son Patrick, who, however, died a year or two later on.

Aunt Matilda lived until about a year ago and I kept up my acquaintance with her. She was one of the last persons whom I called on to say "Good-bye," before I left Hampden-Sidney. I remember my life in this lovely family with unaffected pleasure and can recall no incident in the slightest degree uncomfortable. My lot was cast in pleasant places; in a thoroughly Christian household, ordered much like that from which I had come; surrounded by intelligent, kind, unselfish people, who felt and manifested an interest in me, and whose thoughtfulness I thoroughly appreciated and reciprocated. What greater blessing could be bestowed on an inexperienced youth just away from his parental roof and thrown out on the dangerous scenes of college life!

Dr. Sampson was fond of a joke and could tell a good story. He had a merry laugh which was contagious. My intercourse with him was chiefly at meal time and on the front porch during the warm evenings of spring and autumn, and in the parlor, especially when visitors were in the house. I felt no abashment in his presence but derived real pleasure and conscious profit from it.

Aunt Matilda, mentioned above, was an excellent cook. Among other culinary accomplishments, she fabricated famous buckwheat cakes, which excelled not only in quality but in quantity, so that everyone had plenty. There was also a lady residing on "the Hill" verging on old maidenhood, but active, spry, and on the lookout, about whom amusing incidents were narrated from time to time. One morning at breakfast this female prospector was the sub-

ject of conversation, to which I was listening while assiduously engaged in buttering my buckwheats. My time arrived to tell something funny just as I took up the molasses jar, and my attention being given more to what I was narrating than to what I was doing, I heard the merry voice of the good Doctor cry out, "Richard, Richard, Richard! Look what you are doing!" On looking down at my plate I found that I had deluged the buckwheats and the saccharine fluid was dangerously near running over on the tablecloth. Then the laugh was on me and was heartily enjoyed; but having restored the jar to its normal position and regained composure, I finished my story, having learned the important lesson of not attempting to do two absorbing things at the same time.

One evening at supper conversation turned on preachers and preaching and the fact that some people would sometimes go to sleep in church on hot days under the inspiration of dull sermons, of from an hour to an hour and a half long, as were not uncommon in the country at that day. The Doctor narrated an incident in his laughter-provoking style, which we all greatly enjoyed. He said that when he was a youth a godly old minister of another denomination had a stated appointment not far from his father's home in Goochland County, and that he and other members of his family were accustomed to attend the services. The old gentleman was a good deal troubled with sleeping on the part of some of his hearers, not that his feelings were hurt by their inattention or that he recognized any defect in his preaching, but that he benevolently desired to do them good by the truth he preached. So he adopted various methods to keep the people awake,—chiefly the men, for it is a fact that women seldom sleep in church,—sometimes using one device and sometimes another. On the day in question the old saint found that deep slumber had fallen on many, and so, pausing in the midst of his discourse, he said in an insistent but kindly tone of voice, "Wake up, brethren; wake up. I will tell you a story. One time there were two goats, one on one side of a creek and one on the other. The only way by which a crossing could be made was by a log stretching from bank to bank of the stream. Each desired to cross and reached his end of the log at the same

moment and began his journey across, and so the two met on the log face to face about the middle. Now, brethren, how do you suppose they managed in this dilemma? That is easy enough to answer, if you will think a moment. It was this way: one of the goats lay down and the other passed over him; then he got up and went his way to the other end. Now, brethren, let us proceed with our discourse": and he did, taking up its thread just where he had left off.

This story has a moral which ought not to be overlooked, to wit; that in certain and many conjunctures in life it is the part of prudence to yield rather than contend for a doubtful right. Much trouble will be avoided and much harmony produced by such a course.

An incident in his personal experience, one of many that might be narrated, gives a good illustration of his keen sense of humor and of his recognized good temper. He had a sharp eye for the fitness and proportion of things and anything incomplete or overdone offended his taste and gave him a feeling of uneasiness. It happened that his senior colleague, Rev. Samuel L. Graham, D. D., a lovely Christian man and good professor, who lived in an adjoining residence, had lately had an old-fashioned log cornhouse built in his yard, in full view of all passers, by his own man-servant, a jack-leg carpenter. At best it was not a thing of beauty, however useful it might be, and to add to its uncomeliness, some of the boards on top to which the shingles were attached were left protruding one, two, three or more feet over the sides of the house. This architectural eccentricity evoked a good deal of remark. The defect might be remedied in an hour or two by the use of a saw, but there the offending boards continued from day to day and week to week. Dr. Sampson and others called the attention of its owner to the aesthetic blemish, and he explained that the services of his man-servant were needed by a farmer in the neighborhood and that as soon as he was at leisure the defect would be remedied. But time wore on and still there the protruding boards were, to the discomfort of lovers of symmetry. So it happened on the day in question, that these two friends and fellow-professors met in full view of the unsightly spectacle, when Dr. Samp-

son, without a prefatory word but with a twinkle in his eye, pointed to it and said, "Doctor, are those protruding boards left as a thing of beauty or utility?" to which, Dr. Graham, with a bland smile, replied, "Dr. Sampson, I knew a man in North Carolina who made a fortune: would you like me to tell you how he did it?"—and receiving an affirmative reply, continued, "He did it by minding his own business."

The friends parted in the best of humor and with mutual respect, but I cannot resist the conviction that while "minding one's own business" is an important element in the economy of life, it is sometimes "one's own business" to remind a brother man of his defects for his own good as well as for the welfare of others. The too rigid enforcement of wholesome proverbs is apt to lead into serious error.

At this period there was a Union Church building not many miles from Hampden-Sidney, in which ministers of all denominations were free to hold service. Near by lived an intelligent man, a blacksmith by trade, not a professing Christian but a lover of good preaching and, in a sense, reverent, though at times, when under sudden excitement, addicted to the use of untoward expressions. There also dwelt in the same neighborhood a local preacher of another denomination, uneducated, uncouth, and not of the highest Christian character and life, who sometimes preached here after a fashion. In order to meet the want of persons in the vicinity who could not go far from their homes to worship, and at their request, Dr. Sampson undertook to preach at this point once a month without fee or reward, and soon gained the admiration and affection of the people, chief among whom in high regard for their pastor, was the intelligent but quick-tempered blacksmith. After a time it was felt not to be right that these services should be rendered wholly without remuneration and it was generally agreed that Dr. Sampson's ardent admirer should undertake to secure \$100 a year as his salary. The task was rendered comparatively easy by the fact that in the country people do not rush away to their homes as in cities, immediately after the benediction is pronounced, but linger on the grounds inquiring after one another's welfare, and

by the further fact of the general agreement of those who had been consulted as to the propriety of the movement now inaugurated. So on the next Sabbath that service was held the chief mover, paper and pencil in hand, approached each group, speaking somewhat as follows: "Dr. Sampson, our preacher, has been preaching to us for some time and it is not right that he should furnish his own conveyance and ride so many miles to preach for us and be paid nothing for his work. We propose to raise \$100 to remunerate him for his service and I want to see what each one of you will give." Some named one amount and some another, until he came to the group in which "the local preacher" was standing, who, along with the others, listened to what the projector had to say, when with a deprecatory sniffle he replied, "I am a sort of humble laborer myself." That was too much for the irate blacksmith, by whom the idea of the comparison of this man in the most remote degree with the learned, pious, and consecrated Sampson, could not be brooked, and so he muttered in contemptuous tones an unseemly expression, and passed on. I knew this intelligent blacksmith at a later day, and preached several times at the Union Church. He was a deferential, attentive, and interested hearer, and I have reason to hope that he became a Christian.

Dr. Sampson was a judicious and helpful adviser. He kept his eye on me and by good advice saved me from many foolish and hurtful errors. During my first session there was a great row between the students and the Faculty. It attained such proportions that the life of one of the professors was threatened and the college exercises were suspended for a week, many of the students going to their homes. Being young and a newcomer and not an occupant of the college dormitory, I was not privy to any of the disorderly conduct, but like a goose, as I was, I took sides with the students and determined to go home. Boys are very like sheep. Let one of them jump a fence, and over goes the flock. When Dr. Sampson heard of this he sent for me, explained the matter and strongly advised me to remain at college. He said half of the allotted time would be taken up in going from and returning to college; that my father was a Trustee of the institution and would be

anxious about my relation to the disorder; that my presence in Petersburg would awaken inquiries as to the occasion of my being there; that when I returned my mind would be diverted from my studies and that it would be far better for me to write my father the facts of the case and then spend my time in reading and reviewing the ground already gone over in my classes, and thus be prepared to go on with class work. I took his advice and have been thankful for it ever since.

Dr. Sampson died in April, 1854, the year after my graduation, in the 40th year of his age, honored and lamented throughout the church and by all who knew him. He was *sans peur et sans reproche* as a man and Christian, one of the finest specimens of humanity at its best estate that I have known. Immediately after his death a series of services was held in college church and chapel under the guidance of Rev. Dr. Benjamin H. Rice, Pastor; Rev. Dr. Lewis W. Green, President; and Rev. Jesse S. Armistead, D. D., Pastor of Cumberland County Church,—the last-named doing most of the preaching,—which resulted in the conversion of a large number of students and of white and colored people in the community.

Among the colored people, thus savingly blessed, the only one I remember was Davy Ross, one of the College servants while I was a student, and a great favorite with the boys. When I left college Davy was careless and thoughtless on the subject of religion, as I was also. When, two years later, I returned to enter the Theological Seminary, I found him an earnest and outspoken Christian. He gave me the following account of the change. As he sat under Dr. Armistead's preaching he became deeply concerned about his salvation. He felt that he was a lost sinner and prayed earnestly for the forgiveness of his sins; one night after attending service, he was plunged into despair; he went into one of the unoccupied rooms on the lower floor of the College dormitory, determined that he would never come out until his sins were forgiven. So having entered and locked the door, he commenced to pray. But the more he prayed the more miserable he became, until at last in agony and wretchedness he cried out, "O God, kill my body but save my soul," when he seemed to hear a voice saying,

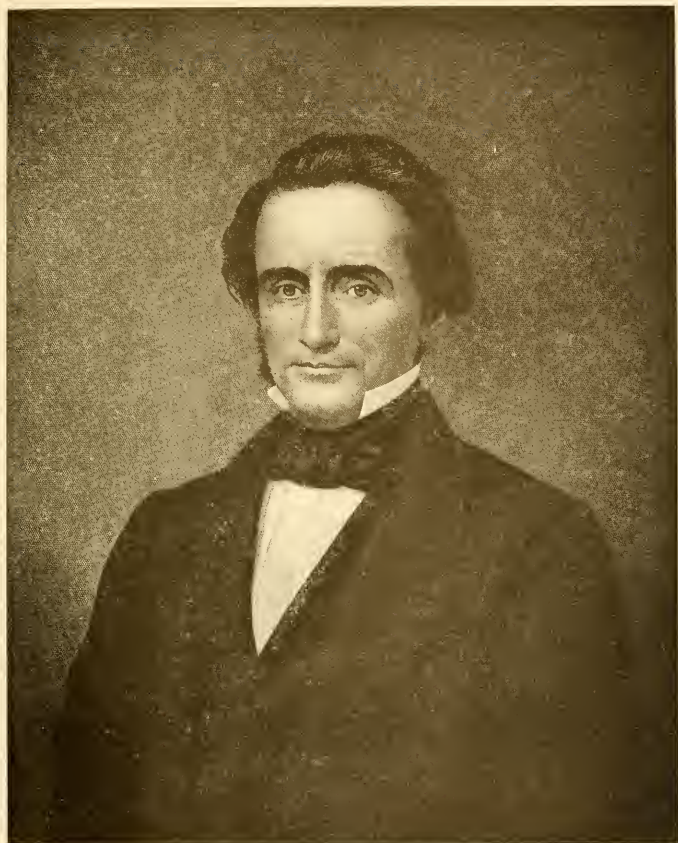
“What a fool you are! It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” “I seemed to see,” he continued, “the blessed Jesus suffering and dying for me. I believed in him, trusted in him, and my burden was gone.”

Davy continued to serve the College till the close of the war (1865), and I believe was a sincere Christian, when he was shot and killed by one of his own race, who is supposed to have robbed him of a considerable sum of money he had accumulated.

CHAPTER VIII

STUDENT LIFE AT HAMPDEN-SIDNEY (CONTINUED)

THE professors with whom I came in contact during my college course were Rev. Dr. Lewis W. Green, President and Professor of Moral Philosophy; Professor Charles Martin, Latin and Greek; Professor Charles S. Venable, Mathematics and Astronomy; and Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, Professor of Physical Science. My intercourse as an undergraduate with these gentlemen was chiefly in the classroom, but, whether in classroom or elsewhere, was altogether pleasant and I recall them with grateful recollection. In later life I was thrown into intimate relations with all of them except Dr. Green, who removed to Kentucky in 1856 and died in 1863. President Green was a man of splendid natural abilities, a native of Kentucky, and had taught as professor in Centre College, Ky., and Allegheny Seminary, Penn., but came to Hampden-Sidney from a pastorate in Baltimore. He was an orator and preacher of unexcelled power even in that day; a scholar of high and broad attainments; a gentleman of affable and gentle manners in social intercourse but somewhat stormy when excited; a man of unquestioned integrity and a Christian of unsullied reputation. In the classroom Dr. Green was not, what some expected and desired, a drill-master. He was not the instructor of youth below the junior class and had a right to suppose that they would be properly drilled in the lower classes. His object was to teach his pupils to think,—to think for themselves, to cultivate their powers, to form independent judgments on subjects coming before them: and thus fit them to stand for themselves. This he succeeded in doing for those who studied and gave heed to the instructions of the classroom. He was at times thrillingly eloquent in his exposition and interpretation of the text, always standing and frequently pacing across the room with animated tone and gesture, all eyes and ears attentive,



LEWIS W. GREEN, D.D., LL.D.

except those of hopeless dullards,—some of whom afflict every college class. But woe to the fellows who were found inattentive or drawing off the attention of others. He could hardly contain himself under such circumstances; but to the studious and aspiring he was ever considerate and kind. Dr. Green remained at Hampden-Sidney from 1848 to 1856, when he became President of the State Normal School at Lexington, Ky., and afterwards President of Centre College, Ky., where he died in 1863.

I remember an amusing incident that occurred at Dr. Green's hospitable home during the earlier days of my College life at a party given to the students by Mrs. Green. Things were somewhat different on such occasions from what they are at present. Entertainment was not generally so elaborate, and there was no dancing or card-playing. Sometimes what are called innocent amusements were introduced, but not often. The object of these convocations of boys and girls was social intercourse and dependence on one another for rational enjoyment. And I do not know but that this was best, as it caused both sexes to exert themselves to think, so as to be on the alert in repartee, and to read, so as to have something rational to talk about, to train themselves as conversationalists and thus to fit themselves for a broader and higher social life in adult years. I meet young ladies and gentlemen nowadays who seem to have no conversational power. All they are able to do in this line is to answer questions of the simplest character, and sometimes very obscurely, with no power of initiative, of making or accepting suggestions. They are colorless, dull, stupid, not having been taught by rational intercourse with others to think, but having been spoiled by inane and debilitating amusements.

Another thing about our ancient entertainments is that the ladies were not infrequently conducted to the house by their fathers or older relatives,—sometimes from a distance,—who at a stated time would return and take them to their homes. When guests entered the reception room, they would find chairs lined along its walls, and after greeting the host and hostess, would take their seats, the bolder and more socially inclined youth advancing and engaging the more interesting girls in conversation, while aged dam-

sels and those lacking attractive qualities were sometimes left to their own thoughts, and were called "Wall Flowers"; that is, they stuck to and adorned the wall because no one was bold enough to tackle them. But these forlorn creatures were not left altogether to their loneliness. Courteous and benevolent youths were not wanting who were ready to relieve the situation at the risk of getting "stuck"; that is, of having to sit by the assisted one an indefinite time and possibly for the rest of the evening. Generally, however, the host or hostess would intervene and through the introduction of another person relieve the benevolent assimilator. Dancing or cards, it seems to me, might be innocently allowed in such cases, but let the line be drawn here. Let those who have wit and education sufficient to engage in interesting and instructive conversation do so, while the deficients take to cards or the dance; only let there be no stakes at cards or injurious contact of person in the dance, but both be conducted with sobriety as they were,—when indulged in at all,—in old Virginia in the first half of the nineteenth century.

On the occasion of which I am speaking the ladies were still occupying seats ranged around the room, with here and there a student bowed on his knees in front of a pretty girl, Dr. and Mrs. Green busy at the time in bringing their heroes into association with the heroines of the evening, a considerable number of the boys standing apart awaiting their turn to be brought into communion with the fair sex,—when an additional group of three or four of the older college men entered. Among them was the oldest matriculated student; a man of some thirty or thirty-five years of age, who had served as deputy-sheriff of his county and had run for a seat in the Senate of Virginia. When the President of the College saw this notable band his eye twinkled, and, advancing, he gave them a cordial greeting. He then took the would-be senator by the arm and with a genial smile and courteous bow, turned to the first lady on the right hand of the door and said, "Miss ———, allow me to introduce my friend, Senator ———, from ———," and then to the second and so on, until, to the confusion of the old politician, he had proceeded half around the room, when, turning to Dr. Green, and patting him good-

naturedly on the shoulder, he said, "Well, now, Doctor, I think this is enough; too much of a good thing is worse than none at all." The farce then ended amid uproarious laughter, and the Senator having regained his composure entered with the rest into the enjoyment of the occasion.

I remember at another time to have heard the reply of a youth who had participated in a similar festivity, chiefly as a looker-on. When asked how he enjoyed himself, he said, "I had a pretty dull time, standing around." I recall, too, a somewhat similar occurrence at my own house. It was a shy young fellow from a distant State, who could not be induced to enter the parlor or the room in which refreshments were served until the last female was gone, when he came in from the hall, and having partaken modestly of ice-cream and cake, &c., advanced to Mrs. McIlwaine and thanked her most graciously for the enjoyment of the evening.

But our social pleasures were not limited to "the Hill" and its immediate vicinity. There were many pretty and attractive young ladies in Farmville, seven miles distant, whom those of us who were socially inclined would visit as often as college regulations allowed. Sometimes two or three of us would go down in a buggy and sometimes twelve or fifteen in a wagon. I recall a number of these ladies with unaffected pleasure; Miss Jennie Red Venable, Misses Mary and Joe Blanton, Misses Nannie and Lizzie Read, Miss Mollie Vaughn, and Misses Sarah and Carrie Lyle. If a finer bevy of girls—more refined, intelligent, beautiful, modest, graceful, and attractive every way—can be pointed out in the Virginia of to-day, I will go a long way to see them. All of them, I think, have gone from the fitful scenes of earth, except Miss Sarah Lyle of Texas, Mrs. Josephine Blanton Lockett of Pasadena, Cal., and Mrs. Lizzie Read McIlwaine, of Richmond, Virginia; but their memory is fresh and precious to all surviving friends who knew them in their youth and maturer years. I also recall among my college friends with whom I used to visit these girls: William Tucker Carrington, of Halifax County; Richard Morton, of Richmond; Edward M. Henry, of Fredericksburg; Isaac Read, of Kanawha; Peter Tinsley, of Farmville; John B. Burwell, of Hillsboro, N. C., and Branch J. Epes,

of Nottoway County, all of them gentlemen and fine fellows, who have filled their places well in the world. Carrington, Tinsley, and Epes still remain as examples of uprightness. The others, having finished their work, have entered into rest (1907).

Among the gentlemen of this period (1850-'3) in Farmville whom I hold in grateful remembrance are Colonel Joseph Carrington, who kept the Farmville Hotel and afterwards the Exchange Hotel in Richmond, who was as genial and kind to the college boys as could be; Mr. Charles D. Anderson, a young merchant and society beau of the younger generation, and a most pleasant gentleman; Captain Joe Womack, one of the most kind-hearted of men, somewhat past middle life but fond of boys and girls, ever doing something to oblige and make them happy; and Colonel C. R. Barksdale, afterwards of Richmond and now of Halifax County, a courteous gentleman and excellent man, who once did me a favor, the memory of which I shall ever cherish. It happened in this wise: Col. Carrington's colored *major domo* was named Dick. He was very polite, and the trusted agent of us College boys in important social affairs. I had an engagement for a buggy ride with the lady who afterwards became my wife, and requested Dick to procure the best horse and buggy that could be hired in town. At the appointed hour he announced that my equipage was at the door. On going down to the street I could not see it and asked what had become of it. He replied, "There it is," pointing to a broken-down, ramshackle vehicle to which an unkempt, raw-boned, weevil-eaten, wretched-looking pony was hitched, with broken, rusty and unsafe harness. I said, "Why, Dick, that will not do. It would be an insult to a young lady to offer to drive her in that turn-out." He replied that it was the best he could do; that every horse and buggy in the place was hired out. "Well, then," said I, "take it back; I will not use it." As I was about to return into the hotel Colonel Barksdale came by, and seeing my perturbed look, inquired the cause, generously proffered the use of his own handsome equipage and relieved my dilemma. It may seem to some that this is a small matter. I have never regarded it so. On the contrary, during a long life I have thought of it as one of the most marked kind-

nesses I ever received and indicative of the generous nature of the gentleman who bestowed it.

Professors Martin, Venable and Wilson differed from one another in many respects. The first and last of these, I think, were natives of Ohio and graduates of Jefferson College, Penn. Professor Venable was a native of Prince Edward County, a graduate at sixteen years of age of Hampden-Sidney College, then of the University of Virginia and later a student in Germany. While my relations with all of them during my college course were entirely pleasant, I was thrown with each of them much more intimately later in life and retain for each a sincere and affectionate regard. I feel greater indebtedness to Professors Martin and Venable for the instruction and training I obtained from them as I was under their tutelage for four sessions—except that Prof. Venable was in Europe during one of these years; whereas Dr. Wilson did not enter the Faculty of Hampden-Sidney until my senior year.

Out of 107 young men who were in the college classes during the session of 1850, the year of my entrance, 25 are known to be alive,—about one-fourth. Of 90 matriculates in the college classes of 1853, the session of my graduation, 23 are still living,—about the same proportion. Out of 9 graduates in my class, 3 survive. Of 56 students connected with my class in one of its stages from 1850 to 1853, only 9 were graduated,—less than one-sixth,—whereas of the class of 1903, just fifty years later, of 45 connected with it from 1900 to 1903, 15 graduated, just one-third or double as many in proportion. This difference at the two eras is probably accounted for by the better preparation of the students at entrance and the improved morale of the institution at the later date,—an inference supported by the comparison of classes throughout their courses as set forth in the following table:

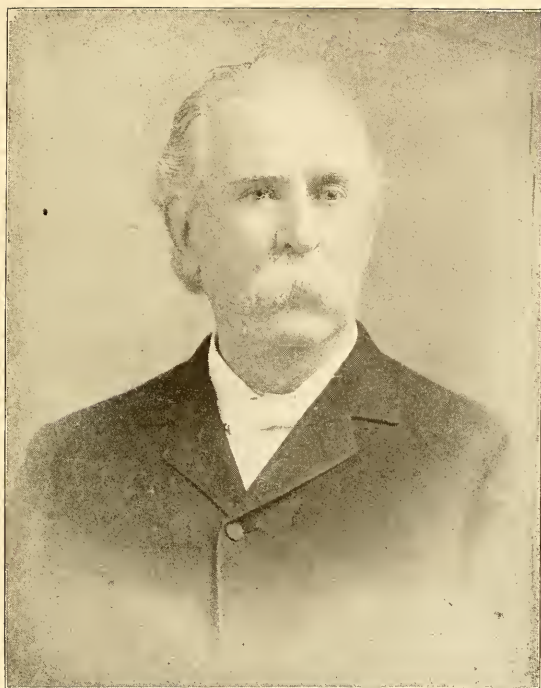
Freshman Class....	(1850)	36.....	(1900)	25
Sophomore Class...	(1851)	19.....	(1901)	33
Junior Class.....	(1852)	14.....	(1902)	24
Senior Class.....	(1853)	9.....	(1903)	15

Besides the 15 A. B. graduates of 1903, the degree of A. M. was conferred on two post-graduate students, of

B. L. on one, and of B. S. on one, who had pursued these regular courses.

It would be invidious to express my personal feelings for individual fellow-students as my relations with all were pleasant, though in the nature of things more cordial and intimate with some than others. Among the students of these four sessions there were many fine fellows, some of whom reached positions of high honor and usefulness. Of the graduates of the class of 1851, it is proper to mention P. W. McKinney of Buckingham County, one of the most popular men in college, who afterwards became Governor of Virginia, and as such, one of the most faithful, conscientious and useful executives that ever filled the gubernatorial chair; Robert Dabney of Powhatan County, a genial companion, thoughtful student and widely read gentleman, who for many years filled the position of Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of the South at Sewanee and died while occupying this chair; John B. Shearer of Appomattox County, a young man of fine ability and scholarship, who afterwards took the M. A. degree at the University of Virginia; after preaching several years in Halifax County and founding Cluster Springs Academy he became the President and Professor of Moral Philosophy of Stewart College, Tenn. This institution, at a later date, most largely through his instrumentality and efficiency, became the Presbyterian University of the Southwest. Later he accepted the presidency of Davidson College, N. C., with the professorship of Moral Philosophy and Bible Studies. At the age of seventy he resigned its presidency and still holds his professorship.

Of the graduates of 1852, Messrs. Isaac Read of Kanawha County, Peter Tinsley of Farmville, and Thomas Wharey of Hampden-Sidney, may be mentioned. The first and last of these divided the first honor of their class and Mr. Read delivered the valedictory. He is one among a few graduates of Hampden-Sidney, of the olden time, who have devoted their lives to business. This he did in St. Louis, Mo., soon after leaving college, and after the war, during which he served in the army of the Confederate States, he became a resident of the city of New York—an honorable and successful man of affairs, an exemplar



GOVERNOR P. W. MCKINNEY, M.A.

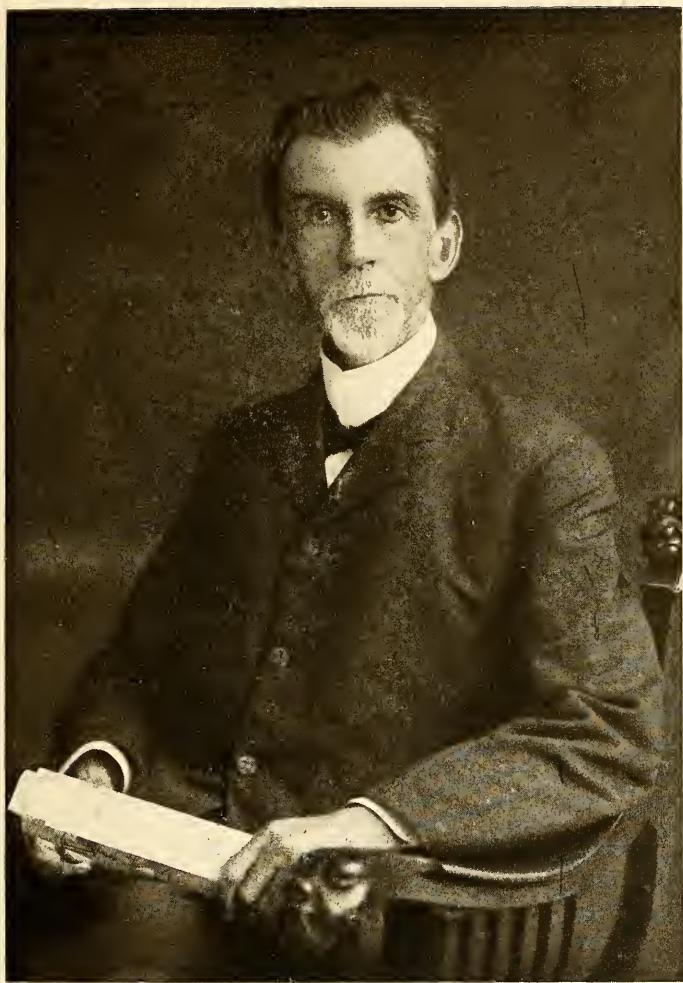
of integrity, a Christian gentleman of literary and social culture. He lived till December 31st, 1906. Peter Tinsley became an eminent and useful minister in the Walnut Hills Protestant Episcopal Church of Cincinnati, O., a doctor of divinity, esteemed and beloved by all who knew him. Wharey was early recognized as an earnest and eloquent preacher and soon won the sobriquet of "the Spurgeon of Virginia." Later in life he had charge of a classical academy at Worsham, not far from Hampden-Sidney, which he conducted successfully for several years in connection with his pastorate at Briery Church in Prince Edward County. He afterwards accepted a call to Corsicana, Texas, where two or three years later he died, lamented and honored by his church and the citizens of the town.

It is worthy of remark that all six of the gentlemen here mentioned were active and assiduous members of their respective literary societies, attentive to their duties and constant in their attendance. It is probable that the future lives of most of them were largely shaped by this fact.

Of the class of 1853, I select Lindsay H. Blanton of Cumberland County, Charles W. Crawley of Charlotte County, and Lewis L. Holladay of Orange County. The first became a minister of the gospel and labored faithfully and successfully in Virginia and Kentucky until 1882, when he was elected President of Central University at Richmond, Ky. This institution was then in a moribund condition, but under his discreet and efficient administration it was strengthened and enlarged, two academies in other parts of the State being organized and becoming its feeders, and a medical college in Louisville being attached to it. He was also largely instrumental in founding the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Louisville. A few years since, when all the institutions of learning under the care of both the Northern and Southern Synods of Kentucky were united, Central University at Richmond was relegated to the position of an academy and Centre College at Danville, the mother institution, was chosen as the head of the system, under the title of the Central University of Kentucky. Dr. Blanton was chosen its Vice-President, which position he still holds (1906).

Charles W. Crawley was one of the most genial, faithful and successful students in the class. He had taught school several years before entering college and was eight or ten years older than some members of the class. Unfortunately he had a prolonged spell of sickness during the latter part of his course and was absent from college several weeks and therefore failed of recognition among the honor men, which he would otherwise unquestionably have merited and received. He was modest, determined, and reverent towards God and man. He felt that he had a work to do, and did it nobly and well. With the exception of two years immediately after graduation, spent as tutor in Randolph-Macon College, and the period of the war (1861-5), when he gave himself heroically to the defence of Virginia, his life was spent in teaching private and public schools, chiefly in Prince Edward and Cumberland counties, and no man ever performed better the duties of a teacher. Intelligent, scholarly, sympathetic, and devoted to his work, he was a benefactor to multitudes of boys and girls who came under his instruction and influence. His memory is cherished by his surviving pupils and friends and will be, so long as one survives. He lived to a good old age and his sudden death brought sorrow to many hearts.

Holladay was by all odds the most talented man in the class, and perhaps the most admired and best-beloved by all. I do not suppose that during his four years of college life he ever missed a single recitation or ever went to class imperfectly prepared. But he could make preparation, thorough and complete, in half the time required by most of us to get a smattering of the subject. I have seen him in bed at 9 o'clock at night when others would have to wrestle with their lessons several hours longer to have any show at all. He was a pleasant fellow, fond of a joke and could tell one well with a merry twinkle in his eye. He was a pure but undemonstrative Christian, tolerant of the foibles and failings of others but careful to exhibit none himself. His influence was largely silent but wholly good. He was no athlete and I cannot remember to have seen him engaged in any game, but he was fond of walking and careful to spend an adequate portion of every afternoon in the open air,—a habit he maintained throughout life. It goes without say-



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ing that he took first Honor in his class and delivered the Valedictory, much to the satisfaction of the members of his class and his fellow students. During the session of 1854 he was college tutor and teacher of the preparatory school. The next year he spent at the University of Virginia, where he distinguished himself as a student. At the close of the session he was elected Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy at Hampden-Sidney, where he entered on his life's work in the summer of 1855 and continued until 1891, when he was suddenly called away from a useful and honorable career by the summons of the Divine Ruler of the Universe. Few men connected with the college have been so honored and beloved in life and so lamented in death.

CHAPTER IX

STUDENT LIFE AT HAMPDEN-SIDNEY (CONTINUED)

ONE of the most pleasant recollections of my college life is in connection with my membership in the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity, an order of high social and moral worth at that day. It is a secret organization and was introduced at Hampden-Sidney some years before by Prof. Charles Martin, who had been a member of the society at Jefferson College, Penn. Prof. Charles S. Venable was also an honorary member. Its existence at Hampden-Sidney was not known or suspected except by its members. Its membership was small but choice, not more than ten or twelve during my active connection. Occasionally a supper would be had and this was furnished in her two-room cabin by old Aunt Rachel, wife of Davy Ross, one of the negro janitors of the College, and I defy any cook of the present day, white or colored, city or country, to furnish a better appointed or more delightful entertainment than we sat down to. It consisted of half a dozen kinds of meats, a variety of cakes, ice-cream, jelly, etc., all of the best, and was served by the genteel old woman and her husband in the best style. After supper, cigars floated around in abundance, but no wine or spirituous liquors of any kind. The existence of the order was kept secret until Baccalaureate Sunday (1853), when its members attended service adorned with the beautiful ebony, gold-rimmed, diamond-studded badges of the fraternity, which created a sensation and awakened much inquiry. Within a year of this time I had the honor to introduce this society at the University of Virginia.

About the year 1890 a national meeting of this organization was held at one of the leading hotels in the city of Washington, D. C., in honor of Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States, at which his associate, Justice Brewer, was initiated. Governor Beaver of Penn-

sylvania presided with dignity and much humor. Besides a fine address on assuming the chair, he kept things moving in presenting the speakers. Somewhere from one hundred to two hundred were present, the leading institutions of the country being represented, with a large contingent from Johns Hopkins University. I remember with pleasure the addresses of Justice Harlan, Justice Brewer, Hon. H. St. George Tucker, and a Japanese student, representing Johns Hopkins University, from which he afterwards took the degree of Ph. D. The subject assigned me was "The Usefulness of Fraternities," on which I did the best I could, but I confess that I would have been much more at home in the pulpit or behind my desk at Hampden-Sidney. It was a brilliant occasion.

At this period the times of deepest interest to the students at Hampden-Sidney were the Twenty-second of February and the annual Commencement. A splendid college-spirit prevailed and most of the students were not only gentlemen, born and bred, but from families of means and social standing in their communities, and were on the alert to make these occasions seasons of festive enjoyment. The planters around were largely college-bred men of intelligence and culture and their wives women of education and grace of person and manner, and on both sides they generally traced their lineage back to and beyond the Fathers of the Revolution. A few of them were wealthy and most of them possessed independent estates. All had abundance of household servants, kept horses and carriages, and their hospitable homes were wide-open to their friends from abroad as well as to those near-by. Besides, the village of old Prince Edward Court-House, located where Worsham now stands, had two commodious taverns and a dozen or more resident families, while at Kingsville, a mile nearer to Farmville, a hostelry had been maintained from ancient times. Thus abundant accommodation was provided for visitors from a distance, of which they—especially those of the feminine gender and their escorts—were not slow to avail themselves in anticipation of festive enjoyment.

The Twenty-second of February was nothing like so big an occasion as Commencement, but, in comparison with what it has been of late years, was immense. Then, as now, it

was the time when the literary societies,—Union organized in 1789 and Philanthropic in 1805,—were on their mettle to show what the oratorical training received within their walls was worth. These societies, at the time of which I write, were at their zenith. I can speak from experience only of the Philanthropic, of which I was a member, and to which I was attached with the most fervid affection, but of it I can say that I do not see how any such organization can be its superior. It had some of the best speakers and debaters to whom I have ever listened, and it has been my lot in life to hear many; ecclesiastical, legal, on the hustings, and in civic assemblies. The society had a library of historical, biographical and literary books, numbering several thousand volumes, to which several hundred were added annually. Its rules were strict and its order as nearly perfect as could be, and when any deviations occurred fines were imposed and punctually paid. I once heard the late Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge in an address on the floor of the Philanthropic Hall use very nearly, if not exactly, the following language: "Whatever of usefulness I have attained in life I attribute in great measure to the training I received at Hampden-Sidney and most largely to the influence exerted and the inspiration gathered on this floor." There were a score or two of the honorary members present and I believe that the large majority of them said "Amen" to this utterance of our distinguished fellow-member. Nor have I any reason to believe the influence of the Union Society at that day was less potent and salutary. All the students were members of one or the other of these organizations, so that it can easily be understood how the Twenty-second was looked on as a gala day of great interest.

The speaking was held in the old college chapel, a spacious hall with galleries, now the college gymnasium, at 12 o'clock M., and every seat was usually filled. There were gathered the beauty and chivalry, old and young, not only of the community and neighborhood but from a distance, to enjoy "this feast of reason," to cheer the orators and to honor the College. The exercises at night were of a different character. They consisted of an entertainment called a "College Party," given by the students, which embraced two functions, the first being association of the students and

their guests in the old "Steward's Hall," the lower story of which was then undivided and spacious, capable of holding several hundred persons, and was uniformly filled, invitations having been sent to relatives and friends weeks beforehand. The amusements consisted of music by a skilled band imported from one of the cities; in conversation, rational or irrational, and in promenading. Preachers, professors, lawyers, doctors, and farmers were present to contribute their share to the pleasure of the occasion. There was a pronounced buzz throughout the room, much merry-making and general enjoyment. Now and then a "wall-flower" or two would be seen, but, if not deemed incorrigible, some benevolent fellows would relieve their tedium, having exacted the mutual promise that they would bring each other relief at stated intervals. Then again sometimes a guileless and inexperienced youth would get "stuck." Rashly or through kindness of heart or by some wily device played on him, he has become linked to a lady devoid of understanding or conversational power, and there they are with no interest in common and no means open under the rules of polite society to relieve the situation. They do the best they can under the circumstances but they have a dull and prosy time.

This sort of thing would go on until about 12 o'clock A. M., when the second function would be announced; i. e., supper, when, in couples, each lady leaning on the arm of her escort, the assembly would march up to the Chapel, where the tables were spread,—no gentleman, not an escort, being admitted until the ladies had all entered. And such a supper it was! I have not seen anything like it since the beginning of the war in 1861, while in the days of which I am speaking they were common at weddings and other important occasions. There were two long tables neatly draped in white damask, laden with the rich stores of a beneficent providence, one with meats, etc., and the other with sweets. Look at the first of these! There are old hams, roast pigs with apples in their mouths, saddles of the finest mutton, fat and tender; roast turkeys, beef tongues, etc., with the necessary accompaniments of bread, coffee, pickles, etc. Now go to the other, weighted down with all sorts of cake from sponge to fruit, preserves, jellies, ice-

cream, blanc mange, candies, etc. The meat table was attacked first and generously patronized except by very young ladies or timid boys, too modest to confess in the presence of one another that they had appetites, or by chronic dyspeptics afraid to indulge. After that the other table was attacked and the more enjoyed because of the solid foundation laid for the support of the lighter refreshments. Everything was conducted with the most perfect propriety and politeness, it being an accepted axiom that gentlemen in the presence of ladies must act towards them and one another with deference and courtesy. The light on these occasions was furnished by candles,—tallow, adamantine, or spermaceti; kerosene had not yet been discovered, electricity had not been dreamed of as practicable for this purpose, and gas had but lately become the means of illuminating cities and towns. The delicious viands furnished at such times, with the exception of some of the sweets, were the product of old Prince Edward and were prepared under the supervision of its lovely matrons, who were ever ready to help and cheer the boys in all their laudable and proper undertakings.

The Twenty-second of February was a delightful season, breaking in upon the routine of college work and enlarging the sphere of social life. Some of the students at this time obtained introductions into families in the country, in which they afterwards spent many pleasant and restful hours. But the annual Commencement outstripped it far in the number of its attendants, the variety of its exercises, the manner of its observance, and the honors awarded the graduates of the College and the successful men in the literary societies. The crowds present at that day exceeded those of the present time many fold. They began to gather on the Saturday prior to Baccalaureate Sunday, and on Monday and Tuesday swelled more and more until the hospitable homes for miles around and the hostelries in the neighborhood were filled. I remember seeing carriages with fair inmates and buggies drawn by fine steeds driven by gentlemen, from homes as far away as Dinwiddie and Halifax counties. The cities of Richmond, Petersburg, and Lynchburg too, furnished their contingent. The Trustees also were much more regular in attendance and far more attentive to their duties than



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in later years. A noble set of men they were, frequently traveling on horseback, or if from a considerable distance, in vehicles, and occasionally by public conveyance. Of the twenty-six Trustees, leaving out the President, whose names appear in the Catalogue of 1850, twenty-two were from the country, of whom five were physicians, two lawyers, two teachers, two ministers of the gospel, and eleven were planters. Prince Edward furnished nine, Charlotte four, Cumberland three, Nottoway two, Lunenburg two, Halifax one, and Buckingham one. Lynchburg, Philadelphia, Petersburg, and Norfolk each furnished one of four city Trustees, two of whom were merchants and two ministers of the gospel.

Comparing these with the twenty-four Trustees given in the Catalogue of 1905 we find at the present time twenty-one from cities and towns, and three from the country, two of whom are lawyers and one a planter. Three from the country out of twenty-four instead of twenty-two out of twenty-six! One planter out of twenty-four, instead of eleven out of twenty-two! There are also now eight ministers on the Board and nine lawyers, more than two-thirds of its present membership. The country has been relegated to the rear or has relegated itself to that position: the planters have been snubbed or do not exist of the needful quality, and the College is under the control of the preachers and lawyers, assisted by two doctors and five business men.

I remember some of those old planters, all of them men of high integrity and intelligence. I will mention four: Henry E. Watkins of Prince Edward, a gentleman of culture and courtly bearing, who would have graced any position in the gift of the people; Colin Stokes of Lunenburg, than whom no man in the Southside stood higher for business force, social and civic virtue, and careful attention to trusts committed to him; Travis E. Epes of Nottoway, a gentleman erect in character as in person, and attentive to calls of duty from without as to his private interests; and Thomas E. Perkinson of Prince Edward, modest as a woman but fearless as a lion in the administration of duties imposed on him. These men came to Hampden-Sidney to attend to college business, a part of which was the graduation of the Senior class, and consequently they remained through Com-

mencement and along with the President, Faculty and Senior class had their seats on the extensive rostrum.

Wednesday and Thursday were the two big days;—Wednesday set apart for the celebration of the literary societies, when distinguished orators from abroad would address the societies, and Thursday for the final exercises.

On Wednesday morning the members of the two societies assembled in front of the old college building, the Union and Philanthropic taking front rank alternately, every member of each in his place with the gorgeous ribbon badge of his society pinned to the lapel of his coat, the procession marshaled by a military officer from Farmville or the neighborhood, sword in hand and its sheath by his side. The march was then taken up under the inspiring music of a trained band. When the head of the column reached the door of the church ranks were opened, hats off, and those in rear,—the Trustees, Faculty, and speakers,—marched in first, taking their places on the rostrum, the societies following to the reserved seats in front of the platform. In the meantime, the building, except that portion reserved, had been filled with ladies and their escorts, every particle of spare room being filled, with hundreds outside not able to obtain entrance.

On Thursday, the big day *par excellence*, the same formalities of parade were observed with this difference, that the students were now arranged in classes, the Freshmen in front, Sophomores next, followed by the Juniors, the graduates being in rear just in front of the Trustees and Faculty, so when the church had been reached, the Trustees, Faculty, and Seniors advanced to seats on the rostrum and the students were arranged in front according to seniority.

At night a large party was given corresponding in detail with that on the 22nd of February, except that, it now being warm weather, promenading was done on the Campus, larger crowds were present and the enjoyment rose as high as social intercourse among people of refinement and culture could make it.

A feature was added to Commencement in 1851 which had not existed before. It was the celebration of the Philanthropic Society on Wednesday night and the bestowal on P. W. McKinney, afterwards Governor of the Common

wealth, of a handsome gold medal as the best debater in the society. This custom was adopted by the Union Society in 1852, the first recipient of their medal being Thomas Wharey, afterwards the humble-minded, brilliant and consecrated minister of the gospel, "whom none knew but to love, none named but to praise."

These were great occasions, in which everyone connected with the College was interested and did his duty; when hearts were cheered, lives brightened, aspiration awakened, and the College made friends of many who theretofore knew little of its work. Many love-matches, too, were wrought at this time, which afterwards culminated in marriage and happy hearts and homes. During this period the college vacation was two months, extending from the middle of June to the middle of August. The college session extended over ten months, with a week of holiday at Christmas, and one day on the 22nd of February; no Thanksgiving Day; no Day of Prayer for schools and colleges, although we did more praying than at present as we had evening as well as morning chapel; no Field Day, no absence from college for athletic purposes.

I recall with some amusement an incident that occurred in my Senior year, which furnished me a lesson that has been of use throughout life. I do not think that at any period of my experience I have been conceited or prone to overestimate myself and I cannot recall a single instance, except the following, in which I went deliberately to work to "fish for a compliment." It happened that at the close of my Junior year Dr. Sampson, with whom I had lived during my college course, changed his residence and could no longer give me a room. So with my father's consent I took up my abode with a gentleman who kept a travelers' inn and had thirty or forty college students at his table with several rooming in the house. I was honored with a seat next to Mrs. —, a fine lady, about middle life, who was very kind and of whom I became very fond. There was a congenial set of fellows at our end of the table, the fare was excellent, and we enjoyed meal time as a season for relaxation and jest, in which Mrs. — joined heartily. I was a hard worker, sat up late at night, not infrequently till from one to three o'clock in the morning, and conse-

quently consumed a great quantity of candles. Of this, however, I was altogether heedless, regarding it the right and proper thing to do. On the day that my intermediate examinations were completed it was necessary for me to go to Farmville immediately after dinner in order to make arrangements for my journey to Petersburg. So rising from the table, I offered my hand to Mrs. ——. She took it cordially, wishing me a happy Christmas, and I, touched by a little vanity said, "I hope you will be glad to see me back again." Instead of an immediate response, she hesitated, her countenance grew serious and I, somewhat in a quandary, said, "Why, what is the matter?" To which she replied, "Mr. McIlwaine, you do burn so many candles!" My embarrassment being relieved, I said cheerfully, "Oh, if that is all, I will bring a box with me and furnish my own candles," at which her countenance brightened and with a smile of satisfaction she said, "Well, do that and all will be right." I remember this good woman with unalloyed pleasure. She taught me a lesson which has been of use to me throughout life, and from which I do not know that I have ever departed. Commendation, when gratuitously bestowed, is a good, pleasant and helpful thing, but when it has to be extracted as with a corkscrew, it does not pay.

The day when a young man receives his diploma is an important era in his life. From an institution with a proper curriculum, a good standard of scholarship rigidly enforced, and cultured, conscientious professors, a diploma means much. It represents faithful work, intellectual growth, competent scholarship along certain lines and up to a certain point, and also good character. All this is implied, though not always found. But the graduate cannot stand still. He must move on. The time has come when the Rubicon must be crossed. A decision must be made in regard to one's life-work, if it has not already been arrived at. Fortunately for me, this important question, as I thought, had been settled and so I was not perplexed. It happened that when I went home to spend the Christmas holidays of 1850, my eldest sister (Mrs. Jane M. Stevenson), presented me with a copy of the *Life of William Wirt* by Kennedy, just issued from the press, which I read on my

return to college and which produced a profound impression on my mind. On rising from the deeply interested perusal of that book, my determination was fixed to become a lawyer and a great lawyer at that, so far as I could compass it. So with this ideal before me I went to work with vigor not only on my collegiate studies but in the work of my society, preparation for which required careful and extensive reading, specially in history and biography. From this time I paid increased attention to the able debates in the society and participated in them whenever opportunity occurred, never missed a declamation, and carefully prepared all orations both under college and society regulations. In consequence of this, at the close of my college course I received the second Honor in my class and the Best Speaker's medal from my society, and had formed the fixed resolve to go on diligently to fit myself for the Bar. In this aspiration my wise and generous father sympathized, telling me that he would give me any and all opportunities I desired to make myself a learned and successful lawyer. But this professional course was not to be entered on until the autumn, and in talking over the matter with my father, I expressed a preference for Harvard University as having the best and most extensive law course in the United States, when he spoke up with great positiveness and said, "My son, those people in Boston do not agree with us either in politics or religion. You expect to live in the South and I advise you to continue your education among your own people. Any place that you choose south of Mason & Dixon's line will be acceptable to me." No parent ever gave a son wiser or better advice or put it more tersely and on stronger ground, and it did not take me a minute to change my mind and to say "the University of Virginia," to which he responded, "That is all right. You will there be among your own people, who think as we do."

CHAPTER X

VISIT TO IRELAND

IN the spring of 1853 my father had written me that he was planning a trip to Great Britain and proposed to take me with him, which pleased me very much. The special object of this trip was a visit to my grandmother and aunts in County Fermanagh, Ireland, and my mother's brother and sisters and their families in Londonderry County, and as a side issue a tour through parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. This was to be my first experience outside of Virginia, except a summer spent at Jones' Springs, Warren Co., N. C., and was both a revelation and inspiration. Leaving Hampden-Sidney soon after commencement (June 16th) we found the Southside Railroad, now the Norfolk and Western, running up to Burkeville and thus reached home the same day. Leaving Petersburg a few days afterwards, we spent a day in Washington, one in Philadelphia, then on to New York, where the Crystal Palace, the first American exposition, was in operation, in imitation of the Crystal Palace held in London in 1851. Of course we visited the Exposition and some other things in New York, and in a day or two took ship, which landed us in Liverpool in twelve days. The next morning we were on our way, via Belfast, for Gledstown, the residence of my father's mother and his three sisters, Anna, Elizabeth, and Margaret. The journey from Belfast to Armagh was by rail and the remainder by stage coach with relays of fine horses every seven miles on an excellent macadamized road. Arrived at our desired haven, and having received the embraces of the loved ones there, we were at once at home and enjoyed every moment of our stay. We were with four remarkable women,—my grandmother one of the most remarkable for beauty of person, intelligence and culture, and for serious, devoted, practical piety I ever saw. She came from people of the best character and standing, had

experienced her struggles and trials with a large family of children immediately after her husband's death and in separation from her five sons, who had emigrated to America. In the good providence of God she had been abundantly provided for, both as to the supply of temporal wants and the gratification of her uppermost desire to do good to the poor about her, with the view of advancing their interests, temporal and spiritual, awakening their minds, inciting their aspirations, and placing them on a higher plane for time and eternity. She was a Christian first, a Presbyterian second; holding to the Confession of Faith in all its essential teachings and receiving them as the teaching of God, but not allowing them to reduce her to a narrow sectarian or to diminish her sympathies and communion with Christians of every name and denomination, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic. One of the first agencies she employed in carrying out her beneficent plans was the organization of a Sunday-school on her own premises for men and women, boys and girls. She did this that she might avoid sectarian prejudice, which would keep others than Presbyterians from attending a purely denominational school, that she might have a free hand in ordering the instructions of the school, and that those who attended it might have something of kindly social life along with their instruction. In order to carry out her views it was necessary to build two large rooms on her premises and attached to the house in which she lived. This she had done at her own expense years before I saw her and probably before I was born. She was a wonderful Bible scholar. I remember seeing on her bookcase a pile of large-sized reference Bibles—six or eight—which she had gone through with, pen in hand, making additional references and annotations on the margins, which she used until they were worn out. Her class, which met in a room of the house proper, adjoining the addition that had been made, was composed of men, while she kept an eye on the ordering of the whole school. One of her daughters taught the women's class in the room adjoining, while the other two taught classes in the Sabbath-school proper, assisted by pious men and women from the neighborhood. I remember two of these men, Sandy Beattie and Andy Robertson, plain but pious and intelligent,

the first a farmer and the other a school-teacher, both earnest fellow-workers in doing good. In connection with the school and immediately succeeding it, there was held in the schoolroom a prayer-meeting conducted by one of the male helpers, which was attended by the men and women and larger scholars. The amount of good accomplished by these instrumentalities cannot be known in this world. The future will reveal it.

These rooms were also used as a rallying place for temperance workers, where stated meetings were held, the object being to rescue the fallen, and especially to strengthen the young and train them in habits of sobriety and uprightness. I remember one of these gatherings and its procedure, and that when there was a gap in the program, my friend, Andy Robertson and others, my father with a twinkle in his eye nodding his approval, began to call on me for a speech; "Mister Richard; Mister Richard; speech, speech!" Not being at that time a "total abstainer," I felt some hesitation, but not being averse to airing my oratory, I arose, and detailed such of John B. Gough's stories, amusing and serious, as I remembered, along with some observations of my own, awakening many tokens of approval and calls of "Hear! Hear!" I closed with the apology that this was my first public speech on temperance and suggesting that they should call on my father, who for many years had been President of the Petersburg Total Abstinence Society and a strenuous advocate of temperance. This was said partly in earnest and partly as a jest in reprisal for his having a hand in calling me out. He arose and made a good earnest address, which doubtless did far more good than anything I could say, and the meeting adjourned with the people in the best of spirits.

Another instrumentality put into motion by these devoted women, through which great good was accomplished, was the establishment of a school for boys and girls, the expense of which was borne by them and at which one of them, by turns, would spend an hour or two every day in teaching the children out of the scriptures and the girls to sew and embroider. There were other instrumentalities in helping the poor and ministering to the sick;—indeed their lives were a "living sacrifice." I remember that some weeks

later, when riding on the top of a stage coach between Armagh and Gledstown, among other passengers there was a clergyman of the Irish Episcopal Church by the name of McGuire, who having seen my name on my valise introduced himself and asked, "Are you related to the McIlwaines of Gledstown?" to which I replied, "Yes; Mrs. McIlwaine is my grandmother"; when he said in a tender voice, "Their names are in all the churches," and went on to speak of their piety and good works in admiring terms. Scores and perhaps hundreds of young men and women went out from under their uplifting and inspiring influence to fill positions of usefulness and honor in life to which they would never otherwise have attained. I have known a number of them in Virginia and in other parts of the United States. Many of them went to Australia, while the larger portion remained in Ireland or spent their lives in England. Some years later when in Paris with Mrs. McIlwaine after our marriage, I received a letter from one of my aunts telling me that one of their old boys was in that city as correspondent of the *London Times* and that she had sent him our address. In due time he called and we found him a highly cultured and genial gentleman of wide and varied knowledge, whose acquaintance was a pleasure and who did everything in his power to make our sojourn in the French Capital agreeable.

During this visit I had an epoch-making discussion with Mr. Sandy Beattie, the farmer and Bible student. I thought that I had a pretty good conception, for one of my age, of the leading and simpler truths of the Christian religion; that I knew a good deal of scripture and understood the plan of salvation. I did not profess to be a Christian, knew that I was not and that many of my thoughts, feelings, words and actions were contrary to the teaching of the Holy Book. Yet I had an intellectual belief in the triune God and in Jesus Christ, could repeat the Shorter Catechism from beginning to end, knew many important passages of scripture by heart, and never went to sleep at night without "saying my prayers." The discussion between us was on the subject of prayer, I upholding the view that anybody and everybody had the right to pray to God with the promise and expectation that they would

be heard and answered. He, on the other hand, contended, vehemently and with some heat, that no one except a believer in Christ, who is walking according to His example and precepts, has the right to pray or to make any approach to God with the expectation of being heard; but that all such service is a vain oblation, an unworthy sacrifice essentially sinful; and as a clincher that could not be gainsaid, shot at me that pungent saying in Proverbs 28: 9, "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination." Not convinced, yet not knowing what to reply, an arrow had entered my spiritual being which rankled there many a day. I did not "say my prayers" that night. I was afraid. I cannot say that I wanted to be a Christian, for I knew that if I were a Christian I would have to give up much that I took pleasure in, but I did not want to do anything in the form of worship that I knew to be "abominable" in God's sight. And yet, stopping prayer seemed to bring about an estrangement between me and God, so that I had nothing to look forward to beyond this world but an undone eternity,—“the blackness of darkness forever and ever.” In this dilemma I determined to submit the question to my grandmother for her advice. She listened to me with affectionate attention and a sweet expression on her countenance, and when I concluded, indicated by her serious manner and gentle tones that Mr. Beattie had a good deal of truth in his position; yet she said, "I do not think, my son, that you ought to stop praying. You are right in looking to God for his help and guidance, for the Bible says, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord and he will direct thy steps.'” I took her advice in a sense, and began to "say my prayers" again, but it was some time yet before I learned to approach the mercy-seat through Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life."

There were other friends and relatives in County Fermagh besides our loved ones in Gledstown: Mr. Robert Graham and family of Drumgoon; Mrs. Hurst, the first cousin of my father, widow of a minister of the Irish Episcopal Church; and others of culture and standing, from whom we received much courtesy and with whom our intercourse was genial and enlivening. The walks and drives about the country; visits to its beautiful Lough Erne and

historic places, especially Enniskillen, its county seat, with its paraphernalia in the courts, so unlike the simplicity in the United States, all were interesting and instructive. After having been in Gledstown a week or two, we visited Londonderry, my father's birthplace and the scene of his childhood and youth. Here I saw much of the deepest interest to me and met a number of his boyhood friends. Among the notable things I recall was a visit to the residence in which he was born, one of the best in the older part of the city and not far from the Cathedral; the Cathedral itself, in which his early religious life was developed and where I saw the name of my grandfather, Richard McIlwaine, engraved on the wall in rear of the chancel; the walls around the old city, famous for the siege they withstood in the war between James II and William III; and Magee College standing on a beautifully inclined hill outside the city proper. In ascending the hill we met the cultured old gentleman who had been principal of the school my father attended more than thirty years before. We then went out into the country four or five miles to visit some cousins of my father, farmers and gentlemen, in a section of the country where his paternal ancestors had lived for many generations. Next we took the cars and went north some ten or twelve miles to the village of Ballykelly, not far from which lived several of my mother's relatives; a brother and sisters, two of them widowed and the other three wives of farmers; all of whom were Christian people of character and standing. We spent several days in this neighborhood with my Uncle James Dunn, including a Sabbath on which we attended service in the Ballykelly church, which my mother attended in her youth and in which her father and afterwards her brother were ruling elders. The old minister in charge was the same under whom she was brought up.

One of the most interesting incidents connected with our sojourn here was a visit in company with my uncle to the cottage in which my precious mother was born, then vacant but in the possession of my uncle, who cultivated the land; now owned, enlarged, and occupied by his son James Dunn and the latter's sister Catherine. It is located on Lough Foyle and occupies a beautiful situation a few hundred

yards from the macadam road in front. There was a fine crop of wheat growing on the field between the road and the cottage, such as I had never seen. I asked what it would yield and was informed that what I saw was a poor crop; that the field usually yielded sixty bushels an acre, but that it would not be more than fifty this year. I remarked that I thought it was almost as tall as I, to which he replied, "It is taller," and on my expression of doubt he bade me walk into it and not to stop until he directed me. I obeyed and presently the word came, "Stop and turn around," and the inquiry, "Can you see me?" to which I gave a negative answer. Then he said, "I cannot see you or your hat either"; which was significant, as I had on a stove-pipe hat, according to the custom of that day, and it extended six inches above my head. In rear and on the sides of the cottage were great fields of the largest rutabaga turnips and cow-beets I ever saw. A few years ago, my cousins, James and Catherine, paid us a visit at Hampden-Sidney, and in course of conversation I told him about the beets and turnips and that according to my recollection some of them weighed a stone, fourteen pounds; in reply he said that few turnips are now raised, beets being more nutritious and better adapted to cattle, and that under his culture they will average a stone each, that many of them reach twenty pounds, and occasionally, but not often, one will be found weighing twenty-five pounds.

From Ballykelly we went on to the city of Coleraine, and to visit a first cousin of my father's, Mr. William Orr, a gentleman of wealth and culture, and owner of a beautiful estate in the neighborhood, where we were entertained with most cordial hospitality. While there we enjoyed the beautiful drives about the county behind blooded horses, and Mr. Orr's horsemanship, and specially a visit to the Giant's Causeway, one of the most wonderful productions of nature I have seen.

On our return to Gledstown it was arranged for my father to remain with his loved ones, while I should make a somewhat extended tour of Ireland, one of the most beautiful countries in the world, rightly called the Emerald Isle. My first point of departure was for County Galway on a visit to my father's cousin, Frank Graham, Esq., son

of Mr. Robert Graham of Drumgoon, who owned an estate in this the most westerly and wildest portion of the island, and upon it spent several months every year during hunting season. He was an old bachelor,—afterwards married and lived to a great old age; a genial gentleman with some eccentricities of manner, cordial and hospitable, had fine horses and dogs and gave me a good time in horseback riding about his romantic surroundings. One afternoon while we were riding along, we met a man with a strange-looking thing under his arm, like nothing I had ever seen. On my asking what it was, he replied, "Why, have you never seen that before? That is an Irish bagpipe." At his request the owner stopped and began to play, and quicker than it takes me to tell about it, there gathered from adjacent cabins and nooks in the hills a crowd of men and women, boys and girls, and in a trice a regular dance was inaugurated and things went on with great glee. I have never seen such a sight as that before or since. The people of both sexes and all ages were illy clad and rough looking, but they were cheerful and happy, a merry set as they tripped around in the giddy whirl.

When my pleasant visit of a week was concluded, Mr. Graham took me to a village near-by where I got an Irish mail-car drawn by two strong horses, with relays by the way, which was to take me to the city of Galway, forty miles distant. Here he met the Hon. Mr. O'Flaherty, a member of the British Parliament from the city of Dublin, who was to go on the same conveyance, and to whom he introduced me. I found him most pleasant, agreeable and communicative, a typical Irishman, who treated me with the greatest hospitality and kindness, taking me on our arrival in Galway to the house of his brother-in-law, the Librarian of Queen's College, where we spent the evening pleasantly; and on our arrival in Dublin the next morning to his rooms for breakfast, afterwards seeing me on the train bound for Cork. The journey from Galway to Dublin was made in the first sleeping-car I ever saw. It was in one of the first-class compartment cars with the seats pushed forward so as to meet and supported in the middle, Mr. O'Flaherty and I being the only occupants and enjoying a delightful night's rest.

The main thing that interested me at Cork, besides talks with people along the streets and a survey of the place, was a sail down its beautiful bay. After this I visited the Lakes of Killarney, Blarney Castle and then on to Dublin, where my father joined me in view of a contemplated trip to England and Scotland. At Dublin there was held at the time an exhibition, somewhat like that at the Crystal Palace, New York, which, though not so extensive, contained much of interest. The exhibit that impressed me most, probably because they were entirely new to me, was that of several flying machines; these, while not yet solving the problem of aerial navigation, were, in the opinion of their inventors, not far from it. Another thing which evoked and riveted my attention was the beauty of the Irish maidens gathered in the city at this time and much in evidence both at the exhibition and on Sackville Street. Dublin University also claimed a visit from us, chiefly because of its renown but also that we might meet Dr. McNeece, one of its professors, a brother of Mr. John McNeece, long a citizen of Petersburg and a friend of our family. But the unique thing, exceptional and altogether apart by itself, was Donnybrook Fair, which was in full blast at this time some two or three miles from the city. Phoenix Park, too, with its 2000 acres and its varied scenery, is a thing of beauty.

From Dublin we crossed over to London, where we were to meet my cousin, Dr. James Dunn of Petersburg, who after completing his course at the University of Virginia and taking the degree of M. D. in Philadelphia, had spent a year or two in post-graduate study in Paris. He was now to join us, and after some sight-seeing together in Great Britain and a visit to his relatives in the North of Ireland, was to return with us to his native place; where he afterwards became one of its leading physicians and most useful and beloved citizens. We were to meet him in London on a certain fixed day, but unfortunately neither party informed the other where he would stop. So when we arrived at our destination we were in a quandary. There we were, but how we were to get at our future traveling companion, we did not know. As we afterwards discovered he was also in the city and in like ignorance of our whereabouts. After enjoying a good night's rest and a comfortable breakfast,

my father and I started out to see what was to be seen and, to facilitate us in this, took an omnibus and were riding along the Strand, in the midst of its teeming thousands, when I, boylike, on the alert to catch a sight of everything about us, looking here and there, saw a familiar figure and exclaimed, "Look, Pa, there is Jimmie"; we stopped the 'bus and were with our lost one.

It would be vain to attempt to describe what we saw in the Capital of the World. One thing only will I tell about, and that the most vividly remembered of everything. It was the great Spurgeon, then a youth of nineteen years of age, preaching to ten thousand people in Music Hall, Kensington Gardens, and holding them in rapt attention from the beginning to the ending of the service. This was wonderful! In the afternoon we heard Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, the most noted Presbyterian preacher of that day in the metropolis, a preacher of fine ability and an author widely read and appreciated throughout the English-speaking world, but not comparable in power to the youth we had heard in the morning. Four and five years after this I heard Spurgeon again, and each time he left on me the same profound impression.

We visited Oxford and various other places in England, and then took up our journey for Scotland, where we spent some time in seeing Edinburgh, Abbotsford, the Trossacks, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Glasgow, etc. From the last-named port we sailed over to Londonderry, where my father parted with us, going to Gledstown, and Jimmie and I went on a visit to our relatives in the county. After another week or two in Fermanagh, we sailed, about October 1st, from Liverpool and arrived in Petersburg about the middle of the month.

Before quitting Ireland, I must say a word about Mary McElroy, of whom I had heard through my father, and whom I found installed in my grandmother's household as cook. She was born in the neighborhood of Gledstown, of one of the humbler laboring families, was a Roman Catholic by birth, rearing and conviction, had been introduced, when a girl of twelve years of age, into the family of my great-grandmother as a servant, and continued with my grandmother and aunts until the last of them ended her mortal

career. When I first knew her, she was perhaps about sixty years of age, a dumpy little body with a red head and cheerful countenance, devoted to me and proud of me as the only member of the fourth generation of the Graham family she had known. She had kind manners, a loving heart, was a reverent and devout Christian, punctual in attendance on the ritual of her church and equally regular at family prayers when conducted by one of its members, but conspicuously absent when they were led by an outsider, be he preacher or layman: a kind, good woman, not loquacious but with a rich fund of experience and knowledge of people and things in the neighborhood, a first-rate cook and an excellent servant every way, to whom all who knew her were attached. At an early day, by the advice of my grandmother, she began to lay by a portion of her wages and such sums as were given her from time to time, and when I knew her had become the owner of the cabin in which she was born and had quite a snug sum in bank, and when the last member of the family to which she had been attached so long was laid to rest she was able to retire to her humble home with ample provision for her old age, and an assured hope that ere long through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, whom she confessed and served, she would be reunited in heaven with those who had cared for her on earth and whom she had so faithfully and lovingly served.

CHAPTER XI

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

THE University of Virginia at the time of my matriculation and during the period of my connection with it, stood in the front rank of literary institutions of America in all essentials. Its professors in all departments, taken as a group, with two or three exceptions, were men of acknowledged ability, accurate and extensive learning, laborious students, painstaking and successful teachers, of high moral and Christian character; whose instruction, example, and influence were all of the best. The names of Gessner Harrison, William H. McGuffey, Francis H. Smith, John B. Minor, and Joseph L. Cabell are synonyms of all that is or ought to be demanded in the positions held by them.

The student body consisted of a fine set of young fellows, many of whom, in the academic as well as the professional classes, had taken a degree at some college of good standing before entering the University. Among old Hampden-Sidney men, I recall William Dinwiddie, afterwards at the head of Greenwood School, Albemarle County, and later pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Alexandria, Va.; John B. Shearer, pastor in Halifax Co., Va., and founder of Cluster Springs Academy, President of the Presbyterian University of the Southwest at Clarksville, Tenn., and later of Davidson College, N. C.; Branch J. Epes, late Judge of Dinwiddie County and member of the Constitutional Convention of Virginia of 1901-2; C. S. Morton, now a much-trusted physician at Pamplin City, Va.; Powhatan Dance, a beloved physician in his native county of Powhatan and afterwards in Florida; John D. Meredith, for many years at the head of a prosperous Female Institute at Corpus Christi, Texas; and Lewis L. Holladay, whose life, after one brilliant year at the University, was devoted to the service of his earlier *alma mater*, Hampden-Sidney.

I could, perhaps, mention as long and distinguished a list of men who came from Washington College, and a number from Richmond, William and Mary, Randolph-Macon Colleges and other institutions in the South, with whom I formed relations of friendship. I found the association among students at the University very different from what I had been accustomed to at Hampden-Sidney;—much more formal and reserved, as is natural considering that there were six or seven times as many matriculates at the one as at the other, that the age (at that day no student under eighteen years old was admitted except by special permission) of the student body was much more advanced, and that a large number of them, most of whom were grown men, were in professional courses. I do not suppose that I had even a speaking acquaintance with one-fifth of my fellow-students, but those with whom I was on terms of friendship were as agreeable, intelligent, honorable, inspiring a set as I ever met. I owe much to the University, both to its professors and students for the influences brought to bear on me, and especially for the impetus gotten there to independence of thought and action, and I cherish towards it most grateful and affectionate feelings.

The two best teachers I ever had, without a peer, save one possible exception, differing from each other *toto coelo* in method but each perfect in his mode, were the honored Minor and McGuffey. The former was careful and laborious in analysis of the text, bringing the subject before the class in an elaborate syllabus, written out on the blackboard from day to day with his own hand, fully expounded by lecture, the substance of which the student was expected to master and digest: the other gave just enough attention to the text to assure himself that the student had studied it, eschewing the blackboard altogether. I do not remember to have seen him write a word on it except at intermediate and final examinations, when the questions to be answered were thus posted. He adopted the Socratic method, frequently beginning with a question far away from the subject in hand and approaching it nearer and nearer until the underlying principle in its relations and correlations would stand forth clear as the midday sun. He thus taught his students to think, to think for themselves, correctly and inde-

pendently, and fitted them to take up their part in the work of the world as intellectual robust men and to act as such.

At that day no examination of any kind was required for entrance to the University. All a young man had to do to gain admittance was to make his deposit with the proctor, announce the classes he wished to enter, and go ahead and attend classes. But in order to stand the examinations with a view to a diploma a test had to be submitted to: what was called the English Examination had to be stood. It was held late in the fall of each session and was very simple, its object being to find out that the applicant for a diploma could write fairly good English, properly spelled and punctuated, with the right use of capital letters. My examination,—stood along with one or two hundred other students,—as I recollect it, was as follows: One of the professors read in a clear voice and with deliberate utterance ten words, none of them catch words, which the student was expected to transcribe on his paper; next a passage from Addison was read and was to be correctly reported; next five subjects were posted on the blackboard, any one of which the student could elect and on it write a composition of at least a page of foolscap. This was the whole of it, simple enough, but important as far as it extended. I remember two of the subjects for theses: 1st, “Roads”; 2nd, “The Commercial Convention at Atlanta.” I selected the latter, was careful in my work and treated it with dignity, was out of the room in an hour and got through all right. My friend, John D. Meredith, on the other hand, a born wag and merry-maker from “way back,” but a scholar of no mean pretensions, who had been tutor at Hampden-Sidney two years after honorable graduation, saw in the occasion a chance to score some fun at the expense of the University régime and to the lowering of its dignity. He selected for his subject, “Roads,” a theme then as now much discussed in Virginia, and he used it as the basis of a general jollification somewhat as follows in outline: 1st, The importance of roads; 2nd, The various kinds of roads, mud, macadam, plank, rail, etc.; 3rd, The advantages and disadvantages of each; winding up with the declaration that after a large knowledge and wide experience of roads of all kinds, he preferred Miss Sallie Rhodes of Lynchburg as the best, loveliest and

most beautiful Rhodes he knew anything about. In a few days he was informed that his examination was not satisfactory, with a sharp reproof for treating it with indignity. So soon as he got this information he reported it to me with a bland smile on his countenance but with evident mortification and chagrin. My advice was that he should apologize and ask the privilege of substituting a proper essay, which I think was done and he was again *rectus in curia*. Joking is good and pleasant under suitable circumstances, but to make a joke of life, as some people do, is an abuse of reason and an insult to humanity.

Another incident of this examination, of a very different character, connected with a friend I had made at the University, gave me much more concern. He was from one of our more cultured Southern States, a big fellow in physique, animal spirits and generosity of disposition, courageous and fond of a row, and when in, ready to stay in to its conclusion. I made his acquaintance in the Charlottesville jail, whither I had gone to see a classmate of whose incarceration along with two or three others I had heard. They were arrested because of a gratuitous riot they had created the night before at some scenic exhibition at the Town Hall. They remained in jail one day and two nights and were then released. This man afterwards became a consecrated minister of the gospel, in which profession he served faithfully, except during the war period (1861-5), until about 1905, when he died, an old and honored man. At the breaking out of the war he raised a company of cavalry, of which he was elected captain, served in the western army, saw much hard service, was recognized as among the bravest of the brave and rose to be colonel of cavalry. He was conspicuous for reckless daring, as is shown by the following incident, narrated to me by the late Rev. Dr. Bryson, a chaplain in the western army. Dr. Bryson said that while an important and hard-fought engagement was going on, the superior officer of my friend, the cavalry colonel, approached him and pointing to a battery on the top of a rugged hill, said, "Colonel, can you take that battery?" to which the colonel replied, "I don't know: I can try!" His regiment had been reduced by the casualties of war to less than a hundred men, and they and their horses were much worn by pro-

longed and hard work. The superior officer said, "If you take that battery the day is ours: if not, it is lost!" No sooner said than attempted. Riding to the front of his regiment, he lifted himself in his saddle and in a stentorian voice cried out, "Attention!" and then pointing to the battery, shouted, "Men, follow me!" and suiting the action to the command, rode off, his gallant soldiers following under a galling and deadening fire up the hill in close pursuit; the battery was captured and the victory won.—This is the man who came to me one afternoon at the University of Virginia with a faint smile on his blushing countenance and in a giggling voice, indicative of confusion and mortification, said, "Well, I am pitched!" "Pitched on what?" I inquired. "On the English Examination," responded the poor fellow, with a guffaw. "No!" said I, "I cannot believe it!" "But it is true," he continued, "I have received a letter announcing the fact." "Have you told any one?" I asked; and when he replied, "No!" I said, "Well do not. It is a disgrace, but go and ask Dr. McGuffey to give you another chance and I am sure all will be well." If I am not mistaken he pursued this course and without trouble regained his lost ground.

When I entered the University of Virginia I was in a perturbed state of mind, generally frivolous and unconcerned about religion, but sometimes serious and even agitated. On the return trip across the Atlantic we had a boisterous time. Our vessel left Liverpool in an equinoctial storm which kept up until a day or two out from New York. At one time during the night I thought the vessel was going down and resigned myself to my fate. There was much in my present surroundings not only to distract, but to turn my thoughts away from God. Some of my friends were earnest Christians; others were far from it. The influence of the one class was salutary; of the other, decidedly injurious. I had come to the University primarily to take the law course, and as I was young and, through my father's provident generosity, had ample means, I determined to make a three years' course instead of one or two, as was then common; taking in addition such academic studies as I thought would be helpful. Consequently my first year, in addition to Junior Law, I took Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, and

German. I studied hard, having the advantage that at college I received good training in Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, and while at school in Petersburg had been thoroughly drilled in the rudiments of the German language. My studies were a pleasure and not a burden and I found satisfaction in all of them, especially in International Law under an instructor so valued as Prof. Minor and in a sphere of knowledge so new to me. But all the time I was restless. I was sailing on an unknown sea. The future seemed dark and uncertain. A decision had to be arrived at; a choice to be made between God and Mammon. It was a hard struggle. Heavenly grace was granted; I chose that good part which shall not be taken away. My soul rested on the person and work of Jesus Christ as the ground of its hope.

I was in the habit of attending service Sunday morning at the Presbyterian church in Charlottesville, the pulpit at that time being supplied by Dr. McGuffey during a vacancy in the pastorate, who preached a series of interesting and instructive sermons on "the Sermon on the Mount." Knowing him better than any other minister in that vicinity, and he being of the denomination in which I had been reared, in leaving the classroom one day I asked an interview with him that afternoon at four o'clock. In the conference I unbosomed myself to him, narrating my experiences and unveiling the ground of my hope, to which he listened with kind and sympathetic attention. When I finished, he expressed his gratification, encouraged me to hold on in the right way and advised me to confess Christ before my fellow-men. This I did as occasion offered, and especially by desisting from companionship with my wicked and profane friends and seeking the society of those with whom I felt that communion would be helpful. I was in earnest, as I have been in earnest since, and strove to use all means that lay in my power to obtain and to do good, and to avoid all scenes and persons that I thought might be the occasion of leading me into temptation and of undermining my Christian steadfastness. On my visit to my home at Christmas, I went before the session of Tabb Street Presbyterian Church and was admitted to its communion on profession of faith. Since then I have tried to lead a Christian life,

acknowledging many failures, shortcomings and imperfections, and yet holding on to the hope set before me in the gospel, and looking forward to the future with a simple, childlike faith in Jesus Christ and his salvation.

Now the question arose, silently and without suggestion from anyone, what my life-work should be. For three years I had been intent on becoming a lawyer, a learned and prominent lawyer. To this end all my thoughts tended, all my energies were bent. My friends, old and young, knew and sympathized with my aspiration and cheered me on. But I now thought: "If I am a Christian, I must not lead a life of self-satisfaction and indulgence, or work in a sphere devoted to self-gratification and aggrandizement, but must give my life to the service of God and my fellow-men." Such texts from the Holy Book as, "Ye are not your own but are bought with a price," made a profound impression on my mind, and it was not long before I felt with the great Apostle, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel." Another important decision had been made. I abandoned worldly ambition and gave thought and effort to the duty of every day and to the work of fitting myself to preach the gospel.

The chaplain of the University for the sessions of 1854 and 1855 was Rev. William Dent Hanson, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a sincere and earnest Christian, attentive to his duties not only in Sabbath services but in holding chapel every morning at six o'clock, in visiting the students, and in coöperating in all efforts for the advancement of the religious life of the community. There was also at this time an old gentleman living in Charlottesville, a Methodist by connection, who acted as colporteur for the American Tract Society and occasionally visited the University with a basket of books and tracts for sale, going from room to room seeking purchasers. I remember him with gratitude and pleasure, as from his conversation and publications I derived much profit. The tracts were specially helpful, not only to me but to many others.

About the middle of the session a series of nightly religious services were held in the old chapel, covering a period of six or eight weeks and conducted by Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, and Presbyterian preachers from abroad. Under

whose auspices these meetings were held I do not certainly know, although it is my impression that Dr. McGuffey, with the concurrence of the chaplain and some of the professors, deserves the credit. The chaplain and most of the professors and their families were regular and interested attendants, and many of the students and the people of the community were present. In connection with these public services, student prayer-meetings were held at different points at five o'clock in the afternoon, which were attended not only by professing Christians but by many of the young men interested in the subject of religion. There was no unusual excitement at any of these meetings, none of the modern methods of evangelism, no inquiry rooms or anxious-benches or other paraphernalia adapted to evoke hasty and unpremeditated action; but the serious presentation of the truth, the singing the songs of Zion, and invocation of the Divine blessing, was all. The problem to be settled in each individual case was left in the hands of God and the sinner.

Much earnest work was done, many believing prayers were offered. The truth was presented in simplicity and fulness. Much good was accomplished in the upbuilding of Christians and the salvation of sinners. My recollection is that about sixty students made a confession of faith and united with their several churches, of whom a dozen or more afterwards became ministers of the gospel, and that one of the older professors not long afterwards came out and took his place among Christ's people. Among the students of the institution who were specially active and useful at this time were A. E. Dickenson, for many years connected with *The Religious Herald*, Richmond; George B. Taylor, the veteran missionary in Rome, Italy; John B. Shearer, Professor of Bible Studies and Emeritus President of Davidson College, N. C.; James W. Bones, in business in Atlanta, Ga.; and the late William Dinwiddie, pastor in Alexandria, Va. There were many more whom I cannot recall.

Two incidents connected with this religious awakening are fresh in my memory. The first brings to the front a fellow-member of the Moral Philosophy class, which had met the day in the afternoon of which he called at my room. After sitting awhile, he suggested that we should take a

walk. Soon after we were in the open air, he said he had called to see me to talk about the subject-matter of our recitation in the morning. I answered his queries as best I could, asking some as we proceeded, but pretty soon discovered that his mind was far away from the theme under discussion, except as it was connected with another of far more importance. Somewhat abruptly and calling him by his student name, I said, "You did not come to talk with me about philosophy but about religion! Isn't that so?" To which he replied, "Yes, I reckon it is." The real subject being thus opened, we were soon engaged in trying to find the scriptural solution of the inquiries, "How shall man be just with God?" and "What must I do to be saved?" It was not many days before he came out into the clear light of scripture truth and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. This is the man to whom I was first introduced in jail, who afterwards became a faithful minister of the gospel and a heroic defender of the South in its time of trouble.

The other incident concerned a friend of several years' standing at Hampden-Sidney, with whom I was on terms of intimate association and whom I was delighted to meet again at the University. Neither of us was a Christian; on the contrary, both were far from that. While our companionship had been mutually pleasant, when I determined to lead a new life I found it necessary to forsake the society of friends dear to me, lest I should be led into sin and bring reproach on that worthy name I had espoused. One afternoon he came to my room looking depressed and disconcerted, and in a short time proposed a walk. Soon after we got out he turned to me and said, in a tender voice and with tears in his eyes, "Mac, I hear that you have joined the church and are trying to be a Christian and I have noticed that you do not come to see me as you used to do. It almost breaks my heart to think that I am not worthy of association with a man who is trying to be a Christian." Our communion that evening was sweet and heart-to-heart, and when we parted, I felt that he was "in the way to Zion with his face thitherward." He made a confession of Christ not long afterwards and led a worthy and consistent Christian life. We parted at the end of the session and never met until a few months before his death. Some years ago,

being in one of our Virginia cities I met his son, a resident of that place. He said to me, "Doctor, father is at my house. I wish you would come and see him. We were talking about you last night and he said that he owes you more than any man that ever lived and that he would rather see you than any man on earth." I told him to give his father my love and that I would go to see him in the afternoon. As I approached the door and was about to ring the bell, I saw my old friend, thin, feeble and worn by disease, sitting in the hall. On my salutation he arose, and walking towards me, threw his arms around my neck, drew me close to him, remained silent for a moment or two, and so soon as he could command himself, recalled our relations at the University of Virginia, referred gratefully to the blessing he had received there and to his indebtedness to me; and so we recounted to each other the merciful kindness of our God and the blessed hopes we entertained of a happy reunion in the better land. We parted to meet no more in this world, from whose shadows and unsatisfying scenes he passed in a short time.

CHAPTER XII

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA (CONTINUED)

At that time Commencement was a great occasion at the University as at other similar institutions. I shall not attempt to describe it, but shall mention only one incident of the Commencement of 1854. The public exercises were held in the capacious hall in rear of the old Rotunda, which was destroyed by fire a few years ago. On this occasion every seat was filled and the address was delivered by Lieut. Matthew F. Maury of the U. S. Navy, located at Washington, afterwards commodore in the Navy of the Confederate States and one of the greatest men and benefactors whom America has produced. I recall his genial and benevolent countenance, the simplicity and lucidity of his language, and much of the wholesome advice he gave us. His address made a deep impression and I am sure has proved of much value to many who heard it. A part of it is preserved in his biography, the joint work of his daughter, Mrs. Corbin of Spottsylvania, and his nephew, Gen. Dabney H. Maury; a book of intense interest and likely to be of great service to thoughtful young men. No man of whom I have known has done more for his country and the world; none from early years to the latest has been guided by purer principles; none has entertained more persistently noble purposes, and few, if any, have been treated with greater neglect and less generosity in his own country and among his own people. He was honest, industrious, patient, persevering, reverent, and high-minded. He overcame great difficulties, unraveled great mysteries, made great discoveries which he at once proclaimed for the benefit of mankind and did not hide for selfish ends, and put the nations on a higher plane in the conduct of many of their affairs. His services have been recognized by most of the governments of Europe. It remains for the authorities at Washington and Richmond and the people of the United States and Virginia to do his

memory justice. Monuments have been erected to multitudes in the North and South; his has yet to be built.

Rev. John A. Broadus was pastor of the Baptist church in Charlottesville during this era, and Rev. Jacob Henry Smith of the Presbyterian Church after the summer of 1854. I had the pleasure of hearing the former a number of times. He was a ripe scholar, an earnest Christian and an uncommonly interesting and instructive preacher. He afterwards became a professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, S. C., later on at Louisville, Ky., and was widely known throughout the country for his learning, piety, and eminence as a preacher, teacher and author.

One of my classmates, Crawford H. Toy of Norfolk, was afterwards associated with Dr. Broadus in the Faculty of this Seminary and gained just preëminence as a scholar. At a later day, because of divergence of opinion on the important subject of the integrity of the scriptures, he resigned this position. He is now and has been for many years a member of the Faculty of Harvard University, where he has become known through his writings as one of the leading exponents of the higher criticism.

I had known Dr. Smith five years before I met him in Charlottesville. In the year 1848, when quite a young minister, he was called to the pastorate of Tabb Street Church, Petersburg, which he visited, and was my father's guest. I was deputed, and found it a pleasure, to ride with him in the environs of the town and to escort him to Old Blandford Church and cemetery. He always associated me with this visit and more than once afterwards he recalled it. He did not accept the call, assigning as a reason his inexperience and that he did not think so young a minister ought to take charge of such an important church. He did a fine work in Charlottesville, securing a new church building and enlarging the congregation from a handful to a houseful. But the great work of his life was in Greensboro, N. C., where the remainder of his long, consecrated and useful life was spent, and where he was greatly honored and beloved. Five sons survive him, three of whom are worthy successors of their father in the ministry, one the president of Davidson College and the other a member of the Faculty of the University of North Carolina. He is said to have been instrumental in the

conversion of more than a thousand souls. Seldom are the labors of God's servants crowned with such rewards.

In the fall of 1854 I became interested, with William Dinwiddie, in a Sunday-school in the Ragged Mountains, some six miles from the University, established for the benefit of the poor mountaineers. It was held in a church which had been built under the auspices of an excellent old Baptist minister and farmer, named Abell, who was now superannuated but still lent the weight of his influence and assistance to the work. At that day breakfast at the University boarding-houses was had at seven o'clock. Our early meal being ended we would start out on the walk, which we accomplished in an hour and a half. The exercises of the school continued two hours and there were present, besides the boys and girls, a good sprinkling of young men and women. On set days, at close of Sunday-school we held a prayer-meeting of an hour, and then returned to the University by dinner time at two o'clock. On other days, having brought a little lunch in our pockets, and armed with a supply of tracts, we would tour the cabins of the mountaineers, getting acquainted with the people, ministering to their spiritual wants as best we could, and return to the University in time for supper.—In these ministrations we were accompanied and aided by Samuel G. Compton of Louisiana, a fellow-student, who had been brought to Christ during the services held in the preceding session. He was a sincere Christian, a modest, genial gentleman, whom I remember with warm regard. I met him with his beautiful and cultured young bride, whom he had married in one of the eastern counties of Virginia, at the White Sulphur Springs in the summer of 1860, and there we parted to meet no more on earth. He was then a doctor of medicine, and I understand spent the remainder of his life in Virginia, where he died some years ago.—I found this service very helpful, not at all a burden but a pleasure, and continued it with the same gentlemen the next spring. I do not know what, if any, good was accomplished but have been glad to hear that the work was kept up after our day, as it had been begun before we undertook it.

I believe that the keeping of autograph-books by students is not so common as it used to be. I have one which con-

tains the names of a number of my friends,—sometimes merely the name, sometimes the name accompanied with a sentiment in prose or verse. Among others to whom the book was handed was Charles M. Blackford, a student of law, a native of Fredericksburg, afterwards a distinguished lawyer and citizen of Lynchburg. When the book was returned I found the following superscription along with the autograph: "Strictness in essentials; Liberty in non-essentials; Charity in all things." When I read it, I was puzzled. What did it mean? Why was it put there? Was it a personal lesson for me? I studied over it: revolved it again and again: got the meaning out of it, and have striven to live up to its wholesome instruction. During my residence in Lynchburg, 1870-1872, my acquaintance with Blackford was renewed, was extremely pleasant and somewhat intimate. In after years, when in that city, it was my habit to call and shake hands with him, if nothing more, and I always received a cordial greeting. The last occasion of this kind occurred some two or three months before his death. I thought I had never seen him looking better. He seemed delighted to see me, said he had just been thinking about me and wanted to have a good talk with me. Contrary to my custom in visiting busy men at their offices, I sat with him a half or three-quarters of an hour, closely engaged in conversation. When I arose to go I said, "Blackford, do you remember a sentence you wrote in my autograph-book at the University of Virginia?" To which he replied, "No, I have no recollection of it at all." "Well, Sir," I said, "it was an epoch-making sentence in the development of my character. It has influenced me every day from that time to the present and of late years I have managed to bring it out, write it on the blackboard and expound it to my classes in Moral Philosophy,"—and then I repeated it twice. He listened to what I was saying with marked attention, a tear showing itself in his eye, and we parted with affectionate expressions on the part of both. The next thing I heard of him was through a telegram in the *Times-Dispatch* of Richmond, saying that he was critically ill and in a day or two I learned that he was dead. Well, thank God, he was from his youth a consistent member of the Episcopal Church and, I believe, a true Christian.

An incident of a different character is connected with another fellow-student, a friend and schoolmate of my childhood and youth. He came to me one morning stating that he had been involved in a difficulty the night before and had received a challenge to fight a duel. He proceeded to state the circumstances leading up to the present situation and gave the names of his opponent and the latter's second, neither of whom was known to me. Having listened to him attentively, I stated that, if he had narrated the facts accurately, I thought it ought not to be difficult to settle the affair amicably, but that I could not have any connection with a duel, directly or indirectly, and would not under any conditions. He pleaded with me by reason of our friendship from childhood to stand by him; expressing the fullest confidence in my judgment, loyalty, and sense of honor. I finally agreed to do so with the explicit stipulation that, if the worst came to the worst, I would resign and let him secure some more belligerently disposed individual in my place. He consequently accepted the challenge and named me as his second. The next step was a visit from the second of the other party, whom I found to be a pleasant, modest gentleman, of calm and winning address. After preliminary courtesies, I said frankly, "I am opposed to duels and do not recognize them as proper modes of settling difficulties: please tell me the exact facts, from your point of view, which have led up to the hostile attitude of our friends. I want to settle this matter amicably, if possible." He responded promptly and, much to my surprise and delight, said, "I agree with you entirely," and went on to give in detail the origin and progress of the quarrel up to its culmination, just as my friend had stated it. When he had finished I said, "It seems to me the following terms are just and ought to be satisfactory to both parties," then specifying my terms, to which he gave his cordial assent. They were written out, agreed to and signed by both of the opposing principals, and the trouble satisfactorily settled. I afterwards met the opposing principal and found him a pleasant gentleman, and, while I do not remember his name or that of his second, I feel sure from what I saw of them that they have led useful and honored lives. My friend became a business man, occupying a prominent position, and

was widely and favorably known throughout the South. He lived until about a year ago.—If men deal with one another in the open, without seeking to get undue advantage for themselves or friends, making amends where they have done wrong and steadfastly standing up with manly courage when they are right, society would be purified and true religion make progress. As it is now, with the prevalence of underhanded tricks; the mean, devious modes of attaining desired ends, and the low devices so commonly practised to discountenance virtue and truth, the future looks rather dark. There is great need of an awakening of the public conscience not only in the outside world but in the church, and among its members, its leaders and exemplars.

I must say a word about old Mr. William Wertenbaker, Librarian and Postmaster at the University, a man whom we all respected and admired. The story is that he was the son of one of the Hessian soldiers who settled in Albemarle County after the Revolutionary War. He was a remarkable man,—remarkable for his purity and integrity of character, his exactitude in attendance on his duties, his large information about men and things, and for his wonderful memory. He was a good man, a Christian man, a stout advocate of total abstinence from alcoholic liquors, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a man of few words but most kindly disposed. He could stand at the window of the post office after he had opened the mail and tell from memory whether there was anything in the office for any one of the hundreds of students, all of whom he soon learned to know by name and face. My friend, Theophilus Allen Jones, of Kentucky, a student of law and a fine fellow, told me the following incident: He said that at the beginning of the session of 1854-'5, having been absent from the University during the vacation, on his return he met the old gentleman on the path, and addressing him familiarly, as we all did, said, "Mr. Wert, is there anything in the post office for me?" when he received the prompt reply, "Jones, Theophilus Allen! three letters and two papers!" which, upon inquiry being made at the office, was found to be correct. This was the more remarkable as there had probably been ten or a dozen of the name at the University the preceding session. I do not remember to have seen the old

gentleman but once after 1855. It was at a meeting of Roanoke Presbytery held at Buffalo Church in Prince Edward County about the year 1863. I was not a member of that Presbytery but drove up from Farmville, where I was then living, to meet with the brethren and observe their proceedings. As I entered the grounds I caught a glimpse of my old friend and so soon as I could hitch my horse, made for him. When in speaking distance, I noticed he was eyeing me intently and in a cheerful voice, I said, "Good morning, Mr. Wert, good morning!" When he met anyone, morning, noon or night, his salutation always was, "Good morning, Sir, good morning!" and back it came to me. When we had clasped hands, he continuing to look in my eyes, I said, "Mr. Wert, you don't know me!" to which he replied, "Don't know you! Petersburg! McIlwaine! Richard!" He was a fine old man, lived to a ripe old age, was respected by everybody, and left a rich heritage in his name to his children.

I could say much more about this noble institution, the men I met there, and the influence it exerted. A large proportion of its students were honest-hearted and diligent and received great benefit from their instruction and association with one another. It is true that there were some triflers but perhaps not more in proportion to numbers than at other institutions of learning. Its standard of scholarship at that day was preëminent: nothing like it, perhaps in the United States, and this accounts for the comparatively small number of its graduates. But it has sent out into the arena of the world thousands and tens of thousands of young men well prepared to meet its trials and to discharge its duties. It is hoped that under the régime, lately inaugurated, its usefulness will be greatly enlarged, and that the youth of Virginia will find it a safe and adequate place of preparation for any and every sphere of honorable effort.

CHAPTER XIII

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

WHEN I entered this institution as a student I was at home. Three years and a half of student life at Hampden-Sidney had made me acquainted with the professors of both institutions and the people of the community. There was the same pastor of College Church, Rev. Benjamin H. Rice, D. D., whom I had known from my childhood, and the same gentlemen and ladies occupied the hospitable homes in the neighborhood, with rare exceptions. Then, too, I found a number of my old college and university friends in the Seminary as fellow-students. I missed sadly my dear friend and early mentor, Rev. Dr. F. S. Sampson, but his lovely wife and children were there and my association with them was pleasantly renewed.

The Faculty of the Seminary when I entered consisted of three professors and an assistant instructor: Rev. Samuel B. Wilson, D. D., Systematic and Polemic Theology; Rev. R. L. Dabney, D. D., Ecclesiastical History and Polity; Rev. B. M. Smith, D. D., Oriental Languages; and Rev. Dabney C. Harrison, assistant instructor in Hebrew. A year later, Rev. W. J. Hoge, D. D., was elected to the chair of Biblical Introduction and New Testament Literature.

Dr. Wilson was an aged man but in the full possession of his powers, universally respected and beloved. I recollect him as a well informed theologian, accurate in his knowledge and helpful in his instruction. To be brought into contact with such a man is a blessing. His sincere consecration, godly walk and conversation, gentle manner and impressive tone of voice; indeed, everything about him, betokened the Christian gentleman, the fit exemplar of young men preparing to enter the ministry.

Dr. Smith, in my opinion, deserves far more grateful

recognition than has yet been accorded him. He was a scholar of extensive and varied learning, a preacher of marked ability, and a man of every-day, earnest piety. From the founding of the Seminary to the present time, so far as I can see, no one except its Founder, Rev. John Holt Rice, D. D., has ever done so much for it. He stood by it during the war (1861-'5) and in the darkest day of its adversity immediately succeeding, when there were no means to keep it up, he took the helm and, by indefatigable and intelligent effort, not only secured ample supplies for the assistance of professors and students but obtained funds for the permanent endowment of two professorships, besides adding largely through scholarships and otherwise to the stability of the institution. He also prepared and published an Alumni Catalogue involving much labor, and wrote a number of books, critical and practical, among which I remember his work on family government, one of the best on the subject with which I have met. Besides this, for many years he spent a large portion of his summer vacations in visiting the churches in behalf of ministerial education and an increase of the ministry. And all this was done without parade, ostentation, or self-applause, but with meekness, modesty, and humility. I can think of no one whose memory ought to be more gratefully cherished and honored by the friends of Union Theological Seminary.

Dr. Hoge was a man of mark in the ministry. In the judgment of some, he was the equal and, if such a thing were possible, the superior of his brother, Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge. In this judgment, however, I do not concur, while I accord him very high rank as a preacher. It was not my fortune to come under his instruction and so I cannot speak of him as a teacher. After three years at the Seminary, he was called to be co-pastor of the Brick Church in New York City; there he did splendid work until the breaking out of the war between the States, when he returned to Virginia and cast in his lot with the South. His sphere of work was first at Charlottesville and later in Petersburg, as pastor of Tabb Street Church. Here he was greatly admired and beloved and preached to great congregations of citizens and soldiers, but his ministry was brief, as he was stricken with fever and died in 1864. He was a

man of much grace of manner, of stern and inflexible adherence to what he thought to be right, a warm-hearted, faithful Christian worker; not arrogant, but condescending to men of low estate. As a preacher he was attractive in manner; earnest, sometimes vehement; powerful in the presentation of simple gospel truth; winning in his appeals both to saints and sinners; drawing large congregations wherever he preached, and doubtless the instrument in the salvation and edification of multitudes. His little book, "Blind Bartimeus," consisting of a series of discourses, published while he was still at the Seminary, was widely read and highly prized and deserves a place in all church and Sabbath-school libraries.

Rev. Mr. Harrison was a native of Cumberland County, Virginia; the son of the late Rev. Peyton Harrison, D. D., of Cumberland County and later of Baltimore, Md.; a graduate of Princeton College and of U. T. Seminary; instructor in the Seminary for three sessions, 1854-7; Chaplain at the University of Virginia, sessions of 1857-'8; stated supply of Bethlehem Church, Hanover County, 1858-1861; captain in the Confederate Army, 1861. He was mortally wounded at Fort Donelson, 1862, and died a few days later. He was a courteous gentleman, a humble Christian, an excellent teacher, a courageous officer, who as a loyal Virginian gave his life for the cause he espoused.

I attended the Seminary but two sessions and had my classes so arranged that I could take most of the three years' course in this time, it being my purpose to spend a year or more of study in Europe. The number of students during these two years was small, not more than about twenty-five in either. Most of them have finished their work and entered on their reward. A few still remain and are in active service. Among the former may be mentioned John H. Davis, Robert C. Walker, Thomas Wharey, J. Newton Craig, Bennett W. Mosely, Thomas L. Preston, and George William White, all natives of Virginia and all good and true men, who served their generation wisely and well. I also recall Samuel Hamner Davis, a native of Maryland, and Frontis H. Johnston of Greece, both of whom were fine men. All of these spent many years of usefulness in the ministry, except S. H. Davis, who after two years of con-

secrated service as pastor of Amelia Church was called away to his reward.

Of all the men with whom I was associated at the Seminary there were only two who were triflers, or something worse. They were not natives of Virginia or the South and my impression is they never got into the ministry, and pretty certainly not into the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. The others were God-fearing, in earnest to fit themselves for the duties of life and careful in their conduct and conversation, with whom it was a privilege to be in fraternal association.

Soon after my arrival at the Seminary my friend and classmate at Hampden-Sidney, Samuel Hamner Davis, now two classes ahead of me, told me that he wanted me to take one Sabbath afternoon in the month in preaching to the negroes in College Church, that he had been engaged in this service along with three others of the students during the preceding session, that there was a vacancy to be filled and that he was sure Dr. Rice, the pastor, with whom rested the responsibility of the selection, would appoint me. I demurred emphatically on the ground that I was no preacher, that I had never tried to preach, had come to the Seminary to learn how to preach and it behooved one of the second- or third-year men and not a novice to fill this position. He was not satisfied, and said that he knew me and knew the position to be supplied and felt sure I could do the work. Besides, he insisted that I would not only do good but get good by the training I would obtain for pulpit service, and that he would see Dr. Rice and secure his concurrence. "Very well," I replied, "if Dr. Rice says so, I will try." He afterwards told me that when he spoke to the venerable Doctor on the subject, he expressed surprise that a wholly unfledged man should be proposed for this place, but after talking it over further said, "Well, I know Richard and that he knows the Shorter Catechism. Tell him to go ahead and try it." Thus commissioned, I did go ahead. The first thing to be done was to get a subject on which to speak. After meditation I hit on the "Omniscience of God" and selected as the text, Hebrews 4:13, "Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight, for all things are naked and opened unto the eyes

of him with whom we have to do." The next thing was to get something to say on this text and then to get the matter properly arranged. So I went to work with the help of a Reference Bible and Cruden's Concordance, to obtain proof-texts and illustrations, putting them down on paper as I proceeded, and before long had ample material, which having been arranged under proper heads, I proceeded to write it out in the form of a discourse, the larger part of which turned out to be, *verbatim et literatim*, from King James version of the Bible. In due time the sermon was preached; whether any good was done by it, I do not know: God knows. It is preached for his glory in the salvation of sinners and the sanctification of saints. It is in his hands.

During May, 1907, fifty years after I left the Seminary, I preached in Farmville. On Monday morning, while I was standing in a store on Main Street talking to some friends, an old negro paused before the door and cried out: "Hie, there is Mr. McIlwaine, I hasn't seen you for a long time. You was the means of leading me to Christ. When you was a young man at the Seminary, you used to preach to the colored people and one of your sermons brought me to Jesus." We met and greeted each other as brethren and I thanked God that I had not sowed in vain or labored in vain. It was the first time for a half-century that I can recall any allusion to those services; and the incident ought to be an inspiration to Christian workers to go forward in the discharge of duty, committing their work to God.

I spent the next vacation at the Seminary engaged in study and reading. During the summer Dr. Dabney had quite a spell of sickness. He was then stated supply at New Store Church in Buckingham County, some eighteen miles distant, in connection with his professorial work. At his request, I conducted service there at two successive appointments, at one of which I preached the sermon above spoken of; and I was afterwards told by Prof. Holladay that a mutual friend of ours, an old fellow-student, who lived in that neighborhood and who was not at the time a professing Christian, told him that it was the most solemn sermon he had ever heard and had impressed him deeply.

Some eight or ten years after this, while I had charge

of the Farmville church, I had a strenuous week in pastoral work and at the Confederate Hospital, and when Saturday night came, had made little or no preparation for Sabbath service. In looking over some old manuscripts, my eyes lit on this sermon and by some influence I was led to preach it the next morning. There was present, as his habit was, one of the most intelligent men in the town, a teacher by profession, a graduate at Hampden-Sidney the year before I finished my course,—Mr. Augustin Osborne by name, son of my predecessor in the church,—a thoughtful man but apparently thoughtless on the subject of religion, and reported to have some skeptical views. He had the entire confidence of the community, and while in some respects eccentric, was for many years the instructor of most of the boys in and around Farmville. It never occurred to me that any impression had been made on his mind by that sermon, nor do I remember observing any unusual seriousness on the part of the congregation. I preached again at night and went home wearied and worn, as the labors of those days were exacting and heavy. The next morning about breakfast time, I was told that Mr. Osborne was in the parlor and wished to see me. I went down as soon as possible, and as I entered the room saw him sitting in the far corner, the very picture of woe. When he saw me, he arose and advanced quickly, grasped my hand and looking into my eye, said, “Richard, the sermon you preached yesterday went as an arrow to my soul. I have not had a moment’s rest since. I did not sleep a wink last night. I want to talk with you but have no time now. It is about time for my school to open. I wish to make an appointment to meet you at your earliest convenience.” The hour was fixed for that afternoon. We met and talked and prayed together. It was not long before he found the Saviour, united with the church, took part in the exercises of the weekly prayer-meeting, was elected an elder in the church and became an exemplar of Christian integrity. He afterwards removed to North Carolina and lived a humble and earnest Christian life until two or three years ago, when he entered into rest.

I have not narrated these incidents for the purpose of exploiting myself as a great preacher, or the sermon as a

model of excellence, neither of which things is true, but as the ground for the expression of the strong conviction that "the word of God, the sword of the spirit, is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword,"—"the word of God," *ipsissima verba*, "the very words," as they are written on the sacred page;—and to protest against much of the modern trash dispensed from the pulpit to the utter neglect of the Holy Book.

CHAPTER XIV

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY (CONTINUED)

IN the year 1856 the Synod of Virginia passed a resolution requesting the Faculty of the Seminary to require the students to preach half their trial sermons without the use of manuscripts in the pulpit, or something to this effect. Under this rule a syllabus might be used, but nothing more. This caused a flutter of excitement and some trepidation among us. The discourses were delivered at a regular religious service held in the chapel on Wednesday night of each week. The congregations were made up of the professors and families of the community, the Seminary students and a good sprinkling of college students, especially if the preacher was an old Hampden-Sidney man. The services were conducted just like any other Presbyterian Church services, except that sometimes two students were in the pulpit together, one succeeding the other with a discourse, a hymn being interposed. It happened that my mate at the time of my first appearance as an extemporist was Frontis H. Johnston, of North Carolina, an excellent scholar and a modest gentleman. As his turn came first he conducted the preliminary service. When he put his notes on the Bible I observed that he had written them on a very small piece of paper and that consequently they were very brief. I had been more wary. Apprehending that I would be confused and not able to develop some points, I prepared an extensive brief with many heads, each head bolstered with a text of scripture. My idea was that if I failed on one point I would catch on another, thus equalizing things and getting through somehow or other without breaking down. Johnston conducted the preliminary services admirably, announced his text and gave us a capital introduction in good style, but soon after beginning the treatment of his theme, got stage-struck, floundered around, mouthed his words and in some confusion sat down, having

been on his feet some twelve or thirteen minutes. My time had come; so I gave out the hymn. When it had been sung I announced my text, pitched in and went ahead vociferously, catching on every point and omitting none, going on for forty-five minutes to the conclusion, finished the service and the congregation was dismissed. No one remained except the Faculty and students of the Seminary. The time for criticism had come. It was a critical moment. All the professors were very kind to Johnston, soothing instead of irritating his agitated feelings, and saying words that were helpful and strengthening, as he deserved, for he was one of the finest men in the institution. I have no doubt that they were equally kind,—certainly they were just,—to me, but I cannot recall a word that was said except by Dr. Dabney alone. Somehow he usually came last and then he was either whittling a stick, or picking at something or fumbling with his fingers, as was his general habit when about to say something worth hearing. All ears were open and pretty soon the following typical and instructive sentence sounded forth: "Mr. McIlwaine will do well to take a lesson from nature; it doesn't thunder all the time!"—to the great merriment of all present, and the meeting broke up in a guffaw. The merriest man on the floor was my friend, Thomas Wharey of the Senior class, one of the loveliest of men, acknowledged on all hands as far ahead of any of his fellow-students as a preacher, and as a popular preacher the peer and probably the superior of any member of the Faculty, except Dr. W. J. Hoge. As soon as Wharey could gather himself together sufficiently, he walked across the room to where I was standing, his face irradiated with jocundity and his body shaking like agitated jelly, grasped my hand affectionately and broke out into spasmodic laughter, in which I thoroughly sympathized and participated. He knew me; I knew him. He loved me; I loved him. We understood each other thoroughly and so could rejoice or weep with each other as the case might be.

I had then no idea that the time was so near at hand when the tables would be turned. To my surprise when I entered the chapel on the following Wednesday evening there Wharey was in the pulpit. The pleasure of seeing him there was only equaled by the surprise, for it was not his time in

the course. If Wharey had any fault as a speaker it was that he was too pathetic, while one of the most genial fellows in the world and full of fun. His voice, manner, and utterance were all plaintive. He exhibited pathos in everything he said and did, and possibly at times subordinated thought to feeling. But as the old negro woman said about Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, "when the spirit striked (struck) him, he farly briled (broiled) in glory."

When he began the service that night he gave out the 100th Psalm, which he announced in *his* usual style. His text was Revelations 3: 20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and will sup with him and he with me." To me, inexperienced as I was, but an average hearer, the entire service seemed admirable and edifying, with nothing to criticise. But when time for criticism came two of the professors took a very different view. Dr. Hoge spoke kindly but plainly. His chief complaint was of Mr. Wharey's manner and intonation, declaring that they were too pathetic, detracting from the effect that ought to be produced and causing a monotony that could not fail to be injurious to the impression. In illustrating what he meant he imitated Mr. Wharey's tone and manner in announcing the 100th Psalm, and then in a clear, resonant voice that rang through the room, said, "I see nothing more pathetic in the 100th Psalm, than in the 101st or the 102nd, or even the 103rd." Next came Dr. Dabney, who had nothing to say of the manner but addressed himself wholly and pretty vigorously to the matter of the discourse, which he handled with gloves off. In fact he said in so many words, "There is nothing at all in that sermon to edify or instruct anybody"; "it is not a Presbyterian but an Episcopal sermon"; and after putting in the rowels deeper and deeper, he wound up by saying that the sermon put him in mind of what an old ruling elder in the county of Louisa, quoting the words of the prophet, had said to him about a discourse they had just heard from an Episcopal preacher: "It shall even be as when an hungry man dreameth and behold he eateth; but he awaketh and his soul is empty; or as when a thirsty man dreameth and behold he drinketh; but he awaketh and behold, he is faint and his soul hath appetite." Wharey and

I shook hands that night again but this time sadly. He was much cast down, but soon got over it and lived to do a great work, much greater in the pulpit, I think, than his critic, although it may be that this very criticism proved an important element in his training for the great work he did.

This incident is not so dramatic as a story told me from his own experience by the late Rev. William S. Plumer, D. D., of Petersburg and Richmond, Va., Baltimore, Md., Allegheny Seminary, Penn., and later Columbia Seminary, S. C. The doctor said that when he entered Princeton Seminary, he was a raw and uncultured young man. It was the custom at that day not only for the professors to criticise the sermons of students, but the students were allowed to do so and took a free hand at it. When the time came for him to preach he did the best he could, but poorly enough, he thought. The professors, except Dr. Archibald Alexander, had something to say, but when the young men began it was dreadful. He hung his head in shame and could not look up. Presently the criticism closed and those present retired. He kept his seat so abashed that he could not bear to meet anyone. He felt that he had mistaken his calling and ought to give up study for the ministry. When he judged from the sound of retiring feet that the room was empty he glanced toward the door and saw a lone figure standing there, whom he recognized as Dr. Alexander, waiting to speak with him. As he approached him the venerable man of God laid his hand gently on his shoulder and said tenderly, "My young brother, you must not be discouraged. If I am not mistaken, the Lord has a great work for you to do in the ministry." These wise and gentle words conveyed courage to his soul and he went to his room determined to prepare, as best he could, for the work before him. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Dr. Archibald Alexander died in the fall of 1851. He had been President of Hampden-Sidney College from 1796 to 1807, was closely connected with Rev. Dr. John H. Rice and was brother-in-law to Rev. Dr. Benjamin H. Rice. A memorial service, held in the Seminary Chapel, was largely attended by the students of both institutions and by the people of the neighborhood. In my youth I knew many ministers who were prepared for their work under his hand,

and from them heard a great deal of him. At college I studied his little work on Moral Science, and later read his interesting books on the Evidences of Christianity and on Religious Experience and his Biography by his son, Rev. James W. Alexander, D. D. I early formed the opinion that, all things considered, his life was the greatest blessing ever conferred on the Presbyterian Church in America and to-day, after wide observation, acquaintance, and experience, I see no reason to doubt the correctness of this judgment. In support of this opinion, I beg to narrate the following incident:

In December, 1858, I became pastor of the Amelia Presbyterian Church. In the course of pastoral duty I came into touch with a family of excellent social position, consisting of an old gentleman, a widower and not a professing Christian; a widowed sister, and a niece, both intelligent Christian women, with the lovely, gentle manners characteristic of the women of that day. The brother and sister were both aged and the niece advanced in years. They were in comfortable circumstances, possessed of a good residence and farm, plenty of servants, carriage and horses and ample means. I was told that the old gentleman had been a wicked man, a disciple of Tom Paine and along with a coterie of like spirits from Amelia and the adjoining counties of Nottoway and Powhatan, would assemble on Saturdays at a point in the upper part of Amelia, which they named Paineville, for a day of carousal and profanity. In due time I called, was invited into the parlor, where the gentleman-named Christian women soon joined me and gave me a hearty greeting. After a time, perhaps half an hour, the door opened and in walked the old gentleman, the embodiment of the best external features of an old time Virginia gentleman; tall, erect, broad-shouldered, snowy-white hair, an intelligent, benevolent countenance; attired in the olden style,—ruffled shirt bosom, blue broadcloth coat with brass buttons, as sumptuously gotten up as if in attendance on an imposing public function. His reception of me was dignified and polite, though at first somewhat restrained with the air of a man of the world, who wants to know you better before he lets himself into your confidence. Presently, however, it came out in conversation that I had been a

student of Hampden-Sidney College. This greatly excited his interest and led to the announcement that he also was an alumnus of that institution, having been connected with the College during the administration of Dr. Archibald Alexander, of whom he spoke with warm admiration, and I thought, even with a tinge of affection. After this there was no let-up in the conversation. The ice had been broken and a tie established between us. We were both attached to the College and to the memory of Dr. Alexander. When I arose to say good-bye he took me cordially by the hand, expressed pleasure at having made my acquaintance, and invited me to call when I could.

As I rode home that evening a sense of serious responsibility oppressed me. Here was a man on the verge of eternity. From all accounts he had led a grossly wicked life. So far as I knew, no minister of the gospel had access to him or had ever conferred with him on the subject of his soul's salvation. He never attended church or left his plantation, except on election day when he would go to the polls in his carriage, cast his vote, and return to his home. We were now on such terms that I could approach him. The obligation rested on me. But I was young and inexperienced. He was old and dignified and possibly might be offended and treat such an effort as an intrusion. I thought about it; prayed over it. At last it occurred to me that possibly I might obtain the access I desired through the medium of a book. On going to my book-case, my eye soon discovered a copy of Alexander on "Religious Experience," which I took down and, writing a courteous note of presentation, said, that after he had read the volume, I should be glad, with his permission, to call and converse with him on its subject-matter at any time he might appoint. The volume and note were conveyed to him a few days after from church by his sister, and the next time she met me she said, "Brother —— asked me to tell you that he will be glad to see you any time it suits you to call. I do not know what that means, but that is what he said."

I did call in a few days, was received in the old gentleman's chamber, found him attired not in the lordly apparel of the former occasion but in his plain every-day clothes, and after a conversation of an hour, concluded with prayer,

left him believing that he was a true penitent and an humble follower of our Lord Jesus Christ. I saw him during the remainder of my brief pastorate in Amelia as often as my exacting duties would permit; and soon after I left, his death occurred. On my first visit to the county some months after his death, I was told that he had fully confessed Christ before men and in view of death spoke of me with affection and regret that I could not be with and minister to him. My present impression is that he was a Christian before I ever saw him, though he had not awaked to the consciousness of it.

It is a curious question, but worthy of thought and one which has frequently arisen in my mind: What is the connection between Dr. Alexander's life and this old gentleman's salvation? About sixty years intervened between their acquaintance at Hampden-Sidney and the time when he found peace in believing. May not Alexander's life,—something he said, something he did, his consistent Christian deportment,—have been instrumental in awakening the still small voice of conscience in that man's soul, which, palsied by a long course of sin, at last asserted itself and became a dominant force in bringing him, a humble, contrite sinner to the foot of the Cross. God knows! Let every Christian be careful so to direct his course in the world that his influence will be felt in winning men to God.

CHAPTER XV

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY—LICENSURE TO PREACH
THE GOSPEL

ONE Sunday during February, 1856, the congregation of College Church had assembled as usual, the preliminary exercises, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Dr. B. H. Rice, had been concluded, and he announced his text, Exodus 14:15, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." When he had proceeded a few sentences his voice thickened, his utterance became confused, his countenance changed, and he leaned speechless on the pulpit. Several gentlemen from the congregation ran forward and placed him on the sofa in rear. He had been stricken by paralysis, was taken to his home, never recovered consciousness and died in a short time. He was buried at Willington, near Farmville, the ancestral home of Mrs. Dr. John H. Rice, where the remains of her honored husband lay at the time.

Dr. Rice was a man of note in his day. His first important work was in the town of Petersburg, where, under his ministry, the First Presbyterian Church was built on the south side of Tabb Street, and a large and influential congregation gathered. I have always felt drawn to him from the fact that he officiated at the marriage of my father and mother and received them as members into his church, and by all the loving encomiums I heard passed on him, when I was a child. Again when a student at college and the Seminary I was brought into close contact with him and found him a large-hearted, wise and practical man of rich experience, an excellent preacher and forward in every good word and work. Again, during the protracted religious services at the University of Virginia, spoken of in the preceding pages, he was one of the officiating ministers and gave efficient service. I remember that the day after his first sermon he came across the lawn from Dr. McGuffey's, where he was a guest, to my room and in the course of con-

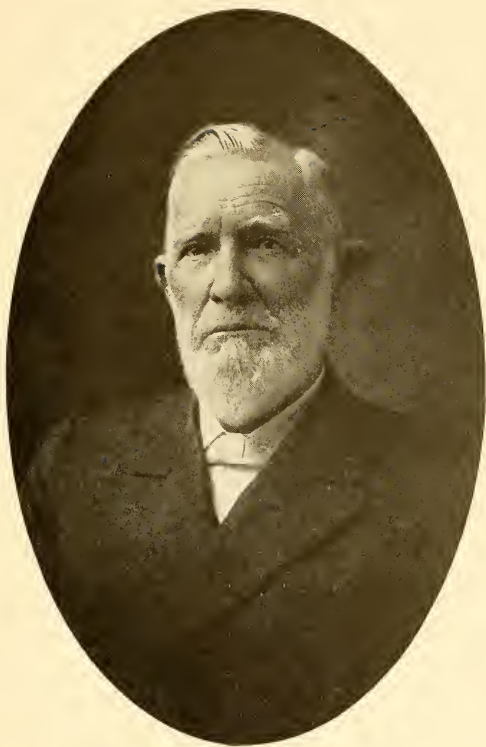
versation said, "I have come over to tell you that if any of your young friends would like to talk on personal religion, I will be glad to see them in Dr. McGuffey's study, which adjoins his residence. I shall be there every day while I remain at the University, and feel that perhaps I can do more for the young men by personal conversation than by my preaching." Many inquirers went to confer with him, of whom many, and perhaps all, were brought to Christ.

Dr. Rice's greatest work was perhaps while at Princeton, N. J. This was the hey-day of his ministry, after his earlier work in Petersburg, where his powers were developed and matured. He was recognized as one of the great preachers of his day. I remember his talking to me about it once, and giving me some kind advice drawn from personal experience. The point he wished to impress was the duty and necessity of humility and dependence on God. He said that on one occasion he was invited to preach on Sabbath in a church not far from Princeton in which it was thought there existed deep and widespread interest on the subject of religion. He accepted the invitation, found the church full, had close attention, preached, as he thought, with power and unction, returned home congratulating himself that he was at his best and had done a great work, but added, "If there was any revived interest at that church when I went there, I killed it, for I never heard of it afterwards."

Per contra, he narrated the following: On another occasion he went out to preach in one of the New Jersey churches, where he was abashed and disheartened by the service he performed, from which he returned home discouraged and distressed. Not long afterwards, however, there was a great revival in that church and he learned that a large number of those who made a confession of faith attributed their awakening and serious conviction to the sermon which had given him such serious distress. He was a good man, a gentleman of the best type, fit to stand before kings, and yet ready to minister to the humblest of God's people.

The last incident reminds me of a somewhat similar occurrence in the life of Rev. Dr. William S. Plumer, narrated to me by the late Rev. Dr. Sydnor of Nottoway County, Va., a highly esteemed minister in the Baptist church. More

than forty years ago, about 1863, the Presbytery of East Hanover, of which I was then a member, met in the upper part of that county. On that occasion I saw for the first time since the beginning of hostilities between the North and South, my old Seminary classmate and friend, George William White, late of Moorefield, W. Va., now in the Heavenly Home, but then pastor of the church in Brunswick County. No finer man within my knowledge ever lived than he; none more sane, more devoted to truth and right, more rationally consecrated to the service of God and man; none humbler, purer, more modest, laborious, or self-denying; none more beloved, revered, or lamented. Having been separated from one another during these trying times it was natural that we should wish to be together as much as possible. At his request I spent the night with him at Dr. Sydnor's, where he was a guest and where we were most hospitably entertained. Dr. Sydnor was an intelligent, pleasant gentleman and a most agreeable host. In the course of conversation during the evening he said to me, "Mr. McIlwaine, where is Dr. Plumer, who at one time preached in Richmond?" I replied that I did not know but that I had heard he had been driven away from Allegheny City, Penn., by the radicals because of his sympathy with the South, and the last time I heard of him he was in Philadelphia. I then gave him some account of Dr. Plumer's life since he left Virginia, to which he listened with marked interest. He said he had never seen him since his youth but had often thought of him with gratitude and affection as his spiritual father. In explanation, he added that when Dr. Plumer was pastor in Richmond he would sometimes, after filling his pulpit in the morning, ride down to Old Pole Green Church in Hanover County and preach and return to hold service in his own church at night. After one of these discourses, a protracted service was held at this point by ministers of the Baptist Church from which there was a large ingathering of souls, seven of whom pointed to the sermon of Dr. Plumer as the effective instrumentality in their conversion. In the presence and with the assistance of Mrs. Sydnor, he named over the seven persons, among whom the names of both this honored servant of God and his lovely wife were found. He then added, "I suppose that Dr. Plumer never heard of



GEORGE W. WHITE, D.D.

this and that he, perhaps, never thought of the service again"; and asked me should I meet him to narrate the incident to him, as he thought it might be a comfort to him. The opportunity offered itself some twenty years later in Columbia, S. C., when I gave the venerable old man the facts, as nearly as I could in Dr. Sydnor's language. He listened with intense interest and when I had finished, lifted his hands reverently and ejaculated, "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!"

The life of a minister of the gospel is a sphere of service. It is surrounded with metes and bounds. His duties and prerogatives are clearly defined in scripture. He cannot convert men. This is a Divine function, consciously acquiesced in and accepted by the voluntary act of men. All that the preacher can do is to hold forth the word of life, plainly, earnestly, prayerfully, leaving the rest to God and the sinner. We must not, however, be discouraged but go on with our prescribed work, for we have the promise that "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "Paul may plant and Appollos water, but God giveth the increase." As old Philip Henry puts it, "Duty is ours; events are with God." Let every one be up and doing and hope unto the end, knowing that "he that is faithful unto death shall receive the crown of life." Many things are hidden from us now; all shall be revealed hereafter.

My course in the Seminary was pleasant but laborious. Surrounded by congenial spirits, inspired by a noble purpose, and pursuing steadfastly the end to which I had dedicated my life, I had no qualms, no misgivings, no hesitation, no fear for the future. A sincere trust in God, a profound conviction of the authenticity and validity of the sacred scriptures, an earnest desire to know and do his will and to be helpful to my fellow-men, has illumined many a dark place in my experience and kept me cheerful and happy. We need more faith in the word of the Heavenly Father, more sincere consecration to his service, more active effort in promoting the welfare of mankind. Let these characteristics mark any life, and that life will be irradiated with the sunshine of heaven and prove a blessing to others.

The end of my second session in the Seminary was approaching, and plans for the future having been matured, it was necessary in carrying them out to obtain the consent and concurrence of my father. We always wrote to each other once a week,—a habit formed under his instruction seven years before and maintained during his life; then kept up with my mother ten years longer, until the time of her translation; then continued with my older sister till she too was called away, and then transferred to another sister, who still survives. It is a blessed habit, adapted at once to preserve domestic ties and affections, to keep the young in paths of virtue and to cheer old age with loving sympathy.

In one of these weekly epistles I told my father that I expected to ask for licensure at the spring meeting of the Presbytery, and soon after to be married. The first of these facts he already knew and the second he had good reason to suspect. So not being taken by surprise he wrote promptly expressing his approval and pleasure at both announcements, and saying he thought it "high time" that I was married. The age of marriage in Virginia at that time was generally much younger than at present. Seventeen and eighteen years for young ladies and twenty-one or -two for young men were common. A girl who reached twenty-five without a husband was dangerously near being an old maid, and a man thirty years old without a wife was on slippery ground. Thus cheered and encouraged by my generous parent and by the prevailing spirit of the time, I made bold to reveal another feature of my plan, to wit: "Soon after marriage to leave for Europe to be absent three years for study, one year in Edinburgh and two in Germany,"—a thing not so common then as early marriages, which was proposed not with any misgiving or hesitation but with some curiosity and a desire for an early reply. The reply came as speedily as the mail could go to and return from Petersburg and was in substance, "Go ahead; I will pay the expenses and make the arrangements." Thus encouraged I heeded his counsel and went ahead, and he did his part bountifully and carefully, providing abundance of funds, engaging a stateroom on one of the vessels from New York to Havre in France, and going to New York with us to see that we were comfortably fixed on shipboard. Is it any

wonder that I remember such a loving, generous, provident parent with unalloyed affection and gratitude?

In April, 1857, I was licensed to preach the gospel by East Hanover Presbytery at Bethlehem Church, Hanover County, some eighteen or twenty miles from Richmond, Rev. Alexander Martin, afterwards of Danville, being pastor. It was arranged for the members of the Presbytery to meet at a certain place in Richmond where conveyances from the congregation would meet them. It suited my father's convenience, however, to go by his own conveyance from Richmond, as he would thus save a day at home for business and be free to return on Saturday and spend the Sabbath at home. So I drove over to Richmond in a buggy the afternoon preceding the opening of Presbytery and put up at the Exchange Hotel, where my father met me the next morning at breakfast. The drive down into Hanover was easily made in time for the proceedings of Presbytery, and we were most hospitably entertained at the lovely home of Mrs. Coalter, the mother of two schoolmates of my younger sister at the school of Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge in Richmond. Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge of Fredericksburg was also the guest of Mrs. Coalter and we were thus thrown into most pleasant association with him.

The members of the Presbytery whom I remember most distinctly are Rev. Dr. Hodge, Rev. Dr. B. Gildersleeve, and Rev. Dr. T. V. Moore, all of them natives of the northern part of the United States but each doing a fine work in Virginia. Dr. Hodge, the Moderator of this meeting of Presbytery, was a striking figure. The son of Dr. Charles Hodge of Princeton Theological Seminary, he was born, reared and educated at that renowned seat of learning. He early devoted his life to the Foreign Mission work and served in India from 1847 to 1850, when on account of the ill health of Mrs. Hodge he returned to this country. In 1855 he became the pastor of the church at Fredericksburg, where he remained till April, 1861, greatly admired and beloved. As I remember him he was a man of delicate nervous organization and of modest bearing; a profound and extensive scholar; not prone to take the initiative in conversation but, when enlisted, instructive and interesting to a high degree; humble-minded, without ostentation; gifted

in prayer as he seemed to feel himself in the very presence of God and to be consciously holding communion with Him and thus leading those who were following him up into the very Holy of Holies; an instructive and striking preacher, simple here too, not aiming at stage-effect,—no false and lurid ornamentation, no big words, no startling tones,—but presenting with solemnity the very word of God in language easily understood, enforced by a manner full of sincerity, earnestness, and concern. I do not remember that I ever spent three days with a man whose personality impressed me more deeply. He was not ascetic, but cheerful, and participated cheerfully in social life, contributing his full share to its charm. He took an active interest in men and things and was an efficient pastor, and was admired in the town of his residence. While a humble-minded Christian and a consecrated minister of God, he was no milksop, and could express himself with becoming vehemence on occasion.

I recall a story the Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy used to tell to the following effect. Being in Fredericksburg, where he had near relatives, he met Dr. Hodge, with whom he was well acquainted, and addressed him familiarly: "Well, Hodge, what have you been doing with yourself?" To which inquiry the unexpected reply came quickly, "I have been delightfully engaged in *intensely hating a man!*" The explanation was not far to seek, when it was known that a divorce suit had been in progress before the court, in which the meanness, brutality and duplicity of a prominent citizen of Virginia towards a loving and gracious wife had been brought to light, and that Dr. Hodge had been sedulously attending the sittings of the court, with the result that every element of his pure and generous nature was aroused against the vulgar wrecker of a gentle woman's happiness.

I recall this pure and upright man as I stood before him on that April day, 1857, at the conclusion of my examinations and trials, when in the name of the Presbytery and of God, he licensed me to preach the gospel and then spoke words of encouragement and hope. But I do not remember meeting him personally again until four years later. In that eventful April, 1861, the Presbytery of East Hanover met in his church in Fredericksburg at a time when the

country was rushing into fratricidal war. On our arrival in Fredericksburg we were told that Dr. Hodge was a nervous wreck, and that he was greatly distressed by the state of things, and that he would probably ask for a dismissal from the Presbytery to go to Princeton for rest and recuperation. Not a word, that came to my ears, was spoken of him, either by citizen or presbyter, that was not kind and sympathetic. He was honored and beloved by all. Not until Friday morning did he make his appearance in Presbytery and then to ask for the dissolution of his pastoral relation and his dismissal to the Presbytery in the North. He took his seat in the pew next to the pulpit. When the time came he arose, leaning on the bench in front with both hands, amid a hushed silence that could be felt, and with a feeble voice proffered his request. Then making a strong effort to control his feelings, he spoke calmly of his life in Virginia, of the kindness and courtesy received everywhere, of the cordial fraternal relations existing with brethren in the Presbytery and Synod. He then said that he could not allow himself to speak his feelings towards the members and officers of his church. His relations with them were too tender and sacred to admit of this. Then, with an evident effort, summoning his remaining strength, he spoke of the state of things existing in Virginia, of the impending struggle between North and South, of his devotion to and sympathy with the old Commonwealth in its present position, and concluded in substantially the following words, "I pray God that she may be triumphant in this conflict and crush out every invader of her soil." He then sank back in his seat and in a few minutes left the church, and that afternoon took his departure northward.

I have never heard a criticism on Dr. Hodge for this action. We all lamented the necessity laid on him, but recognized and sympathized with it rather than blamed him. He was a great and good man, overmastered by anxiety and apprehension. Some fifteen or eighteen years later, when returning to Baltimore from a protracted mission tour through the West, I was left over for a Sabbath at Pittsburg and went in the evening to Allegheny City to hear Dr. Hodge preach. He seemed to me much the same man I had known, though depreciated as a forceful preacher, as I have

noticed preachers are apt to be after giving up the pastorate and spending years in classroom instruction. I had the pleasure of shaking his hand and having a few words of conversation with him. His life after leaving Virginia was full of honorable and consecrated usefulness, as pastor, as professor in Allegheny Seminary, and later as the successor of his saintly father in the chair of Didactic and Polemic Theology at Princeton. He has left a number of valuable published works and his name, character, and good deeds ought to be cherished among us.

Rev. Dr. B. Gildersleeve—the father of Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins University—was a New Englander by birth and a resident of Charleston, S. C., for many years before his removal to Richmond. He was here proprietor and editor of *The Watchman and Observer* the predecessor of *The Central Presbyterian*; was a man of ability as a scholar, theologian and writer, while quite eccentric in manner and mode of speech. I heard him preach a number of able sermons, and his catchy and sometimes vehement utterance and gesticulation are still recalled. He was an earnest, laborious Christian and did much unremunerated work. He had a regular appointment in the State Penitentiary and his efforts were blessed in the reformation and salvation of some of its inmates. I remember a case of this kind received into the Amelia Church during my pastorate.—He gave up his position in Richmond and went out into the southwestern part of the State to reside, where he continued his voluntary labors in the mountains. One day he was riding along the road,—his eyesight so defective that he could not see much beyond his horse's head,—when he heard the wild and profane shouting of two rough mountaineers, who were approaching. When they came in speaking distance, one of them cried out, "Old man, I have bet this man that I have seen you somewhere, but I don't know where it was. Can you tell me?" Dr. Gildersleeve was both puzzled and amazed but quickly answered in a kind tone, "I don't know certainly, where it was, but I suppose it must have been in the penitentiary!" To which the hilarious response came back, "Yes, that is it; it was in the penitentiary. I have won my bet," and they parted in the best of good humor.

My recollection of both Drs. Gildersleeve and Moore in connection with this Presbytery is evidently because of their prominence in the conduct of my examinations. Indeed, I do not remember that any other person, except the Moderator, asked me a question, although doubtless others did. Both of them were on the Committee of the Critical Exercise and Latin Dissertation, and the former conducted the principal examination in open Presbytery on Theology. Church Government, etc. One thing I remember about Dr. Gildersleeve's method, which I have not met with elsewhere, to wit: he had his questions written out in a pocket notebook, and as I would answer one, he was ready to pop another at me.

Dr. Moore was a native of Pennsylvania, and after several years of ministerial service in that State removed in 1847 from Wilkesbarre, and became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Richmond. He was a fine scholar, kept up his knowledge of the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, possessed a beautiful style of composition and an attractive and graceful delivery. He was regarded as one of the foremost preachers in Virginia,—and there were giants in those days. His countenance was serene, benign, and manly, and his manners and bearing were those of a gentleman, born and bred; his conversation was engaging, and he was diligent in the performance of every duty,—personal, pastoral, and civic. He was consequently greatly beloved, and by common consent stood in the front rank of contemporary ministers of the gospel. He left several published volumes of much worth, and a name and fame which are a rich inheritance to his children. He was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, South, at Nashville, Tenn., in 1867, and soon after took charge of the First Presbyterian Church in that city, where he died in 1871, a great and good man.

Rev. Alexander Martin, pastor of Bethlehem Church, was a student of U. T. Seminary during my student life at Hampden-Sidney College. There I made his acquaintance, which afterwards ripened into friendship, while he was pastor in Danville, and continued throughout life. He was a mature man with a family when he began his ministerial studies, having spent a number of years in the profession of

teaching. When I first knew him he was a most courteous gentleman, of refined, engaging manners and considerate of everybody. I heard the following incident soon after it occurred. One afternoon he and a fellow-student, while walking together, met an old negro man, who in passing bowed and took off his hat, responding to which Mr. Martin bowed and lifted his hat; when his chum ejaculated in surprise, "Why, Martin, you don't take off your hat to a negro!" "Yes, I do," was the quick reply: "I do not allow a negro to outdo me in politeness!" This was a marked characteristic of his future life and ranked him high among gentlemen. He was a fine scholar and preacher, an indefatigable pastor and friend, attentive to young and old, rich and poor, Presbyterians and non-Presbyterians, "barbarians, Scythians, bond and free." My friend, Hon. Joseph Stebbins of South Boston, narrates the following incident, which illustrates touchingly this strong characteristic. He says that during Dr. Martin's later years, when his health was rapidly declining, Rev. Dr. Thames of the Baptist Church of Danville was in South Boston and that he asked him, "How is my friend, Dr. Martin, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Danville?" To which he promptly gave the following reply: "Dr. Martin! pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Danville! *He is pastor of the City of Danville: he is my pastor!*" And then he proceeded to give the latest information in his possession.

Dr. Martin's work among the young people of the church was unique. On a certain Sabbath afternoon of each month he preached a set sermon to the children and youth of the Sabbath-school and church. I happened to be present on one of these occasions, having preached for him in the morning. The church was full,—not a vacant seat,—with young and old not only from his own congregation but from other congregations. Oh, the scores and hundreds of these people, who through his ministration and influence were brought into the path of life!

CHAPTER XVI

THE CONTINENT, IRELAND AND EDINBURGH

HAVING obtained license to preach, the next thing was marriage, which took place on May 14th, 1857, to Miss Lizzie W. Read, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Read of Farmville, Va., whom I had been wooing for about seven years. For fifty years she has amply repaid my youthful devotion by a life most largely consecrated to her husband, children and those about her in need.

Two weeks after marriage we were off for New York and in a day or two aboard of ship bound for Havre. The voyage was enlivened by the company of my cousin, Joseph B. Dunn, of Petersburg, who on account of health was seeking rest and recuperation in Europe. The voyage across the Atlantic was uneventful but pleasant, many intelligent and friendly people being our companions. We spent a day in Havre for rest after the sea voyage and then went on to Paris, where we remained, occupied in seeing the interesting things in and around the city. We then made a leisurely journey through Switzerland as far as St. Bernard's, and back to Geneva by its beautiful Lake; then into Germany and down the Rhine into Belgium and Holland, and on to England and Ireland, stopping at many places of note, seeing and learning much that has given us life-long pleasure, and meeting with many people who contributed to our enjoyment in divers ways.

A diverting incident occurred the morning after we arrived in Paris. I was in our sitting-room awaiting the coming of Mrs. McIlwaine, after having ordered breakfast, when there was a hasty rap at the door and in walked a New Yorker, a business man, with whom I had become acquainted on shipboard; a man of rapid speech and nervous energy of manner. After the usual greeting he said, "Well, I have seen Paris." I inquired, "When did you see Paris?" "Last night and this morning," he said. "Well, how do

you like it?" I asked, to which inquiry he responded, "I don't like it and am about to be off for Switzerland and have just come to bid you good-bye," and he went. Not long afterwards I met him again and he told me that he had toured Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, going as far as Rome; that he was tired of being among people with whom he could hold no communication and was now on his way to England where he could find some one to talk with. He was a genial fellow, about middle age, evidently a hustler at home and a good deal at a loss when abroad. It is hard to imagine what of good he derived from travel.

People of a very different stamp whom we met in the French Capital were Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Fry of New York, both Virginians by birth and rearing. The former who spent the early years of his business life in Richmond, was a friend of my father, and the latter, the daughter of Hon. Benjamin Watkins Leigh, a not very distant relative of my wife. Both were very courteous to us young people and during our brief association added to our pleasure. In 1867, while on a visit to New York in behalf of Hampden-Sidney College, I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Fry, who then and on subsequent occasions exerted himself to help me in my efforts to make my stay in his city agreeable. It was he who introduced me and commended my work to Mrs. S. P. Lees, who first gave a thousand dollars to found a ministerial scholarship in the College and afterwards left it a legacy of \$25,000.

At Geneva it was my good fortune to meet Rev. Dr. and Mrs. James W. Alexander of New York, who were traveling for their health, and of whom I had known for years through friends and his writings. His early ministerial life was spent as pastor of Village Church, Charlotte C.-H., Va., where, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, his father, Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, was pastor before becoming President of Hampden-Sidney College, and where subsequently his distinguished son, Rev. Dr. H. C. Alexander, ministered some twelve or thirteen years before he became Professor in Union Theological Seminary. Mrs. Alexander was a Miss Cabell, sister of Dr. Joseph L. Cabell of the University of Virginia, and was related to a good many of the best people in Charlotte County. On the other

hand Dr. Alexander was connected with Petersburg not only through his relationship to Rev. Dr. B. H. Rice, whose wife was his aunt, but also had close ties of friendship with some of its leading citizens. So that we met not as strangers but as friends and the meeting, though brief, was on our part most pleasant. Dr. Alexander was at that time pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. He was a distinguished man, holding high rank as a preacher and scholar, in earlier life having occupied professorships in both Princeton College and Theological Seminary and at one time was editor of *The Presbyterian*, of Philadelphia. He was also the writer of a number of valuable books. He died two years later at his home in New York.

On the Lake of Geneva, we met Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke of Brooklyn, N. Y. Not long before this, he had visited Virginia and become acquainted with my father. Seeing my name on my valise, he introduced himself to me. It was my good fortune to hear him preach in his own pulpit and also in Baltimore, a good many years later, and to meet him personally two or three times. He was a conservative during and after the war, an excellent preacher, a useful man, and ranked high as a defender of the faith.

It was rather an unusual pleasure, in sailing down the Rhine, to find that the Prince of Wales—now King Edward VII—was one of our traveling companions. He was a youth fifteen or sixteen years of age; in appearance, manners and dress very much like a Virginia youth of that day. He was dressed in what was common in America, a so-called "pepper-and-salt" suit, seemed full of life and ran about the boat, evidently enjoying the scenery and historic places along the banks of the river. His tutor, a young Church-of-England clergyman, with whom I had a good deal of conversation, was a pleasant gentleman. The Prince was a visitor in Richmond, Va., two years later.

In London, where we remained some time, I again had the privilege of hearing Mr. Spurgeon, still preaching in Kensington Gardens, with as large a congregation and as commanding a delivery as when I heard him four years before. I enjoyed hearing him a year later, having in the meantime read many of his discourses as they were issued weekly from the press and sold throughout the Kingdom at

a penny. The impression produced on me on each occasion was similar, and always of wonder and admiration. He was unquestionably one of the greatest orators and most beneficent ministers of the gospel in the nineteenth century.

In Liverpool I had a helpful experience with a courteous but vehement old merchant, who did a large business with tobacco shippers in Virginia as their factor in selling their shipments on commission. My object in visiting his office was to cash a draft, and on meeting him I presented a note of introduction from one of his customers in Petersburg. He received me pleasantly and, while waiting for his clerk to go to the bank and get the money in denominations I desired, inquired about his friends on this side of the water and talked in an interesting way. When I received the money, I began to put it into my pocketbook without counting it, whereupon he said with surprise and somewhat imperiously, "Young man! Count your money: do not take money from your father without counting it"—a caution which has been observed, and of much use to me throughout life in enabling me to correct mistakes at once under circumstances where there could be no doubt of the facts. This course admits of no future question or suspicion. My experience of life has convinced me that many of its troubles come from carelessness. Most people are honest in their dealings and truthful in their statements, but this fact does not absolve us from caution and due circumspection. It is a pleasure to state that in receiving payments and remittances, I have oftener found them larger than they ought to have been than otherwise. Confidence in the integrity of mankind is a virtue, and a balm to the spirit; the basis of social, commercial, and civic harmony. Overconfidence is a snare into which many fall, to their discomfort and injury. A wise man once said to me, "If a man fool you once, it his fault: if he fool you twice, it is your fault." There is much wisdom in this maxim; yet it does not seem to be an absolutely safe guide. On the one hand, it will not do to trust all men once: some are wholly untrustworthy; on the other hand, a man may have deceived you once and afterwards repent and by a correct life deserve confidence in future. The apostolic command taken literally is wise and good: "See that ye walk circum-

spectfully": look around you, gather your facts carefully, make your inductions calmly. Or as Davy Crockett puts it, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead!" But remember the maxim of Cicero, *Accipere quam facere injuriam praestat* (It is better to receive than to do wrong); and of Shakespeare, "Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none." Discriminating judgment is necessary every day we live. To deal fairly and squarely with our fellow-men is the demand of our status in the world. Our well-being is so interwoven with that of others that we cannot stand separate and apart. They are dependent on us and we on them. They have rights and so have we. But rights never conflict, though they may appear to do so. Their recognition and adjustment is the imperative duty that rests on us all. The correlative of right is duty. Wherever there is a right, it must be respected and maintained. Duty demands this; no more, no less.

We are now at Gledstown with the loved ones there, who are leading quiet, consecrated, happy lives and are as lovely and loving as ever. But there is a vacant place, that was filled when I was here four years before. The mother of the family, the leader and guide in all good works, is gone,—gone to her Father's house in heaven. But her three daughters remain and are as gentle, courteous and devoted as can be. Several weeks spent in this haven of rest and its beautiful surroundings amid the amenities of social intercourse and some Christian and ministerial service are grateful and refreshing after several months of travel, and are a pleasant preparation for study later on in November and the winter. During this visit my aunts concocted a plan for us to return to them in the spring, after the close of the Theological session in Edinburgh. I had formed the acquaintance of the minister of the Presbyterian church in the vicinity, and at his request had preached in his pulpit. He was an aged man and anxious to lay down the burden of his work. In consultation between him and my aunts, unknown to me at the time, it was found that he would gladly give place to me as pastor, the people concurring, with the understanding that so long as he lived he should receive the salary, which he needed for his support, and that my aunts would provide for me and at their death I

should inherit their property. This proposition was seriously made and was a sore temptation, not, however, on account of its worldly aspects but because of my ardent affection for these loving ones, my desire to cheer and comfort their declining years, and the belief that there was much to be done by earnest work for many of the humble people in the neighborhood. On the other hand, when I came to give the matter sober reflection, it seemed to me that we owed something to our loved ones in America, that Virginia was as much in need of active young men in the ministry as Ireland, and that the States of the Union, with their wide and continually expanding destitutions, were clamant for laborers. I thus became convinced that it was my duty to return to my fatherland and do what I could for the temporal and spiritual welfare of its people. I am glad to say that I believe, if my decision had been the reverse, Mrs. McIlwaine, true blue Virginian and ardently attached to her people as she was, would have concurred in it cheerfully. So enamored had she and her aunts become of each other that she felt as much at home as in her father's house: their reciprocal affection was so strong, tender, and fervent. But it was not decreed that I was to become a dweller in Ireland and an Irishman, except by heredity and racial loyalty to one of the noblest peoples on earth.

On arriving at Edinburgh, I had letters of introduction from Mr. David Dunlop, Sr., of Petersburg, to his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hill of that city, and from my father to Rev. Dr. William Cunningham, Principal of the Free Church College, whom he had met ten years before in Baltimore, when Dr. Cunningham was in this country as one of the Commissioners of the Free Church of Scotland to the Presbyterian Church U. S. A.

Mr. Dunlop was a native of Scotland, the founder of the Scotch family of that name in Petersburg, a man of high social standing and unblemished character, a member of old Tabb Street Church and one of its most generous supporters, also one of the largest and most successful manufacturers of tobacco in his adopted city, his business being most largely with Great Britain and Australia. His sons, Robert and John, were my schoolmates and early friends and I had known their father from my childhood. I re-

member him as an affable and genial gentleman, ready to do his part in advancing every good cause, and regarding it not merely as a duty but a pleasure.

Two or three years later than this I visited Hampden-Sidney and found my friend, Prof. L. L. Holladay, occupying a very uncomfortable residence on College ground. I determined to make an effort to secure a sufficient amount of money to furnish him a suitable dwelling. This I shortly accomplished, and in the house thus procured he resided during the remainder of his life. I started my subscription list with my father, who gave me a generous donation and bade me God-speed. I next called on Mr. Dunlop, who received me graciously and after hearing my statement, responded liberally. On my thanking him for his assistance he said, in his broad Scotch accent, "Don't thank me, man; I thank you for coming. Whenever you have anything good that you wish to put forward, come again, and I will be glad to help you." I have met with many kind, gentlemanly and generous givers, but I do not remember any one quite so cordial and self-abnegating as this excellent man. The success of this effort was a pleasure to me both on account of my love for Holladay and my deep interest in the College. A large and disproportionate part of the money was secured in Petersburg, which during my knowledge of the affairs of Hampden-Sidney, covering a period of fifty years, has been far ahead of any other place in Virginia in its support and upbuilding.

We found Mr. and Mrs. Hill friends indeed. They entertained us in their beautiful mansion, introduced us to some of their circle of friends, and showed as deep an interest in us as if we had been their blood kin. Mrs. Hill at once became Mrs. McIlwaine's mentor, advising her not only as to our location, so that we obtained delightful apartments, but about other matters of interest to a young married woman in a foreign city. The Hills had been great travelers. Most of their married life was spent in India, where Mr. Hill had extensive plantations and business interests and had acquired large wealth. They had often traversed the continent of Europe and were at home in London, where, I think, they made their home in later life;

and yet they were as considerate and attentive to us as possible. Riches in the hands of such people are surely a blessing!

Dr. Cunningham was equally kind, and seemed to regard me more as an equal and friend than as a pupil, calling on us at an early day in company with Mrs. Cunningham, inviting us cordially to his hospitable and beautiful home and making appointments with me for strolls in the suburbs of the city;—very unlike some theological professors I have known. He was a great man; next to Chalmers, perhaps, the most prominent leader in the movement which eventuated in the foundation of the Free Church of Scotland; along with Chalmers, a member of the first Faculty of the Free Church College and his successor as Principal of that institution.

Its Faculty, as I recall them, were Dr. Cunningham of the Chair of Historical Theology; Dr. Buchanan of Didactic Theology; Dr. Duncan of Oriental Languages, and Dr. Smeaton of New Testament Literature. There was also a successor to Hugh Miller in Science in its Relation to Religion, and a teacher of Elocution and Rhetoric, but after trying these last two classes a day or two, I desisted. This was the case with Dr. Buchanan's class also. The other three I attended regularly, especially Dr. Cunningham's, and worked more for him than for both the others. The instruction was more after the university than the collegiate style, chiefly by lectures with little quizzing. Dr. Cunningham was the master spirit of the college; Dr. Smeaton a learned man and a good teacher, and Dr. Duncan a profound scholar but eccentric and diffuse to a degree. One admirable feature of Dr. Cunningham's instruction was a stated lecture on books and authorities, with a terse account of the authors, the topics treated, and the credit due them. His lectures were able and thorough, were read from manuscript and listened to with close attention. They have been published since his death, which occurred many years ago.

One night I attended a reception given to his students at Dr. Cunningham's residence, and was engaged in conversation with his beautiful and intelligent daughter together with two or three fellow-students, when the subject

of slavery was introduced and amicably discussed as an academic question, they appearing as its detractors and I, its defender as a Christian institution. While the conversation was in progress, our distinguished host came and in silence listened with interest. I was quoting and expounding scripture pretty freely, and when the view I presented of Paul's teaching in his Epistle to Philemon was questioned, I appealed to our honored preceptor to say whether he did not agree with my interpretation. He spoke calmly and thoughtfully and pretty nearly, if not exactly, as follows: "Yes, you have unquestionably given the meaning of the apostle in that passage, but, I think, if he were living now, he would write differently." This stumped me. My exegesis was vindicated, and that was gratifying, but a principle was announced by this venerable scholar, which, as applied, I have never been able to reconcile altogether with the doctrine of the inerrancy of scripture, but which unquestionably has legitimate practical application amid the varied conditions and details of human life.

A little later on I attended a similar entertainment at the stately home of Dr. Smeaton and had a unique experience, the like of which has never occurred to me again. It was the presence of a negro as a guest, who was received on perfect equality with the rest. He was handsomely dressed, had polished and easy manners and was apparently entirely at home in the society of cultured and refined men and women. He was my fellow-student at the Free Church College and I saw him several times passing in and out of the building, though I never met him personally. He was a native of the United States and educated here, and was in attendance at the lectures in Edinburgh in preparation for the ministry.

About this time, having made some pleasant acquaintances among my fellow-students, I was invited to make an address before the students' society, which met once a week for conference and intellectual and spiritual improvement, on the subject of *Slavery in the United States*. Being a slaveholder myself, having been born and reared in its environments and being posted on the current views on both sides of the question, I felt qualified from personal knowledge and experience to comply, and so accepted the polite

request, although I knew that perhaps only one of my auditors, and he a North Carolinian, held my opinions and that perhaps many were violently antagonistic. My surroundings were novel and somewhat disconcerting, but I was speaking in defense of a cause which I approved, and as its representative, I did not shrink from telling them the plain facts of the case as I knew them to exist in Virginia, making a clean-cut defense of the institution, first from an historic and second, a scriptural, standpoint, and continuing the discussion for some forty or fifty minutes. Many questions were asked and answered and at the conclusion, instead of an outburst of dissent, I was thanked for the information and enlightenment I had given them.

CHAPTER XVII

EDINBURGH (CONTINUED)

I NEVER saw Dr. Duncan except in the lecture-room. He was an oddity,—absent-minded to an extent that I never saw in any other person, man or woman. All the professors wore black silk gowns, and Dr. Duncan wore his hanging loosely from his shoulders with the skirt behind trailing on the floor and worn to tatters. Yet when he entered the lecture-hall there was a hushed silence, and as he stood on the rostrum, having deposited his notes on his desk, stepped to one side and bowed his head in prayer, we all felt that we were approaching the mercy seat, and as he proceeded in humble, fervent, simple confession of sin and supplication for the Divine pardon and blessing, that we were in the very ante-chamber of heaven. This saintly man could carry his followers nearer to the throne of heavenly grace in prayer than anyone I have met, except possibly Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge, of whom I have spoken in a preceding chapter.

And, now what does the reader suppose was the first thing this man of God did when he had ended his prayer? He stood there before his class with a serene countenance, ran his fingers into his vest pocket, drew therefrom a snuff-box, gave three gentle taps on its top, took a pinch of its contents in his fingers, conveyed it quickly to one aperture of his proboscis and then to the other, snuffing it up vehemently with each several times, and then with a red bandanna handkerchief wiping off any of the powdered tobacco that might have adhered to the outside of the nose or upper lip. This was a common habit in Scotland and not unusual in Virginia in my childhood. I knew a number of ladies and a few gentlemen in Petersburg who were habitual snuffers. It was a social custom just as the smoking of cigars is, courtesy requiring the participator to share his enjoyment with a friend and sometimes with a stranger, who happened

to be present. I found this habit prevailing to a large extent among my fellow-students and as politeness required them to offer me participation, it required of me acceptance of their friendly proffer. After a while I became accustomed to the habit and began to derive physical pleasure from the stimulant, and as I could obtain no chewing tobacco or cigars in Edinburgh fit for the use of a Virginian, I invested two or three pence in snuff, which, wrapped in paper, I deposited in my left-hand vest pocket. I had not gotten up to the dignity of a snuffbox, although I had one in my possession with my name carved on the silver lid, which my grandfather used a hundred years ago.

A few days after my investment, an unusual thing occurred in classroom. Dr. Duncan had come in, offered prayer, taken out his snuffbox, thrust his fingers down into it vigorously and then brought them forth empty. There was no snuff in the box. There he was, pitiable to behold. He stood for a moment apparently thinking what he should do and then, casting a benevolent glance over the class, asked in a kind, beseeching tone, "Will any gentleman be good enough to give me a pinch of snuff?" I knew a number of those who heard him that had snuffboxes safely ensconced in their pockets, but not one of them stirred. There was a dead silence. What was I to do? In Virginia under like circumstances, there would have been a dozen, maybe a score, of ready responses to such a request. It did not take me long to decide, and so, stranger as I was, I took my little package from my pocket, arose from my seat and as I advanced to the desk opened it, and with a courteous bow laid it down before him, receiving his hearty thanks. In returning to my seat, admonished by what I had seen, I determined to secede from the ranks of snuffers. I do not know a man or woman in Virginia to-day addicted to the habit.

Exactly a similar scene occurred in the lecture-room at a later period of the session, except that, no one responding to the doctor's solicitation, he took three pence from his pocket, handed it with the snuff-box to a student on the front bench and asked him to tell the janitor to buy him some snuff. And there he stood, without uttering a word until the janitor's appearance, when he took a satisfying

portion and then proceeded with his lecture as usual. A bad habit is a dreadful thing when it obtains mastery, and we should be careful not to allow any indulgence to obtain control of our powers. *Facilis descensus averni* (The descent into hell is easy).

I heard many amusing stories about Dr. Duncan. Years before this, through absent-mindedness one day he got into Dr. Chalmers' anteroom and proceeded to devour the lunch spread on the table, when in walked the Principal of the institution, and recognizing the situation, cried out jocularly, "Duncan, Duncan, man, you are eating my lunch!" Another is, that on a certain Sabbath he had an appointment to preach in one of the suburbs of Edinburgh. He started from home in ample time and knew the way perfectly but, as he progressed, he wanted a pinch of snuff, which it was impracticable to take with his face turned in the direction in which he was going, as a stiff breeze was blowing from that quarter. So facing about, his snuffbox was protected from the wind and he readily gratified his desire but, forgetting that he had changed front, he walked on and on and when time for service arrived and he came to consciousness of external things, he found himself on the opposite side of the city from the church where he was expected to preach, and several miles distant.

While in Edinburgh I had the privilege of attending the Assemblies of both the Established and Free Churches of Scotland. As they both opened at the same hour of the same day, I selected the opening exercises of the Established Church in order to witness the "pomp and parade" connected with it. To one accustomed to republican simplicity and specially to the simplicity of Presbyterian worship at that day, the pomp and parade appeared frivolous, not to say disgusting in connection with the work and service of God. So my main attendance was given to the other body, which contained many able men and before which there was at least one case of vital interest. One thing that struck me as singular, unseemly and worthy of reprobation in the proceedings of this Assembly was the wide latitude allowed for expressions of approval and disapproval of the utterances of speakers. I was not ignorant of the difference in custom on this point between Great

Britain and America but had no idea of its extent. Approbation was manifested by cries of "Hear," "Hear," clapping of hands, and other more thunderous modes of applause, while disapprobation was shown by hisses, defiant utterances and contemptuous remarks. I could stand the former, while recognizing its unseemliness under the circumstances, but as for the latter, it aroused my indignation and I felt that if such measures were adopted in one of our Virginia Church Courts, they would speedily be stopped and their perpetrators put out or somebody would be hurt.

The matter of importance spoken of in the last paragraph is what has become historic under the title, I think, of the "McMillan case." McMillan was an aged minister, so distinguished ten years before that he was appointed to represent the Free Church before the Presbyterian Church of Canada, yet who, under the influence of liquor, was guilty of a disreputable act for which he had been suspended from the ministry for one year by his Presbytery. On appeal the Synod affirmed the sentence, and now it was before the highest court of the Church. I heard the larger part of the papers and proceedings, together with the argument on both sides and, while there was some heat in the discussion, it seemed to me that a fair and dispassionate conclusion was reached in a verdict sustaining the lower courts by a large majority. The trial was concluded about three or four o'clock in the morning, the doors having been closed against entrance or egress the night before about nine o'clock. It was whispered that there was something in the air, and desirous of knowing what that something was, I found myself in the Assembly's hall the next morning soon after the beginning of its sessions. The preliminary exercises having been concluded, a member arose and stated that he had heard a report that the appellant, in the case decided the night before, had taken the matter before the Queen's Court, asking for an injunction against the Assembly; which news awakened much interest and some excitement. After a little it was reported by a member who had made specific inquiry, that not only had the case been taken before the civil court but that a stay of proceedings had been granted; whereupon Rev. Dr. Candlish sprang to his feet and moved that the offending member be and is

hereby dismissed from the ministry of the Free Church of Scotland, which resolution after a few impassioned and well-chosen words was carried by a hearty and overwhelming vote.

There were many able and distinguished preachers in Edinburgh at that time, of whom I heard a number but am able to recall only four with any distinctness. These were Drs. Candlish, Rainey, Guthrie, and Hannah, all of the Free Church.

Dr. Candlish had a masterly intellect, vigorous, analytic, incisive, going to the bottom of things. His style of composition was clear and terse, setting forth the subject-matter in an orderly and connected fashion, easily retained if grasped, but demanding close attention in order to catch and hold the relations of the parts to one another. His delivery was earnest, solemn, somewhat rugged, which made one feel that there is no trifling here but serious work, involving the eternal verities of God's word. One Sunday he preached a powerful sermon, which still adheres to my memory, on 2 Timothy 2: 19, in which he compared "the foundation of God" in the salvation of sinners to a monument bearing on the one side of it the inscription, "The Lord knoweth them that are his," and on its obverse, "And let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity"; both vital and essential to the enjoyment of a good hope through grace.

The story is told of the lamented Hugh Miller, who was a member and elder of Dr. Candlish's church but who some time before his death took his dismissal to Dr. Guthrie's congregation, that he was met by a friend not long after the change, who said to him familiarly: "Miller, I hear you have left Candlish and gone to Guthrie; how is this? I thought that if there is a man in Edinburgh that would appreciate Candlish, it would be you!" To him Miller, who in his later years was an overworked and nervous wreck, promptly replied, "I can't work seven days in the week. When I hear Candlish, he sets my brain to throbbing and I can't get his theme out of my mind or sleep a moment the following night." No more honored or useful man lived in Scotland than Hugh Miller. Up from a humble station to the highest; investigator, author, editor, he

wielded an influence for good second to none. His book, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," ought to be in every school library and read by young people everywhere. He was only fifty-four years old when his tragic end came, but he left his impress on multitudes of hearts and lives. Dr. Candlish afterwards became the successor of Dr. Cunningham as Principal of the Free Church College and left a number of valuable books.

Dr. Rainey was a young man in 1857, pastor of the Free High Church, the building of which, commodious and handsome, was a part of the Free Church College building, and Dr. Cunningham was one of its ruling elders. On a sacramental occasion at that church, it seemed to me abnormal for this venerable minister of the gospel to take part in distributing the bread and wine to the communicants, but such is the custom in Scotland. There ministers who are not in charge of a church have no seat in any ecclesiastical court. In order to qualify themselves for this function they must be elected elders and serve as such. Then they are eligible to any position up to the Moderatorship of the General Assembly. It seems to me that this is a good rule and ought to be adopted in our American churches. I cannot see why a minister who is without charge in a broad sense,—whether as superannuated, or cranky, or occupying the professor's chair in a school, college, or theological seminary, or as editor, or as secretary of a benevolent committee,—should be allowed to sit in the councils of the church along with pastors and ruling elders, unless he is also either a pastor or elder and is thus a real representative of the people. The theory of the Presbyterian Church is that it is a representative body, and the spectacle of a member of one of our church courts, who is representative of the opinion of no one except himself, does not accord with Presbyterian principles. This wretched custom ought to be abandoned as anti-republican, foolish, and injurious. Some of the most pestiferous members of our church courts from Presbytery to the General Assembly, whom I have known, have been the veritable "W. C.s."

Dr. Rainey was recognized as a young man of fine scholarship and rare ability as a preacher, for which, indeed, the position he held at that time abundantly vouched. I heard

him more than once and recognized him as a man of unusual power and promise. He afterwards succeeded Dr. Candlish as Principal of the Free Church College, and held that position till lately (1906).

Dr. Guthrie occupied a place of great prominence as a preacher not only in Edinburgh and Scotland but throughout the English-speaking world. His writings were largely read in America and intelligent Presbyterians in this country were among his chief admirers. He preached only once a Sabbath, in the afternoon, on account of feeble health. In order to gain admittance to this service, not only strangers but members of the congregation had to be in place early. The house was crammed and many went away having failed to get inside. The discourses I heard from him, with one exception, were pleasing to listen to, full of captivating and striking illustrations, conformed to the teaching of scripture and clad in beautiful language, but distinguished rather by winning similes and an enchainning delivery than by an appeal to the authoritative statements of God's word. The exception to which I allude was a sermon based on Ephesians 1:7, "In whom we have redemption," in which he compared the redemption of the sinner to the escape of a negro slave from his master's house in Kentucky, where he was in suffering and sorrow, to the Ohio River, which he was assisted in crossing, and on through Ohio and up until at last he leaped on the soil of Canada and shouted, "I am redeemed! I am redeemed!" This scene he depicted in minute detail and lurid language. That was the last sermon I heard from him. It was enough. I acknowledge him as a master in his particular line of oratory, in his influence for good as a leader in reform movements, as sound in his theological position, but in his abounding illustrations as often defective and misleading. He seemed to me to trust too much to the wit and wisdom of man in the regeneration, elevation and salvation of mankind, and too little to Almighty God and the word of his grace.

During my residence in Edinburgh there was a vigorous and persistent movement among some of its leading citizens in behalf of temperance, and my impression is that much good was accomplished in this direction. The drink habit was deeply and extensively rooted among the people, per-

meating all classes of society, taking in men and women alike, debauching character, desolating homes, entailing poverty on multitudes and crime on not a few. Dr. Guthrie was the recognized leader in this crusade and exerted a large influence in securing its success. In this work he was backed by Dr. Miller (M. D.), a professor in the University of Edinburgh and one of the physicians to Queen Victoria, whom I heard deliver an able and informing address on this subject.

My impression is that Dr. Hanna was a broader and more accurate scholar and a saner thinker than his colleague and co-pastor, Dr. Guthrie. He occupied the same pulpit in the morning that Dr. Guthrie filled in the afternoon, but his congregations, while regular, were nothing like so large and his preaching not at all so attractive to the unthinking masses. It was, however, instructive, solid and scriptural, and his style of speaking refined and pleasing. He was the son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers, and wrote his "Biography," "A Life of Christ," and other valuable books.

The session of the Free Church College was only five months, extending from November 1st to March 31st, but its course of study covered five sessions. Every applicant for licensure must have passed through this or a similar curriculum at some other church institution and have been successful on all examinations before his application could be granted. Why the session was so brief and the course so long, I do not remember, but I suppose it is because such a large number of the students are men of small means and need the vacation for industrial employment, that they may obtain money for the next session's wants. Some of the young men I knew best and for whom I entertained a cordial regard were poor and I confess that my respect for them was enhanced by my observation of their cheerful, happy disposition, their intelligent devotion to duty and their whole-souled absorption in the work of fitting themselves for the service of God and their fellow-men. It is a great thing for a young man to have a high aim in life and to pursue it with intelligence and assiduity. It often lifts one from a plane of obscurity and comparative inefficiency, cultivates his powers, broadens his sphere of effort, and makes

him a centre of influence and an inspiration to others. The lives of such men as Stuart Robinson and William S. Plumer of our Southern Presbyterian Church; of "Stonewall" Jackson and Matthew F. Maury of Virginia; of Hugh Miller and Robert Morrison of British fame, and many scores of others:—men differing widely from one another in many respects; all, however, leading narrow and restricted lives in their youth but bursting forth later on into the noontide effulgence of high usefulness and honored service,—remind us of the value of noble ideals and holy incentives to action. Nothing better can be done for the youth of our land, born and reared under depressing circumstances, than to bring them into a broader horizon, where they shall be stimulated to culture their God-given faculties and devote them to the accomplishment of noble objects in life.

Much might be said of the scenes and places of romantic and historic interest in and around Edinburgh, but they are so fully described in books, magazines and journals that this seems unnecessary.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE ATLANTIC

THE time was now approaching for us to leave Scotland. If the plan proposed when we left America were to be pursued, the next step in the program would be towards Germany. But "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley." A factor, not taken into account in the formation of plans, had been introduced into our lives. The coming of a little stranger into our family had changed conditions, and introduced problems the solution of which led to the unanimous conclusion that it was best for all concerned that we turn our faces homeward. Some preparation, however, was necessary and in order to make it, I took a hurried trip to London and Liverpool on business and paid a brief visit to the counties of Fermanagh and Londonderry to bid the loved ones good-bye.

Two or three incidents connected with the voyage across the Atlantic are worth narrating. Chiefly under the guidance of Dr. Cunningham, I had been collecting books and authorities on the subject of his lectures and related matters. To this end I spent much time on Saturdays in the "old bookstores" of the city, where there were stacks of valuable volumes, many of which were original editions. I had come into possession of many of these at considerable expense. They were shipped from Glasgow instead of Liverpool, from which latter port we sailed, and owing to my inexperience, were not insured. Before the steamer with my books had been out more than twelve hours, she was caught in a fog, ran on a reef and went down, the passengers and crew alone escaping. On narrating these circumstances to my father when I had returned home, he asked me why I had not insured the books, to which I replied that I thought I should never make another shipment across the Atlantic and that it was vastly improbable that one shipment in a lifetime would be lost. He remarked, however, that I was

exactly wrong in my calculation; that if I were going to make many shipments I might be justified in non-insurance of any, but that I had assumed the whole risk of a lifetime in this single instance. No doubt he was right, having learned by practical experience the ins and outs of such matters.

Having a baby to transport across the seas, a nurse seemed a desirable, in our estimate, a necessary thing. It was a hard problem for an inexperienced couple in a foreign land, more than three thousand miles from home, to solve. A nurse's place is one of great responsibility. A young mother's comfort and peace of mind are dependent on the person who fills it and on the amount of confidence that can be placed in her character and qualifications. Here again, good Mrs. Hill, that blessed woman of whom we never think without grateful recollection, came to Mrs. McIlwaine's assistance, telling her of a pious young woman in the family of a friend, trustworthy and accomplished in all needful arts, who was anxious to go to America to meet her fiancé and enter on married life. The arrangement was made and a happy one on both sides it proved. This would hardly be worth relating but for its connection with an event in future life. Some years later, when I was called to a new pastorate and went to visit it, whom should I find as members of the church but this excellent woman and her husband—the husband in a reputable business and the wife worthy of him, both anxious to have me as their pastor and to welcome Mrs. McIlwaine as their friend.

An amusing incident occurred as our ship steamed down the Mersey on that bright Saturday under the command of Captain Judkins, the senior officer of the Cunard Line, with whom my father and I had sailed on our return trip five years before. There was a Presbyterian minister aboard from one of the northwestern States, who in looking over the list of passengers had seen my name, searched around the steamer, finally located me, introduced himself and told me that for some reason he could not preach and that he was going to see the captain and ask him to invite me to hold service and preach the next day. I told him that, if asked and there was no one else aboard to do so, I would preach but that I could not conduct service, as vessels of the

Cunard Line were required to have the service of the English Church read and that I was not familiar with it. He was a typical Westerner of that day, fidgety and fussy, said he was going to see the captain anyway and get him to ask me. I cautioned him seriously against interfering with the captain while every nerve was strung in attending to his duties, telling him that I had sailed with him before and knew him personally though I had had no opportunity as yet to renew my acquaintance; that he was a peremptory man, gruff and rude when irritated, and that at present he was fully occupied in having the deck cleared of luggage and other incumbrances and in getting his big vessel out of the river free from collision. He did not accept my admonition, however, but off he went in pursuance of his mission; pretty soon he returned somewhat crestfallen and reported that on being told that I was a Presbyterian minister, the captain said curtly, "We don't have anything to do with Presbyterian rites on this ship," and turned away to the discharge of his engrossing duties. On reaching the saloon at dinner time, however, I found myself and wife seated at the captain's table, and the next morning before I had finished my toilet there was a rap at my stateroom door, before which stood the steward of the vessel with the captain's card and a courteous invitation from him to conduct service and preach at the appointed hour. I sent back my thanks and regrets that I could not conduct service as I was not acquainted with the English Prayer-Book. In a few moments the steward returned and presented the captain's compliments with the request that I would preach, and stating that he would read the service, which plan was arranged and carried out. Whether that sermon did any good, in winning sinners or helping saints, I do not know, but it made us many friends among the passengers, who introduced themselves and were very kind during the remainder of the voyage. I also preached the next Sabbath under similar conditions.

Some days after my first discourse, a lovely and intelligent lady from the city of New York introduced herself to me as Mrs. Meagher, the wife of the Irish patriot of that name, who afterwards became a general in the Union army, the commander of an Irish brigade at the battle of

Fredericksburg, and was killed at the head of his troops before that city. She knew that I was a Presbyterian and told me that she was reared in the Sunday-school of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Dr. J. W. Alexander was pastor, and had been a communing member of that church for some years. After marriage she united with the Catholic church, with which her husband was connected. She seemed a modest and lovely woman, and I think was returning from a visit to her husband's relatives in Ireland, from which he was expatriated and not allowed to return. In conversation she told me that there was a gentleman of the Catholic faith on board returning to his home in Canada from Australia, where he had resided several years; that he was very ill and would probably not survive to reach New York; that there was no Catholic priest on board to minister to his spiritual needs and asked if I would not consent to go in and talk with him. I told her it would be a pleasure to do so, if assured that he was willing to receive me. She said that she would arrange about that, and the next day went with and introduced me. I was received frankly and graciously. My conversation with him was on the fundamental truths of the gospel, exactly what it would have been with any other man in like situation professing the faith of Christ, embracing the simpler truths about sin and salvation, the redemption wrought through a crucified Messiah; faith, repentance, obedience, service, etc.,—to all which he gave a ready and cordial assent. I specially avoided controverted topics and dwelt only on what appeared to me, according to the teaching of scripture, to be essential to salvation. I was comforted by the thought that he and I were standing on the same foundation,—the Rock, Christ Jesus.

My precious father met us in New York and we were there together for two or three days, when we gladly turned towards the loved ones in dear old Virginia.

CHAPTER XIX

AMELIA-NAMOZINE

THE summer and fall of the year 1858 were spent in preaching at different points and among them a number of vacant country churches, to two or three of which I received calls to become their pastor. After mature consideration, it seemed to me best to accept the call from the Amelia Church. My old friend and classmate, Samuel Hamner Davis, a devout Christian and earnest, faithful minister, had filled this position for the past two years lovingly and acceptably, but in the mysterious providence of God, had been called to lay down his work and enter on his reward during this summer. His field of labor was confined to the upper part of the county with Amelia Court-House as its centre, but about this time Namozine Church, twenty miles east of the Court-House, became vacant and the arrangement was made between the two congregations, that while I was to be installed as pastor of Amelia Church only, I should take charge of both congregations for one year, giving one half my time to each. At the end of the year Namozine Church would secure a separate pastor. My field then covered the whole of Amelia County, which, as nearly as I can come at it, is forty miles long from east to west and ranges in width from five to thirty-five miles, with an average width perhaps of from twelve to fifteen miles. The three preaching points during this first year were Namozine in the east, Amelia C.-H. twenty miles to the west, and Paineville ten miles further west. My residence was about a mile and half north of Amelia C.-H. The members of the two churches were scattered over an area of from five hundred to six hundred square miles in Amelia, and there were besides some families in Dinwiddie County attached to Namozine Church, whose residences were from ten to twelve miles from their place of worship. The heads of two of these families were ruling elders in the church and they

attended service with commendable regularity when the roads were in passable condition. It must be remembered, however, that conditions in the country regions of eastern Virginia at that day were vastly different from what they are at present. At that time a large part of its citizens were in easy financial circumstances, some of them rich according to the estimate then common. A great majority of the people owned horses and vehicles, and a good proportion, slaves,—numbering five, ten, twenty, fifty or more. The servants were trustworthy, and gentlemen and ladies felt no hesitation in going from home to be absent a part or the whole of a day, leaving their premises and younger children to the care of the household servants. I never heard of any misadventure coming out of the confidence thus reposed. Masters were kind to their servants and trusted them. Servants felt their responsibility and lived up to it. The negro uncles, aunts and mammies of the olden time, as we then called them, are little known nowadays.

The ruling elders in both churches were men of unblemished character and held in high esteem in their several communities.

My work in Namozine Church was begun on the first Sabbath of December, 1858. In order to reach that point I had gone to Petersburg, where my father had provided a fine young and gentle horse, sulky and harness, as a present. Leaving the city after breakfast on Saturday, I drove twenty-five miles to the home of Col. W. F. C. Gregory, one of the elders of the church, where I spent the night. The next day I made many acquaintances before and after service, as the people were strangers to me, but I soon knew them all. After giving out the notices on this first Sabbath, I stated that while my residence would be more than twenty miles from the church, I would, D. V., be present at every appointment and that they might expect me without fail unless I was providentially hindered. I had furnished myself with everything necessary to protect me from rain or cold, whether I were traveling by vehicle or on horseback. My health was vigorous, energy unlimited and my powers of endurance large, so I did not hesitate, inexperienced as I was, to commit myself to a task that would be hard of

performance. The roads in Amelia, good enough in summer, were something peculiar amid the rains and snows, the freezes and thaws, of winter. Moreover, between Amelia C.-H. and Namozine there were two creeks, which under heavy rains were sometimes swollen to the extent that they could not be forded except at great peril. These things were unknown to me and not reckoned with when I gave notice that I might be expected without fail. Nevertheless, so far as I can remember, I did not miss an appointment, although I came dangerously near it once. I had spent Saturday night at the house of an old college mate, William A. Reese, in Dinwiddie County, now an elder in Namozine Church.

During the night there was a heavy downpour of rain. His house was ten or twelve miles from the church and a creek lay between. At breakfast time the atmosphere was murky and the skies lowering. Reese said he thought he would not venture out and advised that I should not attempt it, as I would have to cross a swollen creek and probably have to swim my horse. To my inquiry as to whether the ford was dangerous, he answered in the negative, and gave me directions how to proceed. In due time, therefore, I took my leave, mounted my horse and determined to reach the church in time, if possible. After having ridden a mile or two, I heard the clattering of horses' hoofs behind me, and there I saw Reese riding up. He led the way across the swollen creek in safety, it being necessary to swim a short distance at the middle of the stream, and we reached the church in time. That day I preached to sixty men and not a woman. Nearly all those present had to swim a creek in coming to and returning from church. This was the only time I recall when I preached to a congregation composed wholly of men, except in the army, and at Hampden-Sidney in a deep and driving snow.

Another experience in this part of the county brings vividly before me my old and cherished friend, Joseph B. Wilson, a deacon of Namozine Church, who lived on the road to Amelia C.-H. and five miles nearer the latter place. I had the privilege of spending many Saturday or Sunday nights at his home and always enjoyed his society. One

Sunday after dinner he told me that he wished I would go with him to visit an old man named Osborne Talley and his sister, Miss Polly, who lived about a mile away. He described them as poor but respectable people, eccentric, non-attendants of church, and he hoped our visit would be of service to them. I readily assented to his suggestion. We sauntered forth, enjoyed the walk through the forest, and ere long were at their cabin. I suppose the man was fifty-five years old and his sister a good deal older. He was a plain, unlettered, laboring man, eccentric in appearance and manner, but trustworthy and respected by the gentlemen in the neighborhood. She was not so eccentric but more ignorant, having led even a more restricted life, confined chiefly to the cabin and tract of land on which it stood, where they were born and reared, while he was accustomed to work about in the neighborhood and, more or less, to associate with his fellow-men. She was an industrious and skilled weaver, the apartment in which we were entertained holding her loom, while it also answered for her chamber. An introduction to them was a revelation to me. I had never met such a couple and was interested in them from the beginning. My conversation was chiefly with Miss Polly, who did most of the talking and told me a good deal about chickens, pigs and weaving. Before leaving I proposed that we should have worship. A dusty old Bible was produced. I read a brief passage, explaining it in simple language, to which both listened attentively and then I led in prayer. As I was telling Miss Polly good-bye, I heard Mr. Wilson say to the man, "Os, I wish you would come down to Namozine and hear Mr. McIlwaine preach. He is our preacher now and I want you to come to hear him." My curiosity being excited by what I heard, I looked in that direction and saw the old man straighten himself up, throw his head back, expand his arms on either side, as if to call attention to his person and heard him say with earnestness, "Joe Wilson, have I got any clothes fit to go to church in? These are all the clothes I have." To which Mr. Wilson immediately and kindly replied, "If you will go to church, I will give you a suit of clothes." To this the answer came back as quickly, "Well, Joe Wilson, you give me the clothes and I will go to church"; and he did, for at my next appoint-

ment as I drove up on the church grounds there I saw, standing in a group of gentlemen, as big a man as any of them, old Osborne Talley attired from head to foot in a new suit, new hat, new shoes, and seeming to feel himself a man. He became a regular attendant at church service, walking about five miles each way to and from church. I heard later on that he became a regular communicant of the church and lived and died a Christian.

I have often thought of this incident in connection with my old friend, Mr. Wilson, an admirable man, as an illustration of what good may be done and influence exerted by a humble, unostentatious child of God through an act of thoughtful and timely beneficence. Who knows but that the Recording Angel has written in the Book of Remembrance before the Throne of God the name of Joseph B. Wilson as the chief human factor in leading this immortal to Christ? Christians should do all they can to rescue their perishing fellow-men. Our religion as a "living sacrifice to God" is a very simple thing, consisting of everyday experiences and actions, called forth by individual conditions and circumstances. Every Christian can do something: Some can do much. Let every believer use his powers and improve his opportunities and it will not be long before the world will be won to Christ.

I do not think that I am or ever have been a bigot, disposed to depreciate sister churches or to treat their views of doctrine or discipline irreverently. I am, however, now inclined to think that in my early ministry I had an inordinate appreciation of some points in the Presbyterian system, not involved in the gospel of salvation, and to assign them a place of too great importance in ministerial instruction.

The following incident will illustrate what I mean: One Monday morning I was returning home from Namozine and on the road met one of my regular hearers at that point, a Methodist by church connection, who believed in immersion and had been immersed. He was a plain uncultured man, an earnest Christian, a Bible reader and an intelligent hearer, who enjoyed plain gospel preaching. He lived a mile or two from Osborne Talley's and I was anxious to get him to go over and read the Bible to

him and his sister. So after our salutation, I asked him if he would not visit the old people on some Sunday afternoons with this end in view. He said he would do so gladly. As I was about to bid him good-bye he said feelingly, "Brother McIlwaine, I like your preaching and so far as I have heard you, I go with you in everything you say. But there is one point on which we differ and there is one text in the Bible on which you cannot preach." To my inquiry as to what that one text was, he replied, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." I told him that I did not know but would think about it, and we parted fraternally.

As I drove on my way that text fixed itself on my mind, furnished the theme for careful thought during the remaining fifteen miles of my ride, and when I reached home I had the syllabus of a sermon wrought out in exposition of its truths. At the first opportunity I examined all the authorities on the text in my possession and having obtained their support of the correctness of my exegesis, I went to work and put my thoughts into manuscript. At my next appointment at Namozine I gave notice, that by request I would preach two weeks from that day on the Mode of Baptism, and announced the text.

The day came and on my arrival at the church, I found it full on the floor and in the gallery. A little later people were standing in the aisles and doorways and peering in at the windows. There were representatives of all the Christian denominations. A prominent figure on the front seat was a fat old gentleman, a man of excellent standing and a leader of the Baptist church in the neighborhood. It was a ticklish position for a young fellow of about six months experience in the ministry, but I was in for it and nothing daunted went ahead, receiving close attention from the whole congregation. I am glad to say there was not a syllable in the discourse adapted to give offense or to wound the feelings of the most sensitive. It was simply an exposition of Bible truth as I understood it.

When the service was over and the congregation dismissed, I remained in the pulpit until the church was empty, contrary to custom, and then on reaching the door I saw many people standing in groups engaged in conver-

sation. As I passed the group nearest the door, I noticed among several others Col. Gregory, at whose home I expected to spend that night, the fat old Baptist gentleman, and my friend, Moore, the Methodist immersionist,—the two latter engaged in vehement discussion, to which the others were listening. I went on unobserved, got into my sulky and drove off quietly towards Col. Gregory's. Before I reached my destination, my host had caught up with me and we arrived at his gate together. To my inquiry, "What were Moore and old Mr. ——— talking about so earnestly as I passed you gentlemen in coming out of church?" he replied, "Moore was telling him, that if he had been on his way to be immersed and had gotten his foot in the edge of the water and had heard that sermon, he would not have gone a step further but would have turned around and been baptized by pouring or sprinkling." So I made one convert that day, and that on a non-essential point of our religion, so far as the grace of salvation is concerned. I presume and hope that he was a happier Christian afterwards, being in full accord with the church of his choice.

Soon after this I met Mr. Moore again, when he thanked me, told me that he agreed with every word of my discourse and was thoroughly satisfied with the position he now held. He also told me that he had been over to see our old friends, Osborne Talley and Miss Polly, and read several passages of scripture in their hearing. Among others he read the first chapter of Job. When he came to the verse enumerating the wealth of Job, and uttered the words, "His substance was also seven thousand sheep," he was interrupted by the sharp, catchy voice of Miss Polly, saying, "Stop there, Mr. Moore. Stop! How many sheep did you say that man had?" To which he replied, "Seven thousand." "Good gracious!" she ejaculated, "I wish I had some of the wool!" Poor woman, she found it hard to get all the wool she needed for her work, and her mind naturally turned to everyday things. It may be, however, that some grain of truth found lodgment in her heart through this good man's instrumentality, which, watered by the Divine Spirit, sprang up and brought forth fruit in her everlasting salvation. Who knows?

Before leaving the incident of this sermon I desire to say that I have no quarrel with our Baptist brethren on the "Mode of Baptism." While firmly convinced that the weight of scripture truth favors baptism by affusion, I regard this as one of the non-essentials in religion,—as Baptists themselves also do when they acknowledge Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians as Christians and brethren in a common faith and heirs of a common salvation. My total divergence from them is on their practice of "Close Communion" in which they exclude all non-immersed believers from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and from fellowship in their churches. For this they have, so far as I can see, absolutely no scriptural authority, and it can only be defended as a remnant of the dark ages, to which they adhere in a spirit utterly at variance with the doctrine of the great Apostle; "Charity suffereth long and is kind: Charity envieth not: Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." Those great leaders of religious thought in bygone generations in England, Robert Hall and Charles Spurgeon, got far beyond this narrow horizon, and it is hoped that this great body of Christian people in America will break off the shackles which bind them to the unintelligent and unloving past and come into full accord with the Christian sentiment of the twentieth century and into communion with all who acknowledge Jesus as *Lord*, and direct their lives by his word.

A few Sabbaths since (1906) I spent the day at Carroll C.-H., Va. The only Christian service was held at the Methodist church and it was communion Sunday. Thither my feet tended at the appointed hour. I heard an excellent sermon and all the exercises were instructive and edifying. I felt that I was among brethren. An invitation to commune was given not only to Methodists but to all professing Christians and to ministers of other denominations. It was a blessed opportunity to me to affiliate with brethren in a common faith and I think I can truthfully say that I never enjoyed and profited more by any such season throughout my long life. I came away refreshed, strengthened, and better fitted for the work and service of God.

Now suppose that had been a Baptist communion. No cheering, fraternal invitation to participate in the worship

of my God would have been given, no recognition of my Christian or ministerial standing would have been accorded, but I would have been treated as a pariah from their fold, and would have come away disheartened, distressed, mortified. Which is right? which, Christian? Which is in accord with the instincts of our common humanity, with the teaching of reason, with the explicit commands of God's word? The answer, to an unprejudiced mind, it seems to me, is not far to seek.

CHAPTER XX

NAMOZINE

It was understood, when I spent a night at Col. Gregory's, that I would hold service for the negroes. Quite a number would come in from the adjoining farms and the family would also attend. The room in which the service was held had seats for from a hundred to a hundred and twenty and was generally full on such occasions. It happened that on the evening in question a venerable Methodist minister, Rev. Jesse Powers, whose life was now chiefly devoted to ministrations among the colored people, came in not knowing that I was there. I had met him in the upper part of the county but had never before been brought into close contact with him, and was glad of the opportunity to know him better. He was a striking character. I do not suppose that he had much book-learning or that he was ever a brilliant speaker, but he was well versed in the scriptures and thoroughly consecrated to the service of God and man. He was an old bachelor. Whether he was ever disappointed in love or had never felt the tender passion, I do not know. The scrupulous neatness of his person and of everything about him impressed me. How he managed it, traveling about from place to place in all sorts of weather and preaching in all parts of the county, is hard to understand. He had a beautiful little dappled cream-colored mare, "fat as a butter ball and slick as a ribbon," and his sulky and harness and jaunty little saddle and bridle were in keeping. Wherever he and his "get-up" were seen, everything was above criticism. But he was an earnest, godly man, with his mind intent on doing something to help and bless somebody. One of his marked characteristics was exact truthfulness, transparent candor, apparent incapacity to approach or tolerate anything looking towards falsehood. He was also a plain-spoken, and when occasion demanded, an outspoken man.

While not a great talker, yet when he opened his lips, you could depend on getting the exact representation of the facts as they appeared to him. No allurements of personal popularity and no demand of social etiquette could tempt him to veer a hair's breadth from strict veracity. One Sunday he was sitting in the pulpit with a well-known ministerial brother, who was preaching on the need of regeneration and in his enthusiasm stated with emphasis that if the sinner could get to heaven without being born again, he would be unhappy, out of sympathy with his surroundings, and so miserable that he would beg to be sent to hell, and turning to Brother Powers asked, "Is it not so, brother?" to which the honest old man quickly replied in a distinct, audible voice that rang through the house, "No, brother, it is not so!" "It is so," shouted the preacher, "and I will prove it. Suppose a wild Indian were taken from his native forest, brought into our civilized society and introduced into a parlor of refined and cultured ladies and gentlemen, wouldn't he feel more at home among his own people and wish to be back among them again?" "Yes, brother," the old man gravely replied, "but he wouldn't be so miserable as to prefer to be in the fire!"

The late Judge F. R. Farrar ("Johnny Reb") used to tell enough stories about the old saint, illustrative of this ideal quality, to fill a volume. The following is one of them. The old gentleman had spent the night at the house of a prominent Methodist not far from Amelia C.-H., where he had often been welcomed before. The next morning at breakfast it developed that the bread was sour, perhaps not enough to be remarked on, but nevertheless sour. The old gentleman was engaged in eating it, when the worthy dame at the head of the table called attention to the disagreeable fact. Brother Powers said nothing but continued to satisfy his hunger with what was "set before him, asking no questions," and accepting no suggestions. The old lady, however, not to be thwarted in her effort to wring from her guest the admission that the bread was not very bad, apologized the second time. This also failed to elicit the longed-for response. Brother Powers just kept his eyes on his plate and went ahead eating more lustily than ever, in a quandary doubtless, not knowing

what to say and resolved that he would not tell a lie. But the good woman, not satisfied, and with a fatality that sometimes overtakes the wariest of the sex, was so left to herself as to apologize the third time. This was too much for the old man, and turning his benevolent face toward the head of the table he uttered the following words; "Sister ———, if I were you, I would stop talking about this bread. It is mean enough!" This, I confess, was rough, too rough, and yet it was better than telling a lie. It seems to me, however, that a man of more social culture and equal honesty might have found more euphemistic terms, and thus been able to soothe rather than irritate the feelings of a distressed woman. This scene at the breakfast table "threw a coldness on the meeting" and soon afterwards Mr. Powers said to his host, "Brother ———, I wish you would have my horse caught." In a little while his host returned and said, "Brother Powers, your horse is at the rack." The two men then walked out together, the latter with his saddlebags in hand, but when he caught sight of his beautiful animal with the saddle all twisted and awry on her back, he paused, laid down his burden and said, "Brother ———, who did put that saddle on that horse?" To which Brother ——— replied, "I did: the negroes are down in the low grounds working tobacco and I put it on myself." "Well," ejaculated Brother Powers, "Brother ———, if your religion doesn't set on you any better than that saddle sets on that horse, I advise you to begin and get it over again." Then they parted.

Soon after the old gentleman put in an appearance at Col. Gregory's, I told him that I had expected to preach to the negroes after supper but that I hoped he would take charge and conduct the service. To this he demurred and suggested that he should perform the first part of the service and preach a short sermon and that I should follow and conclude the exercises. This arrangement was agreed on and executed without making the service longer than usual. The rest of the evening was spent in pleasant conversation with the family, after which we were shown to our room. When our host retired and the door was closed the godly old man turned to me with a fraternal look on his counten-

ance, and in a tender voice said, "Brother McIlwaine, we have been trying to do the Lord's work to-day: let's kneel down and tell him about it. I will make a short prayer and you follow."—He lived and continued to labor for years after this, leading the life and dying the death of the righteous. It is a pity that his biography was not written, for in some important respects he was a first-class exemplar of Christian and ministerial fidelity and activity.

As illustrative of the strenuous work I did during this period, I will mention two incidents. I was spending a day or two in Farmville with my family, where they were on a visit, when, late one evening, I received a telegram telling me that the eldest son of Dr. E. H. Allen, a resident of the upper end of Dinwiddie County and an elder in Namozine Church, was dead and his funeral would take place the next day at eleven o'clock. In order to meet this appointment and attend to other imperative pastoral engagements the following day, it was necessary for me to leave Farmville by rail at eleven o'clock that night, reaching Amelia C.-H. at one o'clock the next morning, to walk a mile and a half to the place of my residence, make arrangements to have my horse fed, myself awaked and breakfast ready at sunrise, and then to drive over thirty miles by eleven o'clock. This was done in ample time, the funeral sermon preached and the burial service performed, and I found myself back at my residence by sundown, having dined with a friend by the way on the return trip and driven between sixty and seventy miles that day. It was customary at that time to preach a regular discourse at funerals, whether of adults or infants.

On another occasion, I had to drive twenty miles from the place where I received the message to Amelia Springs to conduct the funeral services of Mrs. Thomas Clairborne Wilson, wife of the proprietor of the springs. The funeral was set for three o'clock P. M. the following day. I started at sunrise expecting to arrive at my destination at one o'clock, but it poured down during the preceding night, was raining heavily when I began my drive, continued during the day, and there were two swollen creeks to be crossed. My horse went off briskly, but under the influence of mud and rain soon began to fag and before I had

gone halfway settled down to a walk. It was five o'clock in the afternoon before I ended my journey. As I drove up a friend of the family came out to meet me. When I began to apologize and deplore my tardiness, he said that the weather was such that they hardly thought I could get there at all, and that if I had been on time it would have availed nothing as the grave was full of water and the funeral had been deferred until the next day. (Of course these incidents are not meant to be typical of my everyday life, but they do faithfully represent many scenes through which I passed then and in later years amid other surroundings.) After the funeral services on this occasion were concluded and I had told the members of the family good-bye, one of Mr. Wilson's sons went with me to my vehicle and handed me a twenty-dollar gold piece as a present from his father. I declined to accept it and asked him to return it with my thanks, telling him that I had never been offered a gift for such a service. He said that it was a prescriptive custom in his family and that his father would be wounded, if I did not accept it. I told him that under these circumstances I would take it, although I would not use it for my personal benefit but would give it to some person who needed it. I do not remember ever being offered money afterwards for this service except on two occasions, and singularly enough the next case was by a member of this same Wilson family a few months later.

The third instance occurred in the fall of 1863, when I was settled in Farmville. A lady, a native of Prince Edward, had married a gentleman in Jetersville, had been a member of my church in Amelia and had frequently entertained me at her house when I preached at that point. When her husband died, I went down at her request and performed the funeral service and returned home. A day or two afterwards I was walking in the lower end of Main Street, Farmville, when I met a brother of this lady, who approached me and said, "I am glad to see you. I was just looking for you; here is some money that my sister, Mrs. ——— asked me to give you,"—holding out at the same time a roll of Confederate notes amounting to one hundred dollars. I replied, "Mr. ———, I can't accept that money from your sister. I never dreamed of such a

thing. It was a pleasure to me to be with and minister to her in her affliction. Send back the money with assurances of my love and appreciation." He responded seriously, "I hope you will take it, for I am sure she will be hurt if you don't." I then said, "Well, I will take it but will give it away." I retraced my steps, going up, instead of down the street as I had started, in a "brown study" as to what I should do with that money, when I saw approaching me a godly old preacher, a chaplain of the Confederate Hospital at that post, a saint of God and a courageous and consecrated man, whom I had learned to know and honor and love,—his head bowed down, evidently in deep thought. He had a large family and no means except his meagre salary and it occurred to me at once, "Here is the man to whom this money belongs." We met, saluted each other fraternally and I said, "Brother ———, here is a hundred dollars, which I have just received as a present for preaching a funeral. It has occurred to me that it may be a convenience to you to have it. I cannot use it for myself and I shall be thankful if it will be of use to you." He lifted his hands and said, "Brother McIlwaine, if an angel from heaven had told you what to do with that money, you could not have been better directed. I was just walking along here wondering where I am to get wood to keep my wife and children from suffering, and now it is provided." Handing him the roll of notes, I said, "Well, Sir, if it gives you as much pleasure to receive as it does me to bestow it, we are happy," and we parted, both thankful for the opportunity.

By what I have said in the foregoing paragraphs, I do not intend to intimate that there are not occasions when it may be entirely right for relatives of the deceased to show substantial appreciation of ministerial service, especially where expense has been incurred in rendering it. Nor do I think it wrong in a minister, who needs it, to appropriate such a gift to his own uses. "Circumstances alter cases" and the individuals must judge for themselves. It does seem to me, however, that it would be painfully injurious to the relations existing between preacher and people for those receiving personal ministerial service to feel under obligation to offer remuneration, or for those rendering

such service to expect personal reward. In other words, the commercial spirit ought to be kept, as far as possible, out of the church and dis severed altogether from the work of ministers of the gospel. It is true that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," but "his hire" is due from his congregation for his aggregate service and not from individuals for specific work. Let the church see that its ministers are adequately supported, and then let ministers give themselves ungrudgingly to their work.

I had not been in the Namozine field long before it became evident to me that the thing most needed was a church building over in the border of Dinwiddie County in order to meet the wants of families residing in that vicinity, and to afford a field in connection with Namozine for the labor and support of a pastor for lower Amelia and upper Dinwiddie. On expressing this opinion to the officers of the church, it was readily concurred in and measures adopted at once to raise the money for the erection of the building. The people of the congregation contributed liberally and in addition to some gifts I secured for them in Petersburg, an amount sufficient was soon in hand. The site was located a short distance from Ford's Depot and the building was dedicated the next autumn, Rev. Dr. T. V. Moore of Richmond preaching the dedicatory sermon. It was called Hebron and is still in use. Not long after this Rev. H. H. Hawes took charge of this field, which he served efficiently several years.

The year's work in this part of my charge was inspiring, helpful to me, and of service to the church. A good many additions were made to its communion, its members were strengthened and animated with fresh courage and hope. The future looked brighter and more cheerful. I had labored hard, made many valued friends, learned much from experience, and I left the field with grateful recollections of a kind and appreciative people. The children of several of them are now living in Richmond and Manchester and, so far as known to me, are Christians and Presbyterians.

CHAPTER XXI

AMELIA, VA.

THE morning after my first service at Namozine Church I drove up to the residence of Capt. S. S. Weisiger,—afterwards Circuit Judge with his residence in Petersburg,—where I made my home during my pastorate in Amelia. That week was devoted to making acquaintances, arranging my library and getting ready for work. On the next Sabbath I was ordained to the full work of the ministry by the Presbytery of East Hanover, the ministers present and constituting the Presbytery being Rev. Dr. T. V. Moore of Richmond, Rev. Dr. A. W. Miller of Petersburg, and Rev. Edward Martin of Nottoway County. The preaching places in the upper part of the county for the first year were Amelia C.-H. and Paineville, each once a month. A weekly prayer-meeting was held from spring to fall at Amelia C.-H. and was well attended. After I gave up Namozine, the Sunday services were arranged for Amelia C.-H. twice a month, Paineville once and Jetersville once, the fifth Sabbath being given to other points as occasion seemed to require.

This church in Amelia was not a strong one, though composed of excellent people, men and women. My recollection is that it numbered about thirty white members with nearly as many colored communicants. The women were forward in every good word and work and the men were responsive. The Session, consisting at first of three members, Dr. Joseph B. Anderson, John G. Jefferson, and John E. Perkinson, was strong in the character and interest of its members. Two excellent men were added later in Dr. George W. Tinsley and Dr. W. G. Dalby.

I do not remember any member of the Presbyterian Church as living in the village of Amelia C.-H. The dwellers there, so far as connected with churches, were Methodists and Episcopalians, with one family of Jews.

They generally attended our services. I distinctly remember the Jews among my hearers. This family afterwards removed to Richmond and its head became successful and prominent in business circles. Within two or three miles of the court-house there was a number of Presbyterian families. The residences of others ranged as far as from fifteen to eighteen miles distant.

My first business, besides attending to the public exercises of worship, was to get acquainted with the people in their homes; to this end I gave Monday and Tuesday of each week and the afternoons of other days to systematic pastoral visitation. Along with this I inquired diligently for the location of families which were not affiliated with any church, of whom there were a good many, and visited them. Many of these became regular attendants on our services and some of them members of the church. Thus I took under my charge those within reach who had no pastoral attention, and the influence and usefulness of the church were enlarged. In devoting a whole day to pastoral work my plan was to strike out for the family most remote on that road, spend about an hour in conversation, try to get into contact with old and young, making the acquaintance of the children, as well as the grown people, and closing the visit with reading the scriptures and prayer. Then I struck for another family nearer home, endeavoring to get there as soon after twelve o'clock as possible, so that it might be understood that I expected to take dinner. In the afternoon I would seek to make another visit and arrive at home about sundown, having accomplished a good day's work and being ready for a good night's work at my books.

Among the first all-day visits made, and perhaps the very first, I met with a condition which gave me pause. I made my more distant call and got through with it all right, reached on time my second point where I expected to take dinner, and was cordially received by the head of the house. After a while his little daughter came in, bright and sweet, which was a pleasant diversion. I expected dinner to be announced about one o'clock, but we talked and talked until we pretty well ran out of talk. I was told that the lady of the house was well and would be in after

a while. So we talked on until three o'clock, when dinner was announced. I had a most gracious reception from my genial hostess, richly attired in handsome garments. When I looked at the table and saw a steaming bacon ham at one end, a splendid roast turkey at the other, a joint of meat on one side and a half a dozen varieties of vegetables spread out, and later on a luscious dessert, the explanation of the late dinner was not far to seek. But I was stumped. I thought that this kind of thing, if it were continued among the people, would be an encumbrance to me and a burden to them. After reflection, at my next appointment at the court-house, without the slightest allusion to what had occurred, I gave notice that I was engaged in an effort to meet the people of the congregation in their homes, that in making these visits I would fall in on some of them about dinner time, that I hoped they would receive me, not as a stranger but as a friend and a member of their family, without making a particle of preparation beyond what would be made in my absence; that by acceding to this request they would greatly help me in my work and be saved from all unnecessary trouble on my account. From that time I never hesitated to drop in on any of our families and always received cordial, homelike hospitality.

It soon came to be understood that when I visited families too remote for the children to attend Sunday-school, I would hear the catechism. I can now recall seeing the dear little things playing about in the yard, who, when they saw me, would scamper into the house and pretty soon appear where I was, with smiling faces, brushed hair and spotless white aprons, ready to be quizzed. When a little one recited the Child's Catechism without error, he was presented a copy of the New Testament, and when he had mastered the Shorter Catechism, with a neat Bible. Since I have been living in Richmond one of its valued citizens, a gentleman now between fifty-five and sixty years of age, who was then a member of the Amelia Sabbath-school, has told me that he has in his possession the Bible I presented him and that he holds it as one of his chief treasures.

The people with whom I associated in Amelia were chiefly Presbyterians and those who needed my pastoral attention. I made many pleasant acquaintances on the court

green and at other public gatherings, and was on the best of terms with brethren of other Christian denominations, but my time was mainly occupied with the work I had come to the county to do. Such sentences from the Bible as "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" and "This one thing I do," early impressed me, and perhaps a constitutional tendency added force to their teaching.

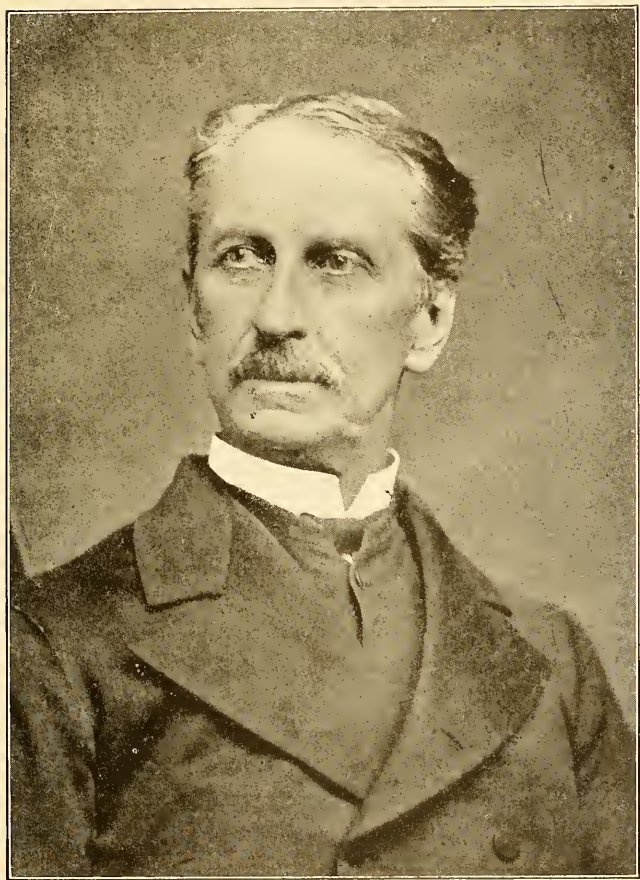
The citizens with whom I came in contact were generally in comfortable, a few in affluent circumstances. I can recall but a single family which needed and received assistance from the church. There was one old gentleman,—about sixty years of age, I guess,—who was well off, with a good plantation, a number of servants, money to lend, no children, but a wife who was fond of fine dresses and bonnets. I was told that he gave ten dollars annually to the pastor's salary and nothing to anything else. I had made his acquaintance, was favorably impressed and wanted to do him some good. He was a sober, sedate, thoughtful man, regular at church and prayer-meeting, and was regarded as strictly honest and upright, but he evidently was not happy. My impression is that he was too self-centred,—not selfish in the sense that he would injure anyone else to promote his own welfare, but that he did not make the interests of others his care, and thought too much of mere worldly accumulation. He needed a broader life. One patent want that struck me about the Sunday-school was that of a library. There were no books for the children to take home with them. This was a glaring need that must be supplied. On inquiry I found that a suitable library of one hundred volumes could be secured for thirty dollars. But where was the money to come from? That was a problem easy of solution, for if I had thought it wise, I could readily and without embarrassment have supplied it myself. Or if I had explained the need and desirableness of this addition to the efficiency of the school to the three elders of the church, all of whom were men of means and ready to respond to such appeals, I do not doubt the amount would have been secured at once. Neither of these methods was satisfactory. Another and better idea had taken possession of my mind. It was simply this: to get my old "self-centred" friend, good man and true as I believed him

to be, to give the money with the belief that "in watering others, he also himself would be watered." This, however, was not so easy to accomplish as it is to write about.

The first time the subject was broached, he shook his head. He could not do it. I argued the question with him, setting forth the benefits that I thought would accrue to him on the one hand and to the children on the other, and asked him to think and pray over it and told him I would see him again. I did see him again, and again, and within a short time he authorized me to purchase the library. When the books arrived at Amelia C.-H., they were placed in a neat case, made in the village and furnished with lock and key. I informed the donor of the fact and asked him to be present at Sabbath-school the next Sunday that he might see the children take out the books. He was there in time, as I was also. I can now recall the serene and bright smile of pleasure which wreathed his countenance and expressed his satisfaction. I think it was one of the happiest moments of his life. He was on a higher plane of Christian thought and activity. His sympathies were broadened. In blessing others, he himself had been blessed.

Some months after this, Rev. Dr. J. M. P. Atkinson, President of Hampden-Sidney College, came down to Amelia for the purpose of raising money for the College. I drove him around to see the gentlemen in the upper part of the county, who would probably coöperate in his effort, each of whom, with one exception, gave him one hundred dollars. The last person approached was the former "ten-dollar man," later "the thirty-dollar man," who now on the statement of the case by Dr. Atkinson, without persuasion and as a matter of privilege, mounted up to the position of "the hundred-dollar man," a broader, better, happier Christian man. What a transformation! Yet how simple the process by which it had been made. It is open to every Christian who will abandon the "self-centred" attitude and do something in accord with his means for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men.

A notable protracted meeting was held in the Amelia Church during the summer of 1859. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge of Richmond, with such assistance as its inexperienced pastor could give him.



MOSES D. HOGE, D.D., LL.D.

I had known Dr. Hoge from my childhood, had heard him preach often, but had never come into close touch with him until now. He was the guest of Captain Weisiger, with whom I lived, generally rode with me to and from church, and sometimes after the second service would accompany me on pastoral visits. I was thus thrown with him most of the time and learned to honor and love him as a great and good man. Ties were thus early formed between us which were strengthened by further intimate association in later years. His memory is precious to me: his name and work devoutly cherished. He was altogether a remarkable man, few like him. His sympathies were broad and his heart tender. He loved to be helpful to those in need and was ever ready to help his ministerial brethren. I am under the impression that for years preceding 1861 there was no Presbyterian minister in any of our Virginia cities who preached so much in the country and knew and understood its people so well. A native of the Southside, a resident during a large part of his youth, having married one of its daughters and being closely connected with many of its people, he knew them well and was specially fitted to understand and minister to their spiritual needs. He was at home among them, was one of them, could influence and help them. This was evident from the beginning to the end of his service in Amelia. He was there not as a stranger but a friend, and the people flocked to hear him. The word of God was expounded with simplicity, enforced earnestly. His preaching was powerful and accompanied with the demonstration of the Spirit. His prayers, offered in humility and sincerity, were heard. From day to day the fruit of his labors appeared and by the end of the week twenty-two persons were ready to connect themselves with the Presbyterian Church besides others, who afterwards joined other churches. Much the larger portion of those received into Amelia Church had theretofore no affiliation with it and were received by baptism. Both he and I were thankful to God for his loving kindness and happy in the blessing which had been bestowed.

As we were about to enter the pulpit on Sabbath morning, I requested Dr. Hoge to receive the new members into the fellowship of the church, as most of them had to be

baptized and I had never administered this ordinance to adults. He thought a moment and then said with tenderness but emphasis, "No, Sir! No, Sir! you are their pastor. Now is the time to gather their affections about you and this is the way to do it. You do it yourself." I felt the force of what he said and knew that it was useless to say anything else. So when the time arrived I announced the names, propounded the usual questions, commended the new members to the fellowship of the brethren, made a brief address of encouragement and exhortation, led the congregation in prayer, went down, administered the rite of baptism to those who had not already received it, returned to the pulpit, gave out a hymn and took my seat beside Dr. Hoge,—feeling nervous and somewhat abashed.

An incident then occurred which I have never forgotten, can never forget. As I sat down he moved up closer to me, took my hand in his, pressed it and said feelingly, "You did it first rate, *first rate!* I could not have done it better myself." That was a revelation to me: a revelation of the big-heartedness of the man, of his interest in me, of his desire to strengthen, cheer and help me. And thus I found him throughout life, even down to the last.

One great need of the Amelia Church at this time, as indeed of most of our Virginia churches, was some systematic plan of securing contributions to the support of the individual church and of the benevolent causes of the whole church. This matter was greatly neglected. I gave it early and earnest attention, brought it before the Session and with its approval before the church. By the end of my first year of service, I had wrought out a plan, which was adopted and put into operation on January 1, 1860, a printed copy of which is before me and is as follows:

DEACON'S LIST
OF
CONTRIBUTIONS TO BENEVOLENT OBJECTS FOR THE YEAR
1860

AMELIA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Contingent Fund, to be paid in January Dol. cts.
Board of Domestic Missions, to be paid in March . . Dol. cts.

Board of Church Extension, to be paid in April. .Dol. cts.
 Board of Foreign Missions, to be paid in June. . . .Dol. cts.
 Board of Publication, to be paid in September. . . .Dol. cts.
 Board of Education, to be paid in December. . . .Dol. cts.
 (Name)

It is exceedingly desirable that Christians should seek exactness and promptitude in exercising "the grace of giving." Let every one *conscientiously* determine how much of the substance which God hath given him it is his duty to put into the Lord's treasury. Be the amount large or small, accompany the gift with prayer for the divine blessing. Before affixing the sums to the various objects, read Malachi 3:8-12; Proverbs 3:9-10; and I Corinthians 16:1-2.

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 Deacons.

A copy of this printed circular was put into the hands of every member of the church. The plan was generally accepted and adopted, awakened a feeling of individual responsibility and led to much-increased contributions. After its success was assured the circular was published in *The Central Presbyterian*, accompanied by some remarks of commendation, which stimulated other churches to increased attention to this important subject and to fuller realization of their duty and privilege. In the light of modern methods and the enlarged agencies for stimulating and securing aid for these causes, this plan seems simple and comparatively ineffective, but it was a beginning in the right direction and far in advance of what was common at that day.

CHAPTER XXII

AMELIA (CONTINUED)

DURING the summer of 1860 another interesting series of protracted services were held in the Amelia Church, conducted by Rev. Edward Martin of Nottoway County. Mr. Martin was the son of the venerable John Martin of Richmond, an Irishman by birth and all the better for that, a consecrated Christian, an elder of the First Presbyterian Church and one of the two original elders of the Second Church, of which Dr. Hoge was first pastor, by whom he was greatly beloved and revered. He was brother to Rev. Dr. Alexander Martin of Danville, Rev. Roger Martin of North Carolina, and Rev. S. T. Martin, pastor of Dublin and New Dublin Churches at the time of his death,—and was an open-hearted, impulsive, genial man, a successful pastor and a preacher of unusual power and influence. I regard him as one of the foremost all-round men in the Presbytery of East Hanover, and it was composed of exceptionally able men. He was at his best in our meetings, preached with earnestness and acceptance, had fine congregations and close attention and was instrumental in bringing many to a decision of the great question of their personal salvation. My recollection is that at the close of the meeting about as large a number were received into the church as had been a year before. He afterwards became pastor of the church at St. Charles, Mo., where he died after years of useful service.

The only case of discipline that occurred during my pastorate in Amelia interested me specially as an evidence that such procedure is sometimes necessary for the vindication of the guiltless, no less than for the admonition and reclamation of the erring. Immediately after one of the old County Court days it was currently reported that an aged member of the church had been on the court green under the influence of liquor and that he had spent the

night at the house of a Christian man in the neighborhood, who stated that he was drunk. He was an old citizen of respectability and enjoyed the confidence of friends. It was, however, alleged that he was too convivial, and when under the influence of liquor, too pugnacious. The evidence seemed so direct as to leave no doubt in regard to the facts. While the case was being investigated another charge of a different and more serious character was bruited abroad, to wit: that he had been guilty of making a false statement in regard to the amount of wheat which had been threshed for him, thus defrauding the owner of the machine. The report was traced to its source and when approached, its originator, a member of a sister church—a man of trustworthy reputation—stated that he had threshed the wheat, leaving it to be fanned from the chaff by its owner, had received his report and been paid for so many bushels; that a few days afterwards he was at the depot, and saw the wheat about to be shipped to Richmond and that there were some ten bushels more than had been accounted for. His statement seemed clear and incontrovertible, and he said that he was willing to appear before the Session of the church and in the presence of the accused, to make this statement. On the one hand there was the account given by the owner of the wheat; on the other the books at the depot showed an excess of ten bushels over what had been reported. These statements were passed from mouth to mouth throughout the county and believed by many. I myself was staggered and unable to account for the discrepancy, yet I did not think it possible that the old gentleman, of whom I had heard pleasant things and who had an excellent social position, could be guilty of such petty meanness and crime. Nevertheless, when the Session met it was the unanimous opinion that the honor of the church, no less than the reputation of one of its members, was involved, and summonses were ordered to be served on the accused and the witnesses.

A day or two later the accused appeared in my study, indignant and irate, reproached me for allowing such a summons to be issued and said categorically that he would not appear. I kept perfectly cool, dwelt chiefly on the charge about the wheat and told him frankly that while I

did not understand it, I did not believe the charge against him; but that the report was scattered abroad everywhere, and unless the matter was satisfactorily explained his reputation was forever ruined. This seemed to pacify him somewhat, and in a calmer mood he said there was no real discrepancy between him and his accuser; that he had reported and paid for exactly the number of bushels of wheat that were threshed, that the other ten bushels were screenings for which no charge was ever made, which he always gave to his negroes and which were being sold for their benefit. I was rejoiced to hear this, told him so and stated that the explanation was satisfactory to me, but that the accusation was against him and unless cleared up by the judgment of men in whom the people had confidence, public opinion would be against him and the church of which he was a member. To this he replied that great injustice had been done him and that he would not appear. I then told him that in that event the only recourse left the Session would be to summon him a second time, and if he did not then appear, to take the evidence and issue the case. He left me much mollified but apparently determined as ever.

In due time the day for trial came. The members of the Session and the witnesses to the charge of drunkenness were present. After waiting awhile, much to our relief, in walked the accused, calm and sedate. The charge of drunkenness was taken up and when it with the specifications had been read, the accused, without waiting for testimony, made a frank confession with acknowledgment of his sincere sorrow and a promise that by the help of God he would not be guilty again. The case was easily disposed of by a sentence of reprimand before the Session and an announcement of the facts from the pulpit.

Soon after this decision was reached, the witness in the graver case appeared and its trial was begun. He stated the facts contained in the reports in circulation as he believed them and had given them currency. When he got through I, enlightened by the conversation I had with the accused, took the witness in hand in cross-examination, brought out the facts that in threshing wheat it was customary to make no charge for screenings, that ten bushels

of trash wheat was not an excessive amount for the size and character of the crop in question, and that in the light of these facts, which he had not considered, there were no grounds for the charge of dishonesty. The accused had listened with intent interest to the statements of the witness and to every question and answer without saying a word. I then asked each member of the Session if he had any question he wished to ask, and when this was through, turned to the accused and asked him if he had anything to say. The old man arose with tears in his eyes, a tremor in his voice, and said, "Mr. McIlwaine, I want to thank you, Sir; I want to thank you. I now see that but for this investigation, my reputation in the community would have been ruined. I am perfectly satisfied to leave the matter in the hands of you gentlemen." The case was soon issued in the complete exoneration of the accused. A statement of the facts was also ordered to be made from the pulpit of Amelia Church. When this last point was suggested the old gentleman arose modestly and asked that the announcement be made not only at the Court-House but also at another preaching point, as injurious reports were being circulated in that neighborhood. After prayer the Session adjourned, all parties thankful to God that the steps taken and the conclusion arrived at were satisfactory. After that I never heard of the slightest departure from the path of Christian rectitude on the part of that frail but worthy man, and so far from the incident producing alienation, it bound us all together closer in sympathy and Christian fellowship.

I am persuaded that one of the grand needs of the church in all its different branches at the present day is faithful and exemplary discipline, and that not only in individual congregations but sometimes among the ministers of religion. There have been cases in the not remote past which have brought contempt on Christianity and done incalculable harm to the cause of Christ. There may be such to-day, well-defined reports of falsehood, deceit, drunkenness, impurity, impiety, Sabbath-breaking, sloth and other evils, of which the civil law takes slight cognizance, but which are clearly offenses against the law of Christ. Are they to be allowed to go on, to spread their noxious in-

fluence, to propagate their deadly virus? Shall we shut our eyes and cry, "Peace, peace!" where there is no peace? The religion of the Bible is far more than a creed to be professed. It is a life to be lived according to the commandment and example of the Master. The officers of the church have the responsibility laid on them and in accepting office they acknowledge it, to "watch for souls as they that must give account." The command is plain: "Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God which He hath purchased with his blood." It is the elders that rule well, that are "counted worthy of double honor," and a heavy responsibility rests on them. It is true that you cannot drive religion into wicked men, but if needs be you can drive them out of the church and keep them from ruining others by their example and influence.

An interesting feature of the Amelia church was the fact that it had on its rolls some twenty-five or thirty colored members, men and women, against not one of whom was there ever during my pastorate any charge of immorality or impropriety. Among them was that old saint, Uncle Hampton, their leader and guide, who by appointment had oversight of their spiritual condition. Most of them were generally at church in good weather, the gallery being full. Uncle Hampton always occupying his accustomed seat, no matter how great the crowd. On sacramental occasions the colored communicants were invited to take their seats on the right and left of the pulpit and were served with the elements just as were the others.

Uncle Hampton was an unusual old man, pious, devout and regular. When I knew him he was superannuated; that is, he was beyond the period of work. His master, Mr. J. G. Jefferson, provided him with a comfortable cabin and with everything necessary for his comfort and welfare. He had a little garden which he cultivated himself, a pig and some chickens, with the freedom of the plantation. He was contented and happy, his mind being much occupied with the truths of the gospel and the glorious hope it inspires. He enjoyed the respect of all who knew him, old and young. Many a time when I was preaching and would

say something that struck him, he would ejaculate, "Thankee, Jesus! Thankee, Jesus!" in a clear, audible voice, but I never at such times saw a smile on the countenance of a child or grown person. No one ever thought of restraining his religious fervor.

During the spring, summer, and fall I preached to the negroes once a month at the church in the afternoon, when the building was filled to repletion. There was close attention and apparently a deep impression. At other times I held service on the plantations. At the home of Mr. Jefferson it was understood that when I was seen on the place, except at seedtime and harvest, we would have a religious meeting, the bell being rung to call together the servants and family in a house set apart for that purpose. Good Mrs. Jefferson, aided by the ladies of her family, conducted a Sunday-school for the children of the plantation every Sabbath afternoon, which was largely attended by the older people who had not gone to church. In order to make the service specially attractive she would always start out with a basket of cakes and pies on her arm, to be distributed as a benediction at the close of the exercises. Other good men and women in the county were equally forward in promoting the moral and spiritual welfare of their people. How little do our Northern friends, or the young people of the present generation in the South, know of the relations then existing between Christian masters and their slaves!

I remember an incident in connection with Paineville that occurred during the first winter of my ministry and made a deep impression on my mind. One Saturday evening there was such a downpour of rain and sleet as is seldom seen. Early in the night it cleared up, the wind came from the northwest and with it intense cold. When I went out on Sunday morning the earth was covered with thick, stiff ice and the cold was piercing. It was my day at Paineville. In order to get there on time, I made an early start on horseback. It was a ride of ten miles. I had not gone far before I found that my horse was slickshod and that the journey would be perilous to man and beast. Nevertheless, being accustomed to do what I undertook, I went ahead, not at all certain that at any step my horse would not fall and break his or my leg, or both. I

went on, however, cautiously, up hill and down, picking the way to the best of my ability, until I finally landed on the church grounds in safety and tied my horse. On going around to the church door, a weather-beaten old building with many cracks and crannies to let in the air, I found it open. On entering in the dark, the close shutters not yet being thrown open, I saw the old colored sexton making the fire in a large wood stove set in the middle of a wide aisle. I assisted him in the work and when the fire was started, went across the road to a hospitable home. There I found six persons, three males and three females,—the lady of the house with five others who had come two or three miles expecting to attend service. After thawing out, thinking that the church might now be warm enough to be endurable, I proposed that we go over. On entering it the bright sunlight shone through the windows but the air was cold and chilly. We all advanced to the stove; I to the pulpit. It was evident in a moment that I could not occupy that position. It was too cold to be thought of. So I took a table from in front of the pulpit and placed it down in the aisle on one side of the stove, while my congregation, all of which I had brought with me from across the street, sat on the other side. A regular service was then held with a sermon of usual length, which would now be regarded as entirely too long. I had excellent attention from beginning to end and parted with my friends, feeling that I had done my duty and hopeful that I might have spoken a word in season. I did not know, for it is God that giveth the increase, but at any rate I was brighter and more cheerful than in the morning. The ice gave way under my horse's feet, the sun shone brightly, the atmosphere was more balmy. I went homeward with a thankful, contented spirit. I do not remember ever to have heard a word of that service from one of those present or from anyone else. It was conducted regularly, earnestly, believingly, and that is all I know about it. And yet at the next communion season at that point, three of the persons present that day came out and took their places as professed followers of Christ and members of the church. The question naturally arises, What connection did that service have with the salvation of those souls? Or as I have asked myself, "If

that service had not been held would those persons have been brought into the church?" If I had remained at home when they came to church and they had afterwards heard that I was afraid of the weather, when they were willing to breast it, what impression would have been made on their minds; one that was favorable or unfavorable to religion? I do not know, but I do know this from a long and arduous experience and much converse with men, that when a Christian man or minister has an important engagement, he ought, if possible, to keep it. Earnestness, constancy, endurance in service, are demanded of Christian soldiers.

CHAPTER XXIII

TROUBLOUS TIMES

I COULD go on indefinitely to narrate incidents of interest connected with my life in Amelia. My surroundings were pleasant, the people were kind and appreciative, there was plenty of work to do and I was buoyant with hope and aspiration to be useful to all within my reach. But from the beginning and throughout my pastorate there was a state of unrest and excitement in the county as, indeed, throughout the South and the whole country. Slavery in the States and Territories and the doctrine of secession were subjects much discussed. The public mind was greatly agitated. The heated discussions in the Congress of the United States; John Brown's attempt to excite an insurrection of the slaves in the South; his trial and execution at Charlestown, Jefferson County; President Buchanan's proclamation appointing a day of fasting and humiliation in view of the state of the country; the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States; the secession of South Carolina; the formation of the Confederate States of America; the bombardment of Fort Sumter; the proclamation of Lincoln calling for seventy-five thousand troops; the secession of Virginia and the capture of Harper's Ferry the next day by Virginia troops,—were events which followed one another in close and dire succession.

While these burning questions were being discussed and these epoch-making events occurring, it was impossible for any one to be neutral. They obtruded themselves into every man's life and were vital, practical issues. The women, too, were as alert and interested as their husbands and fathers and brothers. These matters were discussed in public and private and in many instances ministers of the gospel made them themes for discussion in the pulpit. So far as I can remember I never alluded to the political condi-

tion of the country from the pulpit except on the day of fasting and humiliation, until the final issue came, but confined myself strictly to my function as a minister of the gospel in declaring the counsel of God as revealed in the scriptures. Outside of the pulpit, I did not hesitate to express my opinions and convictions freely anywhere.

At this period, and for many decades preceding, the Fourth of July was a great day throughout Virginia. From my childhood in Petersburg I had been accustomed to the parade of volunteer troops, the assembling of citizens, male and female, under the shade of the trees in rear of Poplar Lawn, the reading of the Declaration of Independence and the delivery of a patriotic oration by some prominent citizen chosen for the purpose. On settling in Amelia I found the same custom in vogue, as it was generally throughout the Commonwealth. I think it was in the year 1859 that I was invited to make the Fourth of July oration at Amelia Springs, where were gathered, in addition to the men and women from a large adjacent area, the cavalry companies of Amelia, Powhatan and Cumberland counties. I prepared my address with much care, wrote and rewrote it, and committed it to memory. It was conservative throughout, hopeful of a peaceful settlement of the difficulties that confronted us, urgent of a higher and better life than we were leading, and confident that in the good providence of God we should be delivered from our troubles. The address was accorded close attention and was well received, being concurred in by the large majority of the people; but I afterwards heard that there were some dissentients, who thought the time for a rupture between the North and South had come and were alert to bring it about.

The country was so perturbed and the outlook so threatening that President Buchanan set apart January 4th, 1860, as a day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer, which was largely observed in Virginia. I preached a carefully prepared discourse on that day, the manuscript of which has been preserved. It dealt chiefly with the sins and evils prevailing throughout the country and the call for repentance, but also distinctly with the enormities perpetrated by the Republican party and the duty of calm, steadfast and concerted resistance to their machinations. It was adapted

to awaken serious reflection on the part of all my hearers and the antagonism of none.

The main subject on which there was substantial difference of opinion during this era in Amelia and eastern Virginia was secession,—not that there was much doubt of its abstract right as a constitutional question, but of its feasibility as a practicable mode of settling the difficulty. Some thought that secession meant war. Others scouted that idea and said satirically that they would eat all *the men* killed in battle. The State was divided into two parties, Unionists and Secessionists. I and most of my friends belonged to the former party, and when the Constitutional Convention of Virginia met it was largely Unionist and continued so until the indefensible and unconstitutional act of President Lincoln in calling for troops to subdue the Confederate States precipitated war. It was then evident that Virginia had to fight on one side or the other; the noble old Commonwealth, true to her heritage, hesitated not a moment but put on her panoply, and her sons rushed forth gallantly to her defense.

At the time that the *dénouement* came, in President Lincoln's proclamation and the secession of Virginia, I was in Fredericksburg attending a meeting of East Hanover Presbytery. No tidings of the proclamation had reached that city when I arrived there. I and my brother-in-law, the late John Stevenson of Petersburg, commissioner from Tabbs Street Church, were hospitably entertained by one of the elders of the church, a native of New England, a man of unimpeachable character and a merchant of excellent standing, who had lived in the city many years and become an ardent Southerner and Secessionist. I was as earnest a Unionist, and a discussion was inevitable. It was kept up somewhat warmly till about midnight, when we retired to rest. Early in the next day the President's proclamation appeared, when I and the people of Virginia generally flopped over to the other side, became rabid Secessionists and were ready for a fight. The Constitutional Convention in Richmond adopted the ordinance of Secession the next day, and on the day following, Saturday, I left Presbytery and went to Petersburg, where I preached on Sunday. On Monday morning I went up to Amelia, firmly resolved to

enter the army. During the remainder of that week, I coöperated with others in an effort to call a public meeting at the court-house for the following Monday with the view of raising an additional military company, three having already proffered their services to the State. The appointed day rolled around, a large concourse was gathered, a patriotic spirit prevailed, speeches were made, and by midday a company of sixty-four men had been enlisted. The name chosen for the company was "The Amelia Minute Men," afterwards Company H, 44th Virginia Volunteers, C. S. A., Colonel William C. Scott, commanding. The commissioned officers elected were: Captain Thomas E. Coleman; 1st Lieutenant F. R. Farrar; 2nd Lieutenant James H. Barnes; 3rd Lieutenant Richard McIlwaine. Two or three weeks had to be spent in preparation, drilling, procuring uniforms, etc. On the day of organization Dr. Joseph B. Anderson, a wealthy and patriotic citizen and a ruling elder of the Amelia church, informed me that he wished to uniform the privates and non-commissioned officers of the company. I soon learned the regulation Confederate uniform could be obtained at \$10.00 a suit, and Dr. Anderson gave me a check for six hundred dollars. This generous and patriotic act ought to be recorded in Amelia County and kept in memory by its people. The donor was an old man, far beyond military age, and he wanted to do something to manifest his allegiance to the cause and his desire to do what he could for its support. I had the measures of the men taken, went to Petersburg, gave out the contract to a wholesale clothier and in a few days we were all in military attire. It was not long before we were in the Camp of Instruction in Richmond. Here we were drilled by young military officers and cadets from the V. M. I. and also took a hand in it ourselves, rather awkwardly at first but ere long in better style.

Of course entering the army sundered my relations to the Amelia church. This was painful to me and met with general, generous and strong opposition from the people. They were not so generally opposed to my joining the army, but to my giving up the church. They wished me to continue as pastor and let them run the risk of obtaining a supply for the pulpit or of remaining without services during this

period. To me this appeared impracticable, and injurious in its consequences. So I offered my resignation unconditionally, which was accepted and approved by the Presbytery.

How fortunate for the church was this decision, soon appeared, as it at once secured the services of that able, judicious and consecrated man, Rev. D. W. Shanks, just out of the Theological Seminary, as the pastor. He labored among them acceptably and efficiently for seven years and was recognized as a powerful preacher, a devoted pastor and an able counselor. He afterwards took rank among the leading men of the Synod.

In looking back on the two years and six months of my life in Amelia through the receding vista of forty-six years, it is with feelings of pleasure mingled with sadness; of pleasure, in that my recollections of the people and the work are such as to awaken nothing but gratitude and praise; of sadness, in that nearly all those with whom I was then associated so tenderly and affectionately have passed away from the scenes of earth and are out of reach of human sympathy and affiliation. Of all the members of these two Presbyterian churches at that time, I can recall but six or eight who are now living. But this condition awakens the thrilling thought and hope that ere long there will be a reunion in the upper sanctuary, where broken ties will be reestablished and an uninterrupted peace and service be enjoyed forever.

The only one of us who had any military experience was Lieutenant Barnes, who had been a gallant soldier in the Mexican War and although over military age was a first-rate man every way. From the first at Amelia C.-H., as afterwards in Camp Lee, before and after organization into a regiment and in the field, I acted as volunteer chaplain, while attending to my duties as Lieutenant.

My connection with the army was honorable but not at all brilliant. I look back to that period with pleasure, as a scene of active service in defence of my native State against a wicked aggression: service in which I discharged every duty as it arose; did what I could for the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of the men; endured hardships cheerfully, encountered dangers without flinching and met the respon-

sibilities I had assumed promptly and with constancy. I served as lieutenant for three or four months, and then, on the recommendation of our colonel and the regimental officers, I was appointed chaplain.

My regiment, after a march of one hundred and twenty miles from Staunton arrived at Beverly, the county seat of Randolph County, the evening before the battles of Laurel Hill and Rich Mountain. On reporting by courier to General Garnett, in command at Laurel Hill, our colonel was ordered to remain in camp during the night and to proceed cautiously the next morning to join him. In the morning a commissioned officer, a non-commissioned officer and a dozen privates were called for as volunteers for an advance guard, as the enemy were all around Laurel Hill. I volunteered and the men were soon in line. We marched off, I with sword in hand and the men with loaded muskets. This was our first experience of real war in the enemy's country. Spies and informers were all about us. So we proceeded cautiously, keeping a sharp lookout on each side of the wooded road. We had not advanced more than two or three miles, however, before we were ordered through a courier to return, Col. Scott having been directed to hold a road about a mile to the left of Beverly, looking west and nearer to Rich Mountain, by which it was apprehended that the enemy would attempt to flank our forces. On our return we found the regiment in line and about to move to its allotted position. We could hear the booming of cannon and the rattling of rifles at both points of our front, but there we were all day with no enemy in sight. It was an anxious time, and we desirous of doing our part in the fight, but we were under orders and there was nothing else to be done but to remain where we were. There, too, we continued until the firing had ceased and the shades of evening gathered about us, when the regiment was marched into Beverly, kept in line with loaded guns awaiting orders. About midnight orders were received to retire along the road by which we had come, which brought us back to Huttonsville, a distance of twelve miles, early the next morning; there we halted for breakfast, and then to the top of Cheat Mountain that evening. Here we met Colonel, afterwards General, Edward Johnson, in command of the

12th Georgia Regiment, who being an old army officer, ranked Col. Scott and took command. He was an experienced, energetic and fearless soldier, continued in command of that line, repulsed an attack at Greenbrier River, and won a battle on the top of the Allegheny Mountains.

We continued on that line until the spring of 1862, when, under orders from headquarters in the Valley, we moved to the rear and camped at Churchville, a few miles west of Staunton. After a while we were joined by General T. J. Jackson, and came under his command in a campaign along the road over which we had retreated. The defeat of Milroy at the battle of McDowell, in which my regiment took a prominent part; his pursuit as far as Franklin, Pendleton County; the return to the Valley of Virginia, its celebrated campaign, the defeat of General Banks and his precipitate flight across the Potomac, the retirement of our forces from the lower Valley, the daily skirmishing and fights with Fremont's army, the battle at Cross Keys, the brilliant victory at Port Republic over General Shields, and his hasty and disastrous retreat, the march to Richmond and the Seven Days' fight under Lee,—are known to all familiar with Confederate history. These events mark the limits of my active service in the army.

CHAPTER XXIV

SERVICE IN THE FIELD

THERE are some incidents connected with this period of interest to me. The spirit of the troops was excellent. They were volunteers and most of them from the country. Many of them were gentlemen, born and bred; thoroughly educated, of the purest and highest principle, and fighting for the maintenance of right. There was little distinction in social standing between officers and privates. While needful discipline was maintained, cordial relations existed. I think I knew familiarly every member of Company H and a large proportion of the men of the regiment. I have carried the gun of many a man who was worn out or sick on the march, and after I became chaplain, put many a broken-down fellow on my horse. The best of good humor prevailed and the men were full of cheer and hope. The idea of defeat was not dreamed of at that period. We were confident of success. There was comparatively little drinking and dissipation. The large majority of officers and men were serious Christians and demeaned themselves as such. Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, Barnes was a local Methodist preacher, a pronounced Christian, and exerted a fine influence. There were others equally well known for purity and rectitude of conduct, whose example was potent. The spirit of kindness and helpfulness prevailed. Here and there was seen a good fellow, genial and pleasant, but of irregular habits and neglectful of duty.

I remember a case of this sort, a member of Co. I, a man whom I had learned to like and in whom I felt a personal interest. The orderly sergeant of this company was a pronounced Christian and a dutiful officer. One morning while camped at Greenbrier River between the Allegheny and Cheat Mountains, I saw the picket guard marched in, among whom I noticed my friend. In due time, I saw the guard marched out and the same man was

being taken on duty again. Not understanding it I called out to him for an explanation, when he quickly replied in cheerful tone, "Orderly Morgan wouldn't think he had done God service, unless he had put John ——— on guard duty," and on he went.

On our retreat from Beverly when we got down from Cheat Mountain into the valley of Greenbrier River, the report was spread abroad that the enemy had sent a detachment through a pass in the mountain, which had gotten into our front and would block the way. The retreat was to be continued that night, and under orders from Colonel Johnson, when the regiment was mustered for the march, guns were loaded and the command given to keep in ranks and a close lookout for an attack from ambush on either side of the road. I remember one profane fellow, an uneducated, rough Irishman, crying out with an oath as he rammed a bullet into his gun, "The bullet was never moulded that is to kill ——— ———," calling his own name.

The 12th Georgia, with some spies and informers as prisoners, led the van, the 44th Virginia following. We had proceeded far up the mountain when the crack of a rifle was heard towards the head of the column, and another and another until the firing became pretty rapid. Soon there was a clearing of the road, officers and men leaping from it, some to the right and some to left, firing from both sides, supposing there was an attack from the enemy. I and a few others of the regiment remained in the road in imminent peril of being shot. Pretty soon a courier came riding down with the announcement that it was a false alarm, that the first shot was at a prisoner, who leaped from the side of the road down into the woods. When order was restored, it was discovered that several men had been shot by their comrades and there lay dead in the road the man who had declared that the bullet had never been moulded that would kill him.

The retreat was continued to Monterey in Highland County, where the troops rested, recruited and remained some time. Here we had a siege of measles which affected a good many. After some weeks, we moved back to Greenbrier River, where we dug trenches, skirmished with the

enemy, repulsed their attacks and remained quite a while. In the fall we moved back to the top of the Allegheny, where Colonel Johnson located his headquarters, fortified his position, fought a successful battle, and remained during the winter. The 44th Virginia camped in Crab Bottom at the eastern foot of the Allegheny, in easy supporting distance. Here we built log cabins and spent a quiet time, except when called occasionally to the top of the mountain by day or night, to aid in the repulse of a threatened attack. The winter was severe,—much snow, sleet and cold,—but my recollection is that there was nothing to complain of, our circumstances being as propitious and the provision for our comfort as satisfactory as conditions permitted. I can recall no complaint on the part of the men and think there was not much sickness. There was no house of worship and all our religious services during the week and on Sunday were conducted in the open air. I remember preaching one Sunday with a driving snow beating into my face, while the men were seated on stumps and logs in front of me, giving close attention. It was this winter's work amid such environment that brought about my early disability for further active service in the field, and shaped my future life away from the pulpit towards the benevolent and educational work of the church.

On our retreat from the Allegheny to Churchville, as I was riding along, I saw a young fellow lying by the roadside. On going to him, I recognized him as one of the younger students of Hampden-Sidney College while I was at Union Theological Seminary,—Dickinson by name. He belonged to the Prince Edward cavalry, had lost his horse, was broken down and sick and had lain down in despair, not able to go further. I put him on my horse and got him to an ambulance, which took him to the hospital. This incident made small impression on my mind and had completely passed away from memory until about twenty-five years afterwards, when it was forcefully recalled. At the later day I had been absent, during the summer, from my home at Hampden-Sidney and on returning arrived at Farmville, seven miles distant, about five o'clock p. m. No arrangement had been made for my conveyance to the College and I was not willing to pay the sum of two dollars

and a half for a buggy and driver, which was the enormous charge made at the time. So I started off to walk and had got upon the hill beyond the town, when Mrs. Charles M. Walker came driving up in her open carriage with two or three little children. On seeing me, she courteously stopped her carriage, invited me to get up and offered to take me home. I thanked her and told her I would gladly accept her invitation as far as her usual drive but no farther, as it would make her return home too late. On taking my seat by the driver, whom I knew personally, I told him to turn around when he got to the usual extent of his drive, at the same time slipping a quarter of a dollar into his hand. My drive of some four miles was very pleasant and my program having been carried out, I alighted and with many thanks to my kind friend proceeded on my walk. I had not gone far, however, before I heard the rapid riding of a horseman behind me and pretty soon my friend, Mr. Robert M. Dickinson of Prince Edward, rode up, stopped his horse suddenly beside me, jumped down and exclaimed: "The man who found me broken down and sick by the roadside and saved me from being captured by the enemy, shall never walk while I have a horse for him to ride," and urged me to mount his steed. I demurred and while we were engaged in a pretty stiff encounter, his son, Alick, one of my old students, now Mr. A. B. Dickinson of the Richmond Bar, rode up and I consented to take his horse and let him walk, telling Alick that a walk of two or three miles would do him good.

In retiring from the lower Valley my regiment, which had gone as far as Charlestown, Jefferson County, after a two days' march arrived at Strasburg on Saturday afternoon, went into camp and had a quiet night. Soon after breakfast Sunday morning there was a stir, with the rapid beating of drums and the mustering of troops. The advance cavalry of General Fremont accompanied by light artillery was approaching from the direction of Romney and was not far from us. The 44th Virginia was marched rapidly on that road, deployed as skirmishers and it was not long before rapid firing began from both sides. Dr. Livingston Waddell of Waynesboro, a surgeon in our

brigade, and I followed on and were seeking a location for a field hospital, the shrapnel shell of the enemy flying above and their minie balls around us, when I felt a pressure on my arm from behind. On turning around I saw my faithful servant, William Evans, evidently somewhat disconcerted by his position. To my inquiry, "William, what in the world are you doing here?" he replied, "Mars Richard, I heard that you were hurt and I came to look after you. What must I do?" I thanked him and told him that if I should be hurt he must come to me, but otherwise to stay with the wagons and have a good supper, as we would have nothing to eat all day. The faithful man did as he was bidden and my messmates and I enjoyed the benefit of his providence that night.

The cavalry and artillery of the enemy were driven back early in the day and the firing ceased, but the regiment remained in position till after dark and one of the regiments of the "Stonewall" Brigade had completed its forced march of about forty miles in twenty-four hours from Harper's Ferry and passed through Strasburg to its camp further up the road. Then the 44th was withdrawn, a fresh regiment taking its place as rear guard, and we marched up to where our wagons were camped.

It took us six days of fighting and marching to get up into the neighborhood of Port Republic. On Saturday evening we camped peacefully within a mile or two of that place, had a quiet night's rest, and after breakfast on Sunday morning, had assembled for worship and the service had begun, when the drums beat the alarm, the men flew to their guns and the regiment along with others retraced its steps for two or three miles, deployed in front of the enemy and pretty rapid firing was heard. It was the field of Cross Keys, which was occupied all day by the contending forces with some advance on the part of the Confederates, but both parties remained on the field at nightfall. The next morning (Monday) the advance guard of General Shields, having made its way unimpeded up the Shenandoah Valley, followed closely by his main army, dashed into Port Republic but was quickly repulsed and driven back, when General Jackson withdrew his troops across the North Branch of the Shenandoah River, which was flooded by re-

cent rains, burned the bridge behind him, crossed the South Branch of the river, threw his troops against Shields' forces, and after a brief but desperate encounter, drove them pell-mell down over the road by which they had come. The 44th regiment had a conspicuous part in this engagement and lost heavily in killed and wounded.

In the meantime Gen. Fremont had moved up his troops to the hills on the western bank of the river, but as the bridge was burned and he had no pontoons, was unable to cross. Jackson, too, had already driven Shields far down the Valley and was out of range of Fremont's guns. About this time I learned that a gallant little fellow belonging to Co. H had been shot and was lying out on the field. An ambulance was not far off, protected from Fremont's men by a skirt of woods. On going to it, I obtained a stretcher and the assistance of three negroes connected with the 44th regiment. We went out and readily found the object of our search, placed him on the stretcher and started back towards the ambulance, when the infamous wretches on the other side of the river opened fire, the balls whistling around us hot and heavy. Not one of the negroes flinched, and in a few moments by a quick-step we were hidden from the malicious and cowardly scoundrels by the woods which sheltered the ambulance.

When on a visit to the county of Fluvanna last July (1906) it was my privilege to attend the Annual Reunion of the Old Confederates of that county on the 4th Saturday of the month at Palmyra, its county seat. Two companies from Fluvanna were members of the 44th Virginia Regiment and I had the pleasure not only of meeting and addressing the old soldiers but of grasping the hands and enjoying personal intercourse with half a dozen comrades with whom I had stood shoulder to shoulder amid the scenes just described. Early in the day I was sitting in the court-house, when a gentleman came, and stooping down before me, said: "Do you know me?" to whom, after scanning his countenance intently, I replied; "No, Sir, I do not!" "Do you not remember taking me off the field of Port Republic under fire when I was lying wounded and helpless?" he added. "No, I have not the slightest recollection of it," I replied. "Well," he said with much feel-

ing, "you saved my life and I have never forgotten it." Later in the day he introduced me to his wife and daughter, who seemed to know all about it. That gentleman was Mr. R. S. Campbell, the sheriff of his county and one of its most highly esteemed citizens.

Another old comrade, who showed me much courtesy and was by my side as much as possible, is Mr. Thomas H. Shepherd, Division Superintendent of Schools for Fluvanna. He touched me deeply when he said in a tender voice, "Yes, Doctor, we are glad to see you and to recall those old days, for we loved you so. All who knew you loved you." This was to me a day long to be remembered. While I had done no more for my men than every faithful chaplain did for his; no more than duty required and no more for one comrade than for others under similar circumstances, it was pleasant and the cause of gratitude that there are still survivors of those trying scenes, now so far removed, who remember me, with kindness and affection, as a helpful factor in their lives.

Our dead lay on the field all day under the guns of Fremont's army, and it was not till darkness covered the earth that I was allowed to proceed with a squad of men in order to give them Christian burial. This was done between ten and twelve o'clock at night in subdued tones, lest the enemy on the adjacent hills across the river should open fire on us. We laid fourteen of our comrades to rest in their silent home without the beating of drums or the firing of guns but with the earnest invocation of the merciful kindness of our God, and assured hope in his love and compassion. We then returned to camp, up on the Ridge, three or four miles distant, where after the labors, strain and dangers of the day, we slept the sleep of the just under a downpour of rain, the presence of which was not known until next morning, when on awakening we found our clothes and persons saturated with moisture. This, however, was not very disconcerting to men who had passed through scenes familiar to us during the past weeks and months. Our toilet was soon completed by a yawn and a stretch of our limbs, and after a hearty breakfast we were ready for whatsoever was before us.

I saw General Jackson frequently on the march and the field, but do not remember to have met him personally but twice and then casually. The first time was on the morning of the day in the afternoon of which the battle of McDowell was fought. While riding along the road, I met Maj. R. L. Dabney and was engaged in conversation with him, when the General rode up and I was introduced. He evidently had no time for talk, and after a courteous greeting, rode off, soon followed by his Chief of Staff.

The other occasion was on the return march from Franklin to the Valley when we were camped a few miles from Harrisonburg for a half-day Sabbath rest. Afternoon service was being held near the roadside, when General Jackson rode up, tied his horse, came and stood among the soldiers, hat in hand, reverently engaged in worship. The sermon had not proceeded far when a passing cloud poured down a heavy shower of rain and the congregation was dismissed. On my invitation the General accompanied me to my tent, where he remained until the rain ceased, when he rode off. I cannot recall anything about this interview and am under the impression that it consisted of mere commonplaces.

After a few days the march to Richmond was taken up, where the 44th did its share in the fights and in throwing McClellan and his troops back on his gunboats in James River. I was engaged in ministering to the wounded and aiding the surgeons and was detailed to take some of the wounded to the hospital in the city. Being utterly worn out, exhausted and sick I obtained a furlough for seven days and, after having attended to my mission and secured a pass out of the city, rode over to Petersburg, arriving at my father's before dinner. Immediately afterwards I was sent to my room to take some rest, which I was forward to do. Throwing myself on the bed I was soon in the arms of blessed sleep. Several attempts were made to arouse me that evening, at bedtime and before breakfast next morning but I continued to sleep until midday, having been in unbroken slumber for about twenty hours. In the afternoon, leaving my horse in Petersburg, as I expected to return in a few days, I took the cars for Farmville, where my family resided. The next morning I put myself into

the hands of Dr. R. P. Walton, 1st Assistant Surgeon of the Post. He called the Surgeon-in-chief, Taliaferro, into consultation, through whom an indefinite leave of absence was obtained. They finally told me that if I returned to the army it would lead to my early death. At their instance I was released from further service.

CHAPTER XXV

FARMVILLE, VA.

AFTER my release from the army it took some weeks to recuperate and become fit for other spheres of effort. While relieved from military duty, I was by no means free from allegiance to our dear old Commonwealth and the Confederate States. At that day every man and woman in our part of Virginia, with rare exceptions, recognized and lived up to these obligations. During the remainder of the war my daily labors, while more regular and in a different direction, were about as arduous as those lately experienced. It was a strenuous but happy life, interspersed with cares and sorrows on one hand and with goodness and mercy on the other. It was hallowed by a consciousness of rectitude and the discharge of duty. Privations were endured without murmuring, work was performed with alacrity and the future was brightened with hope. In looking back on this period I have nothing but grateful recollections, and recall my fellow-citizens, male and female,—their constancy, cheerfulness and pluck,—with unalloyed satisfaction.

Farmville, at this time, had become an important hospital centre, where about fifteen hundred sick and wounded soldiers were gathered. It was also a point around which many commissary supplies were obtained and at which large quartermaster requisites were manufactured. Numerous families from parts of the State overrun by the enemy took refuge here. Its proximity to the High Bridge on the Southside R. R., now the N. & W. R. R., on which Richmond was dependent for the transportation of supplies from portions of the Valley and the Southwest, gave the town a significance it would not have possessed otherwise. Threatened raids for the destruction of this important viaduct had to be provided against, and thus the Home Guard of the town and county, an unorganized but efficient body of aged,

infirm and exempted men, was not infrequently called out and ready for duty.

It happened not long after my return to Farmville that the Presbyterian church became vacant and I was invited to take charge of it. This I consented to do and entered on the work as stated supply in the fall. The church was not strong either in numbers or means but made up of excellent material, full one-half of its members, perhaps, living in the country.

My predecessor in the pastorate was the Rev. Michael Osborne, a most excellent and pious man, a native of New England, who had labored acceptably in Charlotte County before his removal to Farmville. He was a good example of an old-fashioned, well educated, orthodox, instructive, unimpassioned Presbyterian preacher, who had the respect of all who knew him. His character as an upright, honorable, devout Christian was unimpeached and unimpeachable. He had a large family and a small salary, and consequently was careful in his expenditures and economies. Mrs. Osborne was intelligent, as fine a woman as ever breathed, and her children were models of propriety. She was greatly beloved. Her husband was not socially inclined, yet was dutiful and highly respected. He was an aged man with fixed opinions and habits, had passed the period of progress and was unable to sympathize with the situations and conditions about him. The consequence was that the dissolution of the pastoral relation wounded his feelings and sundered the pleasant ties which had existed. He lived about a year after surrendering his pastorate and was usefully engaged in benevolent work in the town and among the soldiers.

The relations between Mr. Osborne and myself were from the first not only kind but cordial. I had known him since 1857, when he performed the ceremony of marriage for my wife and myself, and I had also been in former years at college with two of his sons. While I had never seen much of him, I learned to respect and reverence him as a man of principle, a sincere Christian, a thoroughly consecrated minister. When we were thrown together he took occasion to express his regard and good wishes for my success and usefulness.

From the beginning of his final sickness it was evident that there was little hope of his recovery and each day wrought the conviction more clearly that the time of his departure was at hand. I saw him every day and did what I could for the comfort of himself and family. In these ministrations his old parishioners also participated as far as possible. On his last earthly Sabbath I went over to see him on my way to morning service, and after a brief conversation, at his request, stood by his bedside and made an earnest prayer for him, his family, and the church, feeling that this was, perhaps, the last time we would engage in such communion. When I finished, he said: "My brother, you are now going to your work. I want you to give your people my love. Tell them I have been praying for them, that I have had hard thoughts towards some of them, which are now all gone, and that they have my heartfelt wishes and prayers for the Divine blessing to rest on them." I bade him good-bye for the last time. His message was delivered to the congregation and awakened deep emotion. We engaged in earnest prayer for the faithful old soldier of the Cross and his loved ones. His funeral took place within two or three days, the church being crowded with mourners, for there was genuine sorrow, and sincere sympathy with the bereaved. He was borne to his grave by devout men and a great concourse of people followed after.

On the next Sunday morning I adopted a course I have never regretted, but to which I look back with thanksgiving and praise. I do not remember whether I consulted the Session or any one else but, whether or not, in a long life I have never seen warmer and more universal response to any appeal or an exhibition of more single-hearted beneficence. At the appropriate time I called the attention of the congregation to the death and burial of their old pastor, to the kind feeling shown at his funeral, to the service rendered during a long pastorate, to the respect entertained for his memory, to the fact that he had left a large family unprovided for; that they did not have means to procure food or pay funeral expenses and that a mortgage of twelve hundred dollars rested on their modest home. In view of these facts and notwithstanding the prevalence of war, the stringency of the times and the demands made on every

one in behalf of bereaved and needy families of Confederate soldiers, I asked the people to do all they could by the contribution of money and provisions for the assistance and support of this family.

Papers were then passed slowly through the congregation and there was a general and generous response. At a later day I was told by Mr. Augustin Osborne, his father's administrator, that over four thousand dollars in currency had been received and enough corn, flour, bacon and other supplies to last two years; that the mortgage had been paid off and the family provided with everything needed for their comfort.

I regard this incident as a touching tribute to the memory of the deceased, a demonstration of sincere affection for the bereaved, and no less a noble exhibition of real Christian spirit on the part of the congregation, not a member of which was in affluent circumstances and everyone of whom had to submit to self-denial in order to aid in providing for the wants of these suffering ones. I have had much to do in raising money for worthy objects but have never seen greater liberality displayed by any body of Christian people. It stands as a monument to the men and women of that day and ought to be an inspiration to the Farmville church throughout all the future.

It is hard for the people of this generation to understand the trials, self-denials and labors endured by the men and women of Virginia and the South during this era. There were no exceptions. While the experience of some was more drastic than that of others, there was a community of suffering in which all participated and from which none were wholly exempt. Not only were the luxuries of civilized life almost altogether wanting but many of its necessities were largely curtailed. Sugar and coffee soon became rare, sorghum molasses taking the place of the former and parched wheat, rye, or sweet potatoes of the latter. Tea was almost unknown except in sickness. The bark from the root of the sassafras-bush was used as a substitute by some. The flavoring extracts were supplanted by an emulsion made from peach and other aromatic leaves. Salt in moderate quantities could be procured but was used carefully as it was dear and there was no surplus. I hold

to-day a bond of Prince Edward County for \$10,000, issued along with others for the purchase of salt for Confederate and other needy families and which has never been adjusted because the bonds are held to have been issued in aid of the Confederate States. Wheat bread, too, soon became scarce and flour rose gradually to a hundred and later on to a thousand dollars a barrel, Confederate currency. Medicine, also, was hard to obtain; some kinds could not be had at all. In many cases resort was had to herbs grown in the garden or wild in the field.

But what about clothes, shoes, stockings, hats for men, women and children? Comparatively few could afford to buy these things from the stores, and, if all had been able, there was not enough imported to supply one-tenth of the needs. These things had to be manufactured most largely by domestic and neighborhood work. Fortunately there were cotton mills at Petersburg, Manchester and other places which supplied cotton yarn and cloth but at pretty high prices. There were also some woolen mills but they were chiefly engaged in work for the government. It was customary to raise sheep on all the larger plantations, far more so than at present, so that a supply of wool was accessible. There were also looms for weaving and men and women with some skill as weavers scattered about through the counties of Virginia. In nearly every house in the country and in the smaller towns a spinning-wheel was introduced for the purpose of making woolen yarn. At many of these the matron of the house or one of her daughters presided and spun the wool for cloth out of which clothes for males and females were made. Then there were skilled shoemakers in all the towns and villages and in some cases on country plantations, and tanneries were scattered pretty thickly throughout the State from which leather, made from the skins of calves, bullocks, cows, sheep and deer, could be obtained. The matter of hats and bonnets was well provided for by the young maidens, who plaited beautiful straw-work and fashioned it into ornate and comely styles for headgear. Some of the older men, as well as boys, wore in winter time caps made from woolen cloth, or the skins of foxes, coons, rabbits, or squirrels. The floors of homes, too, were not infrequently covered by carpets made from

strips cut from worn-out clothing thoroughly washed, dyed in different colors, sewed together and woven at the looms. I have seen great stacks of these carpet-rags wound into balls ten or twelve inches in diameter. These were times for education in the economies, for exercise of industry, and the eduction of resourcefulness.

The population as a whole, men and women, old and young, white and colored, lent a generous hand. Industry, thrift, helpfulness, were demanded and generally accorded and things moved along with little hitch or complaint. Too high encomiums cannot be paid to the women of this era, for it may be said truthfully that they were the leaders in every good word and work. The husbands of many of them were in the army or had fallen at their posts, or, wounded and maimed, had returned to their homes, and the whole care of the family been transferred to the wives and mothers. Right nobly, too, intelligently and perseveringly, did they execute their trust, and too great praise cannot be given them. Some day, and as early as possible, there ought to be erected on the most eligible spot in the Confederate Capital, a monument with its shaft towering high up into the air above every other, on each side of which should be the simple words:

TO THE MEMORY OF THE CONFEDERATE WOMAN

It was her heroism, courage, constancy, devotion, endurance, self-denial and assiduity that made possible the noble struggle of her husband, father, sons and brothers on the field of battle; a struggle that will stand resplendent on the page of history and which though it resulted in apparent defeat, was potent in establishing the fundamental principles of Free Government contended for as the enduring foundation of an indestructible union of States. The Confederates builded better than they knew and the spirit of their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters,—chaste, modest, gentle, patient but determined,—enabled them to do it.

The Session of the Farmville church, when I took charge of it, consisted of Messrs. C. C. Lockett, C. C. Read, and F. N. Watkins, to whom were added at later dates during my pastorate, Capt. Thomas E. Perkinson, W. F. Farrar,

Augustin Osborne and Captain James Dinwiddie,—men of irreproachable character and life. All of them have passed from earth. The church was entirely harmonious and its members associated together on terms of fraternal fellowship. I can recall no bickerings or disagreements and but a single one of its members whose Christian conduct was ever the subject of inquiry. Our relations with our sister churches in the place, Baptist and Methodist, were pleasant, and with the latter cordial and intimate. I do not know that I ever met with finer Christian men and ministers than Revs. Nelson Head, Oscar Littleton, and William E. Judkins. They were earnest, pious, and dutiful; excellent preachers and gentlemen in the best sense of the word, whom everybody could implicitly trust. I preached for them and they for me, and when there was a series of revival meetings in either church both pastors took part and both congregations participated in the blessing.

I remember an incident in connection with Brother Judkins which I have often thought of with amusement and also with pleasure. It occurred when he had been settled in Farmville only a few months, but long enough for me to know him well and become attached to him as a trustworthy man.

There was an old lady in the town, a Methodist by birth and rearing and for many years a member of that church, well known in my family, who some time previous to Mr. Judkins' pastorate had removed into the country about two miles distant. One day I was told that the old lady had been in to see us and left a message that she wished me to call and see her. Accordingly at the first opportunity I went out to her house; but as I found two of her neighbors visiting her and did not know why I was wanted, conversation was on general subjects and somewhat protracted. After a while, however, as the shades of evening began to fall, I said, "Mrs. ———, I received a message that you wished to see me. What can I do for you?" To my surprise, she said, "I want to join your church!" "My dear Madam," I replied, "what is the matter? I thought you were a Methodist from way back!" To this she answered, "So I am and have been, but I do not want to belong to any church whose preacher is too proud to go to see poor folks!"

I then told her that she was right in not wishing to belong to any such church, that I would not do so myself, but that I thought there was some satisfactory explanation which neither of us understood at present, as I had the highest confidence in her pastor.

A bright idea occurred to me just at that moment and I remarked cheerily, "I have got it. I tell you what to do. Next Sunday is our quarterly Communion. On Saturday afternoon at four o'clock our 'preparatory service' is held, after which there will be a meeting of the Session to receive members into the church. If Mr. Judkins doesn't come out to see you before that and convince you that he is not too proud to go to see poor folks, you come down and we will be glad to have you join our church." This was agreed on; we parted and I rode on towards home in the declining day.

As I went in on the Main Street of the town, I saw Brother Judkins coming up the street, and riding to the sidewalk and beckoning to him at the same time, I saluted him as follows: "Come here, old fellow! I have just been to see one of your members who says you are too proud to go to see poor folks, and wants to join my church next Sunday." To his inquiry, "Who is she?" I replied, "Mrs. ———," giving her name. He looked puzzled and thoughtful and said, "There is no lady of that name a member of my church." "Oh, yes, there is," I responded, "she says she 'was a member of your church before you were born,' and I have known her as a Methodist for many years." He then explained that the only way he could account for the trouble was that his predecessor in making out a list of his members had inadvertently omitted her name from the list left him. This statement adequately solved the problem for me and I was satisfied. He did not keep a horse, as few of his members lived outside of the town, so I said, "What have you to do to-morrow morning at nine o'clock?" to which he replied, "Nothing special." "Well, then," I said, "my horse will be tied at the rack in front of my house to-morrow morning at that hour. You come over and get him and go to see the old lady, for we have agreed that if you don't satisfy her before next Saturday afternoon, she is to come down and transfer her membership

to my church." This program was carried out, the trouble was allayed, the good woman was once more at rest in the bosom of her mother-church, with her pastor established in her confidence and affections.

Are there preachers "who are too proud to go to see poor folks"? If so, they are not of the Judkinsian type,—meek, humble, careful of the least of God's little ones; but rather of "the high-flyer" quality, who love to flaunt themselves before the public in conspicuous positions, court and truckle to the rich and socially prominent and leave the poor to take care of themselves or turn them over to the ministrations of pious women. If there are such preachers as this, it seems to me they would find it a hard task to preach on James 1:27, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world"; or on that other text from the lips of the blessed Jesus, Matthew 25:45-6, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

In visiting an old lady friend in one of our Virginia cities, whom I have known for nearly half a century and who has been a member of one of its churches farther back than that, she told me that her pastor had paid her a hasty call soon after he took charge of his pastorate several years before that time,—and that was the last of it. She did not complain, for she is of a cheerful and self-poised disposition,—a gentle Christian woman,—but there was a look of sadness on her countenance which seemed to indicate consciousness of neglect and absence of sympathy.

Now it is just here that I find the explanation, partial at least, of the drifting away of the working people from the church. They are too much overlooked, passed by, neglected. This good city woman of a meek and quiet spirit, and all like her, will go on in the gentle decline of life and die in connection with the church of their childhood in hope of recognition and compensation in the better land. But how about the good woman in Farmville of an impetuous and fiery disposition and those like her? And how about the children and younger kinspeople of these neglected ones,

as they see them overlooked and snubbed and left to themselves in their loneliness and need of Christian and ministerial communion? And how about the multitude of families in the city and country over whose threshold no minister's foot ever passes? Preaching and the exercises of worship are good and necessary and, when performed and attended on in the fear of God, a blessing. But this is not the whole of religion, either for preachers or people. It is a fact, too, that a large proportion of the public fail to avail themselves of these opportunities, just because, perhaps, they are not looked after but neglected.

Some thirty years ago, I came across an article in a Scotch missionary magazine which interested and instructed me. It was headed "Degeneration." The caption arrested my attention and made me pause. What does it mean? The writer explained by telling of a family of the working class, the united heads of which were devoutly pious and respectable, attached to their church, attentive to its services, and brought up their children by precept and example in the fear of God. The oldest son on arriving at proper age married congenially and suitably, and in order to find more remunerative employment removed his residence to another town. Things went well for a time but absence of church affiliation and pastoral oversight, sickness in the family, increased expenses and diminished income, told rapidly on the morale of the household. It "degenerated." The parents became callous to religion and moral obligation, and the children grew up ignorant, thoughtless, godless and became skilled in evil courses.

Preachers and elders are described by the Apostle (Hebrews 13:17) as "they that watch for your souls as they that must give account." Judged by this statement how many preachers and ruling elders are there in the Synod of Virginia worthy of the positions they hold? I do not know. Doubtless there are many of both classes. No one can tell. The thing that ought to be done is for each one of these officers to take up the question carefully and prayerfully, examine his heart and life candidly and, invoking the Divine guidance and blessing, go to work in coming up to the standard of official duty erected in the Scriptures.

CHAPTER XXVI

FARMVILLE, VA.

ONE feature of these times that ought to be recalled and kept in memory is the almost universal helpfulness which pervaded the community. This is not to say that there were no self-centred and selfish individuals among us, but only that they were rare, kept in the background and regarded with indifference or contempt. The spirit of the people was generous. They were forward in bearing one another's burdens. This was manifest in the efforts—individual and organized—to look after the families of Confederate soldiers and others in need. I remember a case of the latter kind promoted by the late Howell E. Warren of Farmville, at a time when breadstuffs were scarce, in the formation of a club for the purchase of corn in the Southwest, one-half of which was to be divided among the subscribers to the club and the other half to be distributed among families of soldiers in need.

I also recall with interest a personal incident along this line which well illustrates the general state of feeling and action in Farmville and throughout Virginia. I think it occurred during the winter of 1863-'4. Mrs. McIlwaine and our little ones left me on the day in question about mid-day for Petersburg. Being much worn by continuous work, I had been congratulating myself on a quiet time of a week or ten days, but the train had no sooner started than my imagination pictured the collapse of the High Bridge, and my loved ones in the disaster. On my return home, the house was lonely and I anxious until sufficient time had elapsed for the calamity to have become known, if such had occurred. Before dinner time it began to snow and blow furiously. A regular blizzard set in and continued in full force throughout the evening. When I returned to my study after a disconsolate meal and looked out of the window I thought I had never witnessed a more uncomfortable

scene. The fire burned brightly on the hearth and the contrast between my situation and what I saw without forced itself upon me. Presently I began to think of the people in the town, who might probably need help. The sudden and violent change in the weather was wholly unexpected, and it occurred to me that there might be families unprepared to meet the severity of the situation. I was anxious no longer for myself and loved ones but for the wives and children of soldiers at the front. As my apprehensions increased, two such households presented themselves to me as probably most needy. To these I went without delay. At the first I found a mother and three children sitting beside a small fire with one additional stick of wood on the hearth, which on inquiry I learned was their whole supply. At the second I found a widow, lately removed from the country, with her one-legged soldier boy, just returned from the hospital, hugging a few smouldering embers. As I went home I met a benevolent and efficient Christian man, the late R. E. Paulett, out on a similar errand, to whom I communicated what I had found and asked him to enlist the assistance of certain other persons in investigating and providing for certain other cases if they should be in need. My man-servant was young, active and sympathetic, and it was not long before the oak wood was cut to proper length and the wheelbarrow loaded. Albert had charge of its handles and I was in front pulling a rope attached to the barrow, he pushing and I pulling it through snow six or eight inches deep until it was safely landed at its destination three or four hundred yards from where we started. We then returned and carried a load to the second house, about twice the distance, and got home by the time that night closed in on us. The next morning I found that other citizens had been active in looking after the needs of others and ample provision was made to meet future wants. I do not remember a single case of beggary during all this time. It was more like one big family with common interests and obligations. In our little community we knew one another, sympathized with one another, helped one another. It was the most complete exhibition of the spirit of the Christian religion and on the broadest scale that I have ever seen. I believe, too, that this was common

throughout the States of the South. In the country many planters took needy families of soldiers under their care and provided for them generously.

Towards the close of the year 1864 and in the earlier months of 1865, things began to look pretty squally for the Confederacy, but the soldiers in the army and the people at home kept steady hearts, strengthened by the undaunted hope of success. The idea with many was, "Our cause is just; there is a just God in Heaven; therefore we shall certainly win." I heard in my pulpit in Farnville one of the most learned, thoughtful and sedate ministers of the Synod of Virginia in a close logical demonstration along this line, at the conclusion of which he declared, "If there is a just God in heaven our cause shall triumph." He went so far as to say "that it is infidelity and treason against God to doubt the success of the Confederacy." Another able, pious and powerful preacher of the Synod preached a discourse of the same character which produced such an impression that he was invited by Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge to repeat it in his pulpit in Richmond, which discourse was afterwards printed and widely read.

I had seen this position taken and vindicated at a general meeting for prayer in the town of Farnville by a consecrated, courageous and devout minister of a sister church. At that time I took issue with him on the ground "that under the wise permissive providence of God much injustice is allowed in this world," and contended "that if our people wished to succeed, they must not only have a just cause but repent of their sins, address themselves to duty and exert themselves to secure success, leaving events to God." While I could not accede to this untenable position, yet so great was my confidence in the loving kindness of God; such faith did I have in the justice of our cause, in the ability of our officers and the courage and endurance of our soldiers, that I never doubted our success until late in the afternoon of Sunday, April 1st, 1865.

I knew all along that God would work no miracle in our behalf; that the most gifted officers could not win battles without adequate numbers of equipped regiments; that no matter what the courage and endurance of the soldiers might be, when worn to a frazzle by overexertion, starva-

tion, and inadequate equipment they were impotent to stand against forces outnumbering them many times and splendidly equipped; but I had never seriously considered these facts. I had confidence in the justice of our position, in the goodness of God, in our civil and military leaders, in our fighting men who had won so many hard-fought battles and in the integrity and steadfastness of our people at home. I was occupied with doing what I could to insure success. My fellow-citizens, in and out of the army, were generally doing the same thing. We had no time for doubt and hesitation. We just took it for granted that success was coming, until rudely awakened from a pleasant dream.

On the afternoon of the day mentioned above, I was in my study, diligently engaged in preparation for church service at night, when the door bell rang. At the door there stood the late Dr. Henry W. Wood of Farmville, who declined my invitation to walk in and with sadness said, "I have just come over to tell you that Petersburg has been evacuated." This was a stunner! It awoke me from a dream. To my inquiry, "Is there no doubt about it?" he replied, "None whatever: the telegram is official." I queried, "That means the evacuation of Richmond?" "Yes!" he said, "we are expecting a telegram to that effect at any moment." "And that means," I continued, "the fall of the Confederacy?" "Yes," he said, "I fear so."

When he left a moment later, I went back into my study but not to my desk. I took a chair, set it by the fireplace, put my feet on the mantelpiece and asked myself this question: "Is there anything you could have done during the war, while in the army or since your retirement, for the success of the Confederacy, which you have not done?" I pondered this question patiently, carefully, prayerfully for more than an hour, going over the period of service in the field and my daily activities in my present sphere of labor, and reached the conscientious conclusion that, under my conditions, with the means at my command, I had done everything in my power to defend and sustain the cause of my people, of the Commonwealth of Virginia and of the Confederate States. I felt sure, too, that the great mass of my fellow-citizens had done likewise. So I arose from my chair without fear or alarm, thankful to God for his mercies

and trustful in his providence and grace, and cried out in an audible tone, "Thy will be done." I did not for one moment doubt the Divine goodness but bowed reverently in recognition of his wisdom and righteousness. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord!" I was not conquered by the enemy nor ready to truckle to his mandates. I was submissive to Him "who doeth his will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth." I had no qualms, no doubts, no fears for the future, and have not had since. God rules! "His mercy endureth forever."

When I went out the next morning, however, I found a different state of feeling among some; especially among women of culture, intelligence and piety, who had lost their balance, were wretched and had drifted far from their religious moorings. Much of my time for a day or two was consumed in ministering to these lovely, lonely and disconsolate creatures. Thank God, they soon got back to their faith in a gracious God and were ready to address themselves to the duties of the hour, which ere long became serious and onerous.

We soon learned that the armies were marching in our direction. Stragglers began to arrive and preparations had to be made to receive the Union as well as the Confederate army. Along with the Federal troops and among their soldiers, were numbers of thieves, looters and marauders, of whom we had heard at other places and who had to be provided against, as far as possible. Jewelry, family silver, watches and other portable articles of value had to be deftly concealed or sent away. This took time and thought, and after the best devices had been followed much was destroyed or carried off.

The evening the Confederates camped near the town the homes of Farmville were filled with half-starved and worn-out soldiers. The experience of one family was the experience of all. Some of those at my house were old friends and college mates or friends of my family in the easterly portion of the State who knew of me and sought me out to get something to stay their hunger. Fortunately our servants were not only loyal but sincerely sympathetic with the Confederates. Fortunately, too, they were young, active

and efficient. Fortunately, also, we had plenty of provisions in the storeroom and a first-rate cook, and in anticipation of what occurred Mrs. McIlwaine had prepared a large surplus of provisions earlier in the day, so that the incoming of more than fifty to supper did not disconcert us in the least. It was a sight to behold to see many of those men eat! Some of them had not had a mouthful of cooked food for days. It was a benediction to be able to supply their wants. This kind of thing kept up until about ten o'clock, when quiet was restored, a dozen or more wearied men occupying the beds or lying on the floors of the vacant rooms, while the others had returned to their camps; but it was midnight before the cook brought in a large tray of biscuit and a freshly cooked ham. These having been deposited in the store-room and the doors to the house locked, I retired to my bed, where I lay awake in anxious thoughts most of the night.

About daybreak, I heard the latch on the back gate lifted and on looking out of the window saw Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy of Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson's Staff, later of the "Stonewall" Brigade, leading his horse into the yard. I gave him a cordial welcome and in a little while, after attending to the feeding of his horse, was by his side walking up and down the lower hall. While enjoying some specimens of his imperturbable jocundity, he turned and said in a tone semi-jocose and semi-serious, "McIlwaine, I think I will breakfast with you this morning." To which I replied: "Certainly, I expected nothing else. Mrs. McIlwaine will be down in a little while and we will be glad to have you with us." Just then Dr. William Fountaine Carrington, formerly of the U. S. Navy but during the war a staunch Confederate, came bustling in with hurried accents, asked for a lunch to put in his haversack as he had just received a message from his brother-in-law, Col. C. S. Venable of Gen. Lee's Staff, that the enemy would be on soon. He declined my urgent invitation to wait for breakfast, and so I produced the opportune tray of biscuits and ham and he proceeded to supply himself. While this was going on, Lacy looked on somewhat dubious and after a time approached me with a quizzical countenance and tone of voice, saying, "McIlwaine, I think I will NOT take breakfast with

you this morning," emphasis on the word *not*; filled his haversack and away he went.

When the soldiers who slept in the house heard the report from Gen. Lee's headquarters, some of them, taking the remainder of the food left on the table, hastened away to join their commands, while others ran the risk and remained to breakfast. After breakfast one and another dropped in worn and hungry and were abundantly supplied, among whom I remember my old classmates, Captain John B. Burwell of North Carolina and Maj. Virginius Dabney of Mississippi,—the former at Hampden-Sidney and the latter at the University of Virginia.

During the night before and this morning, Mrs. McIlwaine received from officers and soldiers who had been with us twenty-two gold watches; with the request that she would take care of them, as the owners feared, if captured, they would be robbed. The resourcefulness of an intelligent and interested woman, who has had four years' experience in helping to make two ends meet, is something wonderful. Every one of those watches was labeled and returned to its owner and some of them by devices that would never have occurred to me. In the store-room there was a large box of carpet rags rewound up into balls. One of these balls was deftly rewound around each of several of these watches, and the problem was solved. No Yankee soldier, however sordid, would care to take a ball of carpet rags home with him as a trophy.

Early in the day a message came from Gen. Lee to the citizens of the town to vacate their houses and go to the hospital grounds for protection, as he felt sure there would be a fight at that point and that the town, which lay between two hills, would be bombarded, whereas the enemy would not dare fire on the hospitals. There was, therefore, a general exodus and gathering under the aegis of the hospitals. There was no pronounced battle, but a good deal of cannonading and a few shells fell near and a good many passed over the hospitals. Early in the afternoon the firing ceased entirely and it was deemed safe for the people to return to their homes. As we approached our house, we could hear sounds of beating and breaking up of things. We entered at once—Mrs. McIlwaine, the nurses, children, and half a

dozen young ladies from the country who were with us for protection. No sooner were we there than Mrs. McIlwaine, —timid, shrinking, delicate woman, as she was,—leaving the others in my study, which seemed to have little attraction for the marauders, girded herself with strength, went into the dining room and then into the storeroom, invited the miscreants in somewhat urgent language to leave, which they incontinently did. She afterwards told me that her chief exhortation was, “Aren’t you ashamed of yourselves? Aren’t you ashamed of yourselves, to be behaving yourselves in this way?” The lower floor having been cleared, the front door was bolted, so as to bar entrance from that direction, and I stood in the back door, while she went upstairs and cleared the upper floor of the scoundrels, who ran down and out in a jiffy. The house now being freed from the destructive vermin, it was arranged that she should take charge of the back door, while I went over to the provost-marshal and obtained a guard. I found no trouble in this and secured a genteel young man, who did his work efficiently. This provision was maintained for some time, until the mass of Federal troops had been removed and order restored. We found no further trouble with looters.

An inspection of the house showed that every room had been entered and received damage. Wardrobes and bureaus had been searched and tousled; trunks and boxes broken open and robbed. The storeroom was a sight to behold. Not satisfied with carrying off what suited their taste, molasses was poured over the floor, flour scattered about it; the box of worthless carpet balls, some of which had a gold watch in the centre, was turned over and the balls rolled hither and thither in the mess. Doubtless these men or their families are still the recipients of liberal pensions from their generous and admiring government.

Now came the days of military rule and along with it, of reconstruction. This era was characterized by a swarm of carpetbaggers from the North and a squad of characterless renegade Virginians; whose vocation was to corrupt the negroes, alienate them from their former masters, subsidize the offices and make “confusion worse confounded.” These were troublous times and lasted several years, but, thank God, by patience, pluck, and adherence to principle, the

people of our noble old Commonwealth breasted the billows that threatened them, regained control of the government and brought things again under law and order.

Soon after the establishment of military rule, I called one afternoon to see a member of my congregation, a lady of intelligence and culture; the widow of a distinguished citizen, who at the head, and as lieutenant-colonel, of his regiment, had heroically yielded his life at the demand of his native State. She had five sons, unusually promising boys, the oldest of whom was thirteen years of age,—and two of whom are now among Virginia's distinguished educators,—to whose welfare her heart and life were wholly given with absolute devotion. So soon as she entered the parlor I saw that she was in a state of unusual and unnatural excitement, was evidently in perplexity and sore distress. I had never seen her in such a state of mind and was troubled myself. She did not seem in any doubt as to the state of things that environed her nor in much doubt as to the best solution of the problem. In short, she saw nothing but blackness of darkness in store for Virginia. There was no ground for hope. Things were bad enough at present but were getting worse every day. The only prospect of alleviation was in emigration, and the most promising points were Mexico or Brazil. She had lately had a visit from a distinguished minister of the gospel who had several sons, and who sought this interview for the purpose of laying before her a scheme for the colonization of families that should plant themselves in one of the above-mentioned countries, preferably Mexico, etc., etc., etc. I listened to all this with amazement and some impatience; combated every point as it had been presented, dwelt with emphasis on the folly and crime of removing children and youth from wholesome Christian and educational surroundings and placing them in a papist community, pervaded by ignorance and immorality, where example and influence must be for evil, etc. I could see as I went along that my statements were making an impression; that the burden imposed by her distinguished interlocutor was being lifted. So on parting I completed what I had undertaken by remarking: "I have a request to make of you. If Dr. ——— again undertakes to perplex your mind with any such nonsense as this, please tell

him for me, that I do not thank him for such intrusion on my congregation; that I am pastor and adviser of this flock, and that if he has any such wild schemes to propound, it will be seemly to make them known to me before agitating the minds and distracting the thoughts of those for whom I am responsible." I heard little more of this ridiculous madness. It died of inanition.

CHAPTER XXVII

FARMVILLE, VA. (CONTINUED)

THE return of the disbanded Confederates from Appomattox, many of them worn and famished, continued for several days. They had to be cared for and fed. The people of the town had their hands full and they did their part cheerfully and generously.

It is pleasant to recall that my servants sympathized so thoroughly with their needs and were so alert to supply them. They brought into the house many a hungry soldier who would have passed by, if he had not been assured by them of a cordial welcome.

One morning I was walking on the Main Street of the town and saw two worn Confederates sitting in misery on the pavement, leaning up against the side of a house. I stopped and was about to ask them to go with me for rest and refreshment, when one of them sprang up, grasped my hand and gave me his name. He was a gentleman of middle age from Petersburg, whom I had known for years, a merchant of standing before and after the war, but now so dilapidated, emaciated and unkempt that I did not recognize him until he spoke. He introduced me to his friend, a man I had seen in Petersburg but with whom I was not acquainted. He was every inch a gentleman and an unusually handsome man. I invited them to go with me home but my acquaintance demurred and said, while they were almost starved, they would rather suffer the pangs of hunger than that Mrs. McIlwaine should see them in their present condition. On my promise that she should not see them they went, were served with an appetizing lunch, to which they did ample justice, and then went on their way homeward.

Among many noble men who did me the honor to call at my house on their return, I remember with special

pleasure my two friends and ministerial brethren, Rev. Dr. George D. Armstrong of Norfolk, Va., and Rev. Dr. Charles H. Read of Richmond, each of whom remained with us a day or two for rest and recuperation. Whilst I was not "entertaining strangers," I was "entertaining angels," though not "unawares." Both Nothern men by birth, rearing and education, they had become "true blue" Virginians by adoption, affiliation and principle; stood by and suffered for and with the South and lived and died in its faith. The former during the war suffered the grossest indignities from Federal officers, was imprisoned and swept the streets in chains, but he was not the man to flinch or yield. He was steadfast to the end.

During the time that the Federal troops were passing back from Appomattox, I was told that an old gentleman who lived a mile or two from Farmville, a member of my church and a man of excellent standing, "had stolen a cow." That was the charge, pure and simple, "*he has stolen a cow.*"

My informant was an old man of good character but somewhat given to airing the infirmities and derelictions of his fellow-citizens and neighbors. My reply, immediate and positive was: "I do not believe a word of it. I would as soon believe that I would be accused of stealing a cow as Mr. ———." "Well," said my informant, calling the name of the originator of the report, "——— was in town yesterday and said he saw Mr. ——— having a cow, which did not belong to him, slaughtered in order to send the meat to Farmville to be sold. Every one believes it." "I do not believe it," I replied, "and it is a shame that the reputation of an honest Christian man should be so impugned. With your permission, I will tell Mr. ——— exactly what you have told me and that you are my informant. We will see then what truth there is in this dastardly report." He cheerfully assented, for he really had no desire to do an injustice.

That afternoon I rode out to the residence of the accused and had a pleasant visit with him and his family, as I always did. When I arose to go, he walked with me, according to custom, to the gate where my horse was tied. When we had gotten outside the yard, I turned and said to him, in a

kind, inquiring tone of voice, "Mr. ———, do you know that there is a report going the rounds in Farmville that you have stolen a cow?" "My God!" he exclaimed, "who said that? I have had many hard things said about me, but I never dreamed that any one would say that I had stolen a cow." I then narrated the conversation I had in the morning and told him my informant had given his permission to tell him the exact facts as reported. When I finished, he was perfectly calm; explained that a Federal brigade camped a day or two in a skirt of woods in front of his residence, that they had a large herd of cattle gathered up from the farms on their march from Appomattox, that his former slaves had been assiduous in waiting on the officers,—carrying water, cutting wood, and performing other services; that when the march was taken up the soldiers repaid their assiduity by giving them a young heifer, which they killed and sold in Farmville for their own benefit, and that he had not gotten a speck of the meat or a cent of the money. He said that when the originator of the report, with whom he was not on neighborly terms, passed his farm, he was out with the negroes at their request, directing them how to prepare the meat for market, but that he had no interest in or profit from it, in any way.

So soon as I had gotten this convincing statement I rode on to town, went about among some prominent citizens who had heard the nefarious report, gave them the real facts of the case, stopped the progress of the outrageous falsehood, and an injured man was vindicated and reestablished in the confidence of his fellows.

This thing of starting or giving currency to slanderous reports is an insufferable vice. Whoever is guilty of it ought to be dealt with as a common defamer and made to smart for it.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

On the day the Federals reached Farmville there was a

cavalry fight in which Lieutenant Minnegerode of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's staff was critically wounded. He was taken to the home of Mr. C. C. Read, Mrs. McIlwaine's father, where he found a hospitable welcome and was cared for several weeks. On his return from Appomattox, Gen. Lee and a member of his staff stopped over to nurse their comrade and remained a week or two, when they were replaced by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Minnegerode of Richmond, father and mother of the wounded man. This gave me the opportunity to become acquainted with these cultured and lovely Christians and to hear Dr. Minnegerode preach in my pulpit on two successive Sabbaths. One of these discourses still cleaves to my memory. The text was the single word, "Power," which he developed with an eloquence and power I have never heard excelled, in the sphere of Nature, (2) Intellect, (3) Spirit, all leading up to and illustrating "the gospel, the *power* of God unto salvation."

By the way, there was at that day in the different churches of Richmond a coterie of preachers of unsurpassed force, eloquence, and singleness of aim; men in whose piety and devotion everybody had confidence, and who deserved it. I will mention the names only of those whom I had the privilege to hear and with all of whom, except one, I was personally acquainted. There were doubtless others who ranked equally high in some and possibly all respects. Those of whom I know were James A. Duncan of the Methodist Church; Charles Minnegerode of the Episcopal Church; J. Lansing Burroughs of the Baptist Church; and T. V. Moore, Charles H. Read, and Moses D. Hoge, of the Presbyterian Church. Where can be found, in Virginia or in any of our Southern States, a like number of men in such close proximity to one another, who compare with these in power, reputation, and influence for good? It may be there are such. If so, I am not so fortunate as to know them.

On the evening of the day on which Farmville came under the control of the Federals, I had a visit from three of their chaplains in a bunch. What their motive was in calling was not announced and I have never been able to divine. From their manner I judged them to be quiet, peaceable, mediocre

men, but at that time we evidently had few sympathies in common. While each side was scrupulously polite, we had no common ground on which to stand and the interview was painfully restrained. Fortunately it was not protracted, and when they left I felt much like an old literary preacher in New England of whom Dr. Harding used to tell that he said to a caller who had bored him, upon his apologizing for staying so long, "Well, Sir, I must say, I will be happier when you are gone."

The intelligence of the assassination and death of President Lincoln was received in Farmville by its citizens with very great regret, and with mutterings and threats by the Federal soldiers, several thousand of whom were in and around the town. There was, however, no outbreak, so far as I remember, and no disorderly conduct aimed at the citizens. The morning after tidings of his death were gotten, I received a courteous message from the Commandant of the Post, requesting the use of the Presbyterian church for a memorial service that day at 11 o'clock, to which I assented in equally courteous terms and sent word that the bell would be rung at half past ten and at eleven. I attended the service from beginning to end with only one other citizen present, while the church was crowded, upstairs and down, with Federal soldiers. It was orderly and decorous throughout and so far as I can remember, while the eulogy was perhaps somewhat overstrained, there was not a word to wound the feelings or excite the fears of the Southern people. On the other hand the address of Phillips Brooks, afterwards the much lauded Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts, on a similar occasion in Philadelphia, was excited and venomous.

At the first Sabbath service after the occupation of Farmville, there was not more than a handful of the regular congregation present, but the house was crowded from top to bottom by the Federals. They were attentive and decorous hearers and created no diversion of any kind. The congregation continued somewhat of this character as long as the Federals were in and around the town in large numbers. I remember our first sacramental service, with rather more of our own people but the vast majority Federals. I can recall no more solemn and apparently profitable communion serv-

ice during my ministry, no more attentive and interested worshipers; and what astonished me most was the large number of soldiers who communed. A number of them came up to me after the benediction, shook hands with me and expressed themselves as having enjoyed and been profited by the service. It is just, therefore, to conclude that while there were bad men in the Northern army, there were many good and upright "soldiers of the Cross" in that organization.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FARMVILLE, VA. (CONTINUED)

DURING the war the religious interests of the people were maintained and developed both in the army and at home. Perhaps at no period were ministers of the gospel more faithful or had religion a stronger hold on the hearts and lives of its professors. The church emerged from the four years of bloody struggle much weakened by the loss of its members through death, but ready to go forward in its pre-ordained work. This was true in Farmville and throughout Virginia. The means of the people had been greatly curtailed, and the salaries of preachers were irregularly paid and in some cases much diminished. This was specially true in the country. Day by day sad changes were wrought, estates depreciated or passed into other hands, old residents disappeared by death or removal, the rich became poor, and things generally were out of joint. But it had been a struggle for years and the struggle was kept up. Self-denial, rigorous economy, makeshifts, had been common. They were continued and privations borne cheerfully. People adjusted themselves to circumstances and gradually by a hard pull worked up to independence. We were not ashamed to wear old clothes or to use any honorable means of getting along. For many months after the surrender I was seen, Sunday and every day, in and out of the pulpit, in my old suit of Confederate gray. One day I met a member of my congregation who had not been at church for some weeks,—not a member of the church but theretofore a regular attendant,—who lived a mile or two from town. In the course of conversation I said, “I have not seen you at church for some time: what is the matter?” He replied, “These are all the clothes I have and they are not fit to go to church in.” To which I answered: “And so are these all I have and I not only go to church but preach in them. If I am not ashamed to preach in mine, you ought not to be

ashamed to hear me in yours." He came, and averaged up well with the rest of us. But it was not long before we all had a new outfit. Many people who had been accustomed to ride in handsome carriages were reduced to farm wagons and not a few to ox carts. But none of us felt ashamed; we held up our heads, and by the blessing of God, got along.

The subject of ministerial support was a pretty live question before the Synod of Virginia of 1865, held in the city of Lynchburg. It elicited much interest and was discussed earnestly and sympathetically. A few of the preachers had something to say, but the ruling elders came to the front eloquently and in fervid words urged its importance, declaring that it ought to be attended to and would be accomplished. Hon. J. Foote Johnson of Bedford, Colonel Anderson of Botetourt, Hon. A. D. Dickinson of Prince Edward, and others, took a prominent part. The discussion was earnest, all on one side, hopeful to the last degree, continued till late in the evening, and deep interest was awakened. While this was going on, there was a unique figure with rather a starved look on the front seat. He showed much excitement of manner, twisting his head from side to side, an incredulous look on his countenance, an alternation of smiles and grimaces, the stretching out and drawing in of his neck after the manner of a turkey cock, and a certain earnestness in his countenance that betokened both satisfaction and doubt. He attracted the attention of some of us younger men, who were grouped together, and who honored him as a great and good man but wondered what he could mean by these eccentric antics. We were not left long in doubt, for no sooner had the discussion ceased than the unique figure, none other than the distinguished Rev. John G. Shepperson, D.D., a powerful preacher and lovable man,—though vastly eccentric both in person and manner,—arose in his place and in a distinct, shrill voice that rang through the house, spoke as follows: "Moderator, I have listened to these brethren, who have filled us with hope, attentively, and now at the conclusion of the discussion, before the vote is taken, I feel like saying, 'Wherefore,' my beloved brethren, 'comfort one another with these *words*,'" dwelling on the word "*words*" at least tenfold its normal time and with an emphasis that cannot be surpassed. This

transported the Synod from a state of serious consideration to a condition of mirthfulness perhaps equal to anything ever indulged before or since. The resolutions were adopted unanimously and doubtless aided to some extent in attaining the end in view.

It is related of Dr. Shepperson, and I believe truthfully, that he was called to a church in Charlotte County with a salary of \$1200 per annum, whereas he was receiving in his present charge \$400. After careful consideration he gratefully declined the call, the reason alleged being that the vacant church would find no difficulty in supplying its pulpit, whereas if he vacated his field, it would probably remain vacant because unable to support a successor.

I also recall the following veracious incident. The Presbytery of Roanoke had an appointment to meet at Mercy Seat Church, Halifax County. In order to make the journey successfully, Dr. Shepperson had to secure close connections at Lynchburg and Burkeville. Failing in this at one of those points, he was late in arriving at the church. When called on for his excuse for tardiness, he arose and said, "Moderator, never having been accustomed to approach the Mercy Seat by the cars, I made a miscalculation and have been delayed." His excuse was accepted as satisfactory.

A pleasant memory of my pastorate in Farmville is the readiness of the professors of Union Theological Seminary, Drs. Smith, Dabney, and Peck, to lend me a helping hand when I was called off on missionary work. One or the other could almost always be had after the close of the war. Brother Samuel W. Watkins, who lived not far from Farmville, also gave me much assistance. Through their fraternal aid, I was enabled to hold and maintain a monthly Sabbath morning service at Jamestown, a point in Prince Edward County ten miles below on the Appomattox River, where a church was organized not long after; and occasionally to supply vacant churches in adjacent counties.

All these distinguished men were able preachers, differing widely in some respects but each having a strong hold on the people. One of the most powerful discourses I ever heard was from Dr. Peck. He was not regarded as an orator in the usual sense, *i. e.* that he could capture and hold a congregation by his eloquence, but on the occasion

to which I refer he captured and held me and his other hearers spellbound for an hour and twenty minutes. His text was, Hebrews 11:30, "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down after they were compassed about seven days." His subject was, "Divine Efficiency and Human Instrumentality." I think I can see him now as he stood on the edge of the platform beside the pulpit, after having clearly set forth the doctrine in its twofold aspect, and illustrated it by the example of Jesus as He stood at the grave of Lazarus and said to the disciples, "Roll ye away the stone," and when the command had been obeyed and "human instrumentality" exerted, the Savior looking down into the grave, said, "Lazarus, come forth," and the dead awoke to life and walked among men, an illustration of "Divine efficiency." The portraiture was so vivid, so consonant, so complete that its presentation thrilled the people and almost brought them to their feet. When the benediction had been pronounced they crowded to the front, grasped his hand, and thanked him for the instruction and inspiration he had given them. He was surprised, modest man that he was, and remarked to me, "I never preached with less spiritual animation in my life." "Well, Sir," I replied, "I hope you will never preach with spiritual animation any more: just preach as you did to-day and it will do."

In the year 1866 or 1867 Dr. Smith, who was co-pastor with Dr. Dabney at Hampden-Sidney, and I exchanged pulpits, he preaching at morning service in Farmville and I at Hampden-Sidney. In the afternoon as we returned to our homes we met on the road. I told him I hoped he had had a pleasant service, when in his cheery, happy voice, he said, "Yes, first-rate, first-rate! I preached them one sermon and they listened so attentively that I turned in and preached them another." Mr. W. U. Murkland, then a student of Union Theological Seminary, spent the next Sabbath with me and I narrated this incident to him. He afterwards told me that on his return to the Seminary he repeated the story at Dr. Dabney's table, where he and other students took their meals. The Doctor, who was busily engaged in eating, stopped, laid down his knife and fork and said gravely: "Young gentlemen, that was a dangerous experiment of Dr. Smith's. It puts me in mind of a

young man who was studying medicine with an old physician in the country. The doctor was sent for at the same time to see two patients. One of these he had been attending and divined his condition and the treatment needed. So he told the young student to go to visit that patient, and if he found his condition such as he described, to bleed him and wait until he got there. In due time the physician arrived and asked, 'Did you bleed him?' 'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'I bled him and it did so much good, I bled him again.' That was a dangerous experiment of Dr. Smith's, young gentlemen. I advise you not to try it."

I do not remember any protracted service being held in my church while the war was in progress. The exacting duties of every day during that period; its cares, labors, and anxieties, the constant need of beneficent exertion to relieve the needy and help the sick and comfort the sorrowing, filled and hallowed it.

Not long after the war, however, there was a series of meetings held for some eight or ten days accompanied by a rich blessing. They were conducted by that gracious and devoted man, Rev. Henry C. Alexander, pastor of Village Church at Charlotte C.-H. and afterwards professor in Union Theological Seminary, one of the noblest Christian men and ministers whom I have known. I had asked him to come down and preach for us on a communion occasion with the understanding that if there seemed a demand for it he would remain after Sunday as long as seemed desirable. The services he conducted Saturday and on Sabbath morning edified the congregations, and we hoped there might be indications at night, which would enable us to decide what was best to be done. There was a large congregation present and much interest shown. The church was about full before services began, and with some anxiety I noticed the incoming of a thoughtless couple of young people, lady and gentleman, both dressed in the tip of fashion—the only two in the house thus arrayed. They were ushered to the front and took their seats immediately before the pulpit, apparently careless and without the least concern, except about their appearance and pleasure. Dr. Alexander took for his text Luke 10: 42, "But one thing is needful," and from the first commanded the attention of the congregation. I could



HENRY C. ALEXANDER, D.D.

see every eye fixed on the preacher; and as he passed from point to point in demonstrating the necessity of redemption in Christ Jesus,—of faith, repentance and a new life,—that the truth was being impressed on the hearts and consciences of his hearers. The discourse was earnest and solemn from the beginning, but as it neared its close became vivid and urgent to a degree rarely surpassed. This appeal was presented first in the words of Richard Baxter, “And, now O sinner! there is a needs be for your coming to Christ”; then a recapitulation of the grounds already presented; and finally he declared, “Now, if you refuse I have just one thing more to say, if you do not look to Christ, you will be irretrievably lost.” Every eye was fixed, every ear open, every heart moved. A suppressed but audible shriek from the young lady on the front seat and the nervous moving of her escort, both bowed under a sense of sin, together with sympathetic manifestations throughout the congregation, gave evidence of the deep and extensive interest that had been awakened. The meetings were continued from night to night,—with a prayer-meeting in the afternoon,—through the next Sabbath; with large congregations, thoughtful attention, profound feeling, and a rich blessing. The preaching was equal to any I ever heard on such occasions. The truth as it is in Jesus was presented in simplicity and fullness, was enforced by all the holy energy of a pious soul, and was savingly owned of God in the salvation of the lost. The young couple who entered the church, frivolous and unconcerned, went away with the burden of sin resting on their hearts. This they laid down at the foot of the cross, and were received into the communion of the church at the next sacramental service.

It was my good fortune to maintain intimate relations with this great and good man throughout his consecrated and beneficent life. He was a *rara avis in terris*, a man of eccentricities, but all tending in the direction of kindness, geniality, good fellowship and service. His love for children and his efforts to cheer and inspire them were noteworthy. His kindness to the poor and distressed was marked. He was richly endowed by nature and had culture far transcending that of most of his compeers. A profound student and scholar, his attainments were extensive not only

along professional lines but in other departments of learning. As pastor he won the affections of his people in Charlotte—later on in Appomattox Church, Prince Edward County,—among whom his memory is still revered and his name cherished with affection. As a professor at Union Theological Seminary, it is my distinct judgment, based on ten years of mingling with him and his students, that he was not behind any member of the Faculty in elevating the young men who came under his instruction and in fitting them for the important spheres of the noble work to which their lives were consecrated. As a man he had nothing pretentious about him, was easily accessible, and of all the men I have known, no one has excelled him in cheerful, happy obedience to that crowning command of the great apostle, "Mind not high things but condescend to men of low estate"; in other words he was a *Christian gentleman*. His ruling passion was to do good and he did it regardless of his own comfort and with a generous hand. Many a young theologian in a strait has been unostentatiously delivered out of it by this Christlike man, many a depressed and distressed disciple has been cheered and strengthened by him, many a disconsolate household has been brightened and made happy by his presence.

A year or two later a similar series of meetings, likewise richly blessed, and continuing some two weeks, was conducted by that venerable and distinguished man, Rev. Joseph C. Stiles, D. D., then over seventy years of age. Dr. Stiles was a native of Georgia, where his early ministry was spent; labored in Kentucky; was pastor of Grace Street Presbyterian Church in Richmond, Va.; subsequently a pastor in New York City and later still in New Haven, Conn. He was a genius in intelligence, emotional power, and force of character. His faith was simple as that of a child. Tall in person, towering above most men, with a striking intellectual countenance, his mental grasp was strong and vigorous. He possessed the faculty of laying hold of and presenting the truth clearly and of impressing it with power. He was an orator in the old-fashioned sense of the word; that is, he could capture and hold an audience, rivet their attention on the truth, and so impress it on their minds that it wrought conviction and by the blessing of the

Divine Spirit brought about a change in their lives. His sermons were from an hour to an hour and a half in length; so instructive, interesting and forceful that the people crowded to hear him, seemed never to tire, and went away strengthened and blessed.

At the beginning of the war (1861) he and his family owned their allegiance to the South, sundered their relations in New Haven and returned to Richmond; his sons, among whom was the late distinguished Maj. Robert Stiles, entering the army. He devoted himself to evangelistic work among the soldiers. When peace came he gathered his strength and gave the last ten years of his life to strenuous evangelistic work in several Southern States, which was accompanied by rich Divine blessing wherever he went. It was while engaged in these labors in Virginia that he came to Farmville and brought a blessing with him. I recall with pleasure and gratitude my association with this eminent servant of God.

CHAPTER XXIX

FARMVILLE, VA. (CONTINUED)

THE relation I sustained to the Farmville church during the war was that of stated supply. It was not, I think, until December, 1865, that I was installed pastor. I do not remember any difference in my relations to the people, or in theirs to me, produced by this formality. From the beginning I had given them a single-hearted service and they had given me a gracious and sympathetic assistance. This continued to the end. I look back to this period of my life with nothing but pleasant and grateful recollections. The few old people who survive are among my warmest friends, and some of their children continue to cheer me with marks of affection. I ministered not only to the whites but also not infrequently to the colored people, who called on me, as occasion seemed to require, to marry them, preach funeral sermons, etc.

I remember one colored man who, soon after emancipation, pressed me to go down into Cumberland County six or eight miles, to marry him. I demurred because of distance and loss of time. He asked me what I would charge? I told him gravely that I did not think I could go that far for less than ten dollars, but added, "You bring your sweetheart up here and I will marry you in my study without charge." His countenance brightened; the next morning the bridal party put in an appearance and "they twain were made one flesh."

On another occasion a young colored man, Phinney by name, whom I had known many years, came to ask me to marry him the following night. One of my little boys, seven or eight years old, heard the conversation, and asked me what I thought Phinney would give me as a marriage fee. I knew that the child had among his treasures a gold dollar, given him by his grandmother, a day or two before, so I said cheerfully: "I don't know, but I tell you what I

will do. If you will give me that gold dollar your grandmother gave you, I will give you all that Phinney gives me!" This offer of a trade put him to thinking. After a moment's reflection he replied deliberately, "I can't do that!" "Why not?" I asked. "Because," he replied, "I tell you how it will be. You will marry Phinney. Then he will say, 'Mr. McIlwaine, what you charge?' and you will say, 'Nothing'; then where will my gold dollar be?" It occurred exactly that way. The boy went with me to the marriage and on coming away truthfully said, "I told you so," and rejoiced in his business acumen and the possession of his gold dollar. This was about the size of my fee for all subsequent marriages of negroes, and the fact is most of them had nothing to pay with; for they, as well as the white people, had a scant time of it at this period.

One marriage of a negro couple I remember with special pleasure. It was that of our house girl, Lizzie, who was born in the family of Mrs. McIlwaine's father and was a present to her at the time of her marriage. Lizzie was to marry the Hon. James Bland, then a member of the Virginia Senate from the Prince Edward district. She was an intelligent young woman, had been taught to read along with our other younger servants by her mistress, and drilled in the catechism and teachings of the scriptures. She was an excellent servant and remained with us until the time of her marriage, which took place in my parlor. Bland, too, was a very intelligent negro, coal black, unusually gifted as a speaker, at first inclined to be radical in his views but becoming more and more conservative, and at the time of his untimely death in the Capitol disaster in Richmond (1870), was exerting a decidedly wholesome influence on his race. His death was generally regretted by those who knew him and, I believe, throughout the State. He made Lizzie an excellent husband and took her into high negro society in Richmond.

An incident of a different character occurred about this time. An old-time free negro,—one of John Randolph's Bazaar settlement near Farmville,—a land-owner and a man of consequence among his people, asked me to preach the funeral of a daughter, who had died and been buried some weeks before. This custom was not uncommon at that day,

among white people as well as colored, in order that friends of the family from a distance might be able to attend.—I remember a story, which I believe to be true, which had its origin in Charlotte County about this time. An old Presbyterian minister had lost his wife. The funeral sermon was deferred in order to fix on a time convenient to the scattered relatives. At last a day was agreed on, and Rev. Dr. Alexander Martin of Charlotte County,—later of Danville,—was invited and consented to preach the sermon. It happened that the night before the service was to come off there was a heavy downpour of rain, which raised a creek, that lay between Dr. Martin and the church, to such an extent as to make its passage not only dangerous but impracticable. What was to be done? The congregation had gathered from other directions, friends from a distance were present, the afflicted old preacher was there, but none other of the cloth. The dilemma was soon solved when the disconsolate husband ascended the pulpit, took charge of the services and paid a loving tribute to the faithful partner of his life. During the following week he consoled himself by taking another helpmeet, which he would not have felt at liberty to do, if the foregoing funeral obsequies had not been performed. This is history.

Knowing of the existence of this custom I had no hesitation in acceding to the old negro's request. The service was performed in due time and everything went off solemnly and with propriety. I afterwards learned that a sermon had already been preached by a colored minister in memory of the deceased woman, which, for some reason, failed to give satisfaction to the sorrowing father. Therefore he wished to have the thing done decently and in order.

It was my privilege during this period to preach in a good many neighboring churches, either by presbyterial appointment or on sacramental or other occasions; at Maysville and New Store in Buckingham, Willis' and Brown's in Cumberland, Appomattox in Prince Edward, and others.

A visit to Buckingham C.-H. in company with Rev. Dr. J. M. P. Atkinson, as discreet a man as ever lived, made a deep impression on my mind. We went there by appointment of Presbytery to investigate and report on the state of the church. An appointment was made for preaching

twice on each Saturday and Sunday. We were entertained at the hospitable home of Mr. Nicholas Bocock, the youngest of a distinguished family of brothers; Henry M. Bocock, Esq., of Lynchburg; Hon. Thomas S. Bocock, Speaker of the Confederate States Congress; Hon. Willis H. Bocock, Attorney-General of Virginia and afterwards of Alabama; Rev. Dr. John H. Bocock of Harrisonburg,—all men of mark to whom we thought the youngest brother fully measured up in ability. We found him and his beautiful young wife a most agreeable host and hostess. I remember a little piece of domestic information he communicated which interested me very much and which ought to be of interest to country people eligibly situated. He said that the little fish pond, by which we had passed some hundreds of yards from the residence, yielded more food for the family than did its poultry yard and gave them an abundant supply.

When Mrs. Bocock had retired from the parlor after supper, Dr. Atkinson, who was chairman of our committee and therefore its spokesman, told Mr. Bocock, who was a member of the Session of Maysville Church, that being here for the purpose of looking into the state of the church, we would be glad to learn something about it so that, understanding the nature of the trouble, we would know how to proceed.

He received this suggestion kindly but thoughtfully, arose from his chair, thrust his hands in the pockets of his pantaloons, stood before Dr. Atkinson and said: "Well, Sir, if you wish to know what the trouble is, it is not far to seek. It is just this: there are six members of the Session and there is but one of us that the people have the slightest confidence in and I am not that one!" "My, my!" ejaculated Dr. Atkinson—the strongest expletive I ever heard him use, representing his state of astonishment and perplexity. "And who is that one?" asked the Doctor. "Colonel Grandison Mosely," was the reply. "Everybody has confidence in him. Nobody believes in or trusts the rest of us." He then went on to explain that the close of the war left the community in an embarrassed and complicated financial condition, that heavy debts had to be settled, large estates to be wound up, that suit after suit had been brought, that every member of the Session, except Colonel Mosely, was

more or less involved in these disputes, and that a general want of confidence pervaded the church and community. This statement certainly revealed a painful state of affairs, growing, no doubt, to a large extent out of self-interest and suspicion; with a possible basis of fact in some cases, but on the whole greatly exaggerated, and with direful results on the church and the relations of its members to one another.

In conference with the Session on Saturday the matter was gone over patiently and thoroughly, and the conclusion arrived at to recommend Presbytery to dissolve the existing Session. This course would leave the church free to elect another Session, consisting of the old or of new members, as might seem best. This recommendation was made to Presbytery but not approved, things being left to right themselves. I have not known enough of the church since that time to give an opinion as to which was probably the wiser course.

Public service was held, as proposed, on Saturday and Sunday. Congregations were good and attentive and things passed off pleasantly. An amusing incident grew out of an episode in the Saturday afternoon service, conducted by Dr. Atkinson. Soon after the exercises began two or three nurses with infants in their arms appeared in the gallery, making a little flutter, and took their seats on the front bench. Things went along and the Doctor was progressing comfortably in his discourse, when one of the little darlings began to coo vigorously and vociferously, to the distraction of the congregation and the discomfiture of the preacher. He stood it manfully for a time, endeavoring by increased animation to overcome the distraction, but finding this impossible, paused and in a calm voice, addressing the nurse, said, "Take that child out," which was done. The service was then continued and completed in order. That evening after our return to Mr. Bocock's our host left us in the parlor for a few moments but soon returned with one of the prettiest, brightest and most buoyant babies I ever saw. The sight of this lovely child awaked all the paternal feelings in Dr. Atkinson's tender heart. He arose and advanced with outstretched arms to take and press the attractive little creature to his bosom, when the injured father drew back and, with mock hauteur in manner and

tone, said, "No, Sir. You shan't touch this child. You ordered her out of church this afternoon." "My, my!" exclaimed the Doctor amid the laughter of his companions, but soon he consoled himself by dangling the happy little thing hither and thither and impressing loving kisses on its rosy cheeks.

Willis' Church at one time, when vacant, was put under my pastoral oversight. More than once I have preached there Sunday morning and then driven up and occupied my pulpit in Farmville at night, a distance of eighteen miles each way. On one occasion it was desirable to hold a Saturday service with preaching beginning at twelve o'clock, after which a congregational meeting was held with the view of arranging for the permanent supply of the pulpit. My impression is that this is the meeting that eventuated in securing the semi-monthly services of Rev. W. U. Murkland, a young preacher then settled at Amelia C.-H., who afterwards became the honored and distinguished pastor of Franklin Street Church, Baltimore. Reports from committees, previously appointed, were received, extended conferences were held, and before a safe conclusion was reached it was five o'clock in the afternoon. My horse had done his eating while I was at work in the church. I did mine while driving home, food for both man and beast having been taken along to meet exactly the contingency that occurred.

CHAPTER XXX

FARMVILLE, VA. (CONTINUED)

It was also my privilege during this era to assist brethren in a number of revival services. Among these I recall two occasions at Nottoway C.-H., the first under the ministry of Rev. Edward Martin during the war and the second when Rev. Dr. Pryor was pastor; at Briery twice under the ministry of Rev. Dr. Thomas Wharey, and at Orange C.-H. under Rev. Dr. I. S. K. Handy. All these were well attended, developed a good degree of interest and were followed by substantial additions to the churches. I recall an incident connected with the first, which occurred perhaps in the summer of 1864, when provisions were scarce and things were assuming a serious aspect. A gentleman came to morning service one day intending to take the afternoon train for the Southwest about two o'clock in order to procure breadstuffs. It happened that my text on this occasion was, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," which so impressed his mind that he deferred the trip, continued in attendance on the meetings, found peace in believing and lived and died a Christian. His widow and children are now members of one of our Richmond churches. I met her nearly forty years after her husband's confession of Christ and she remembers the circumstances with thankfulness to God. "Seek ye first": *first in importance, first in time; above everything else, before everything else!* Oh that sinners could see it this way! Old Samuel Johnson spoke wisely when he said, "Hell is paved with good intentions"; and the great Apostle to the same effect in the pungent words, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." Procrastination has been the destruction of myriads of souls!

During my relations with the Farmville church I was an interested member of Presbytery and took an active part in

the deliberations of that body and the Synod of Virginia. My recollections of the men who composed these bodies are wholly pleasant and fraternal. They were generally men of the highest and purest character, devoted to their work and deeply interested in the advancement of religion "pure and undefiled." The names of such men as John McElhenny of Lewisburg, Francis H. McFarland of Augusta County, Jesse S. Armistead of Cumberland County, William S. White of Lexington, John G. Shepperson of Bedford, William Brown of Richmond, Theodorick Pryor of Nottoway,—all of whom were recognized as exemplars and leaders, most of whom were powerful gospel-preachers,—well illustrate the character and work of the men who composed the Synod at that day. A brief biography of all of them, except Dr. Shepperson, is given in the Presbyterian Encyclopædia, to which young preachers of the present time will do well to go and see if they cannot catch some of their spirit, and learn to follow them as they followed Christ. Why Dr. Shepperson's name is omitted I do not know, seeing that for gentleness of spirit, humility of life, holy sacrifice in the work of the Master and fiery, thrilling, convicting presentation of the truth, he stands in the front rank of his brethren. It is true that he was an "oddity," but such an "oddity" as every one who knew him admired, loved, and revered.

These ecclesiastical meetings were not infrequently accompanied or followed by revivals of religion in the churches in which they were held. They were looked forward to as seasons of refreshing from on high. There was nothing like so much diversion of thought from vital religion to questions of sectarian and secular moment for the up-building of the outward glory of the church as at present, but there was concentration of thought and action on the preaching of the gospel, pastoral activity and efficiency, domestic religion, Sabbath-school instruction, the administration of discipline, etc.,—methods of procedure affirmed and inculcated in the Scriptures. There was more reliance and seeking after Divine models and less discussion of extraneous modes, not contended or suggested by the word of truth. Christian doctrine was seen to be important as the basis of Christian character, but it was held

that "faith without works is dead" and that ministers and members of the church must manifest their profession in their lives.

I recall but two cases of ministerial scandal in those days, both of which were dealt with mildly, whether wisely or not the great day will reveal. I have observed that ecclesiastical bodies are inclined to treat lightly some grave offenses against Christian morals. Whether this proceeds from spurious charity or from inability to obtain convincing evidence because of the lack of power to compel the attendance of witnesses, is a question.

The first General Assembly I attended was held in Macon, Ga., December, 1865. We got through East Tennessee safely, notwithstanding that passengers offensive to the mountain Unionists were still sometimes taken out of the cars and beaten. It was reported at the time that persons guilty of no other offense than being dressed in gray clothes received such treatment. We passed through and spent a night in Atlanta, the city then just beginning to arise from the ashes to which it had been consigned by Gen. William T. Sherman, a man honored at the North but not so highly regarded at the South. The people of that devoted city were busy in rebuilding their habitations, the tools of industry being heard not only by day but throughout the night.

The citizens of Macon were cordial in their hospitality but, as I remember, there was a feeling of depression resting on the community and congregation, natural to the time and circumstances. It could, indeed, hardly have been otherwise anywhere in the South. Federal troops were scattered about in every State, carpetbaggers and scalawags were in the saddle, while the negroes were in a state of unrest. The rich had become poor, the avenues of industry had not yet been opened. Altogether it was a troublous time.

The Assembly met, organized by the election of that noble old soldier of the cross, Rev. Dr. George Howe of Columbia, S. C., as Moderator, and went to work. It was a working body from beginning to end and accomplished its work well, although it remained in session only five working days. It consisted of 62 members out of a possible 108:—43 ministers and 19 ruling elders. Every Synod was represented; but Texas had only one ministerial

delegate while Arkansas had one minister and one elder present. The Synods of Memphis, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia, had full ministerial delegations. Among the older and more distinguished ministerial delegates were: Rev. Dr. R. Nall of East Alabama Presbytery; Rev. Dr. E. T. Baird of Central Mississippi; Rev. Dr. G. A. Caldwell of Holston; Rev. Dr. James Park of Knoxville; Rev. Dr. F. A. Ross of North Alabama; Rev. J. L. Kirkpatrick of Concord; Rev. Drs. George Howe and Thomas Smythe of Charleston; Rev. Drs. J. Leighton Wilson and Donald McQueen of Harmony; Rev. Drs. William Brown and John Miller of East Hanover, and Rev. Dr. J. D. Mitchell of Roanoke. Among the older and distinguished ruling elders I recall Gen. D. H. Hill of North Carolina, Gen. W. L. T. Prince of South Carolina, and Col. J. T. L. Preston of Virginia. Among the younger men present who have since served the church with marked usefulness were Rev. J. K. Hazen of Alabama, afterwards Secretary of Publication; Rev. S. A. King of Texas, now professor in the Theological Seminary at Austin, and Rev. L. H. Blanton of Virginia, who has achieved such notable results in education in Kentucky. That cultured young minister, Rev. F. H. Bowman, then of Virginia,—afterwards as pastor of the First Church, Memphis, Tenn., to yield his life in the discharge of duty during the yellow fever epidemic of 1873,—was also among the younger members.

An incident of interest occurred early in the session, when a letter was read from "The Kentucky Board of Aid for Southern Pastors," and Rev. Robert Morrison of Louisville Presbytery appeared as its representative. This association was for the purpose clearly set forth in its title. It brought to the Assembly, and through it to the Southern Church, assurances of the sympathy of its members and generous aid for our suffering brethren. It already had in hand more than \$6000 to be used in Sustentation work under the direction of the Assembly and afterwards added much more. The letter of the Board and the address of its delegate were inspiring, and the basis was laid for the union of the Synod of Kentucky with the Southern Church at a later date.

On the second day of the session one of the younger members offered the following resolution: "Resolved, that, when the time for adjournment to-day shall arrive, the Assembly will take a recess till 7 o'clock, to meet in the Lecture Room of the Church; and that this shall be the order for each day during our sessions."

The grounds on which this motion was based were threefold: 1st, that the afternoons would afford ample time for the transaction of business by committees; 2nd, that many of the delegates were from rural districts and felt more or less anxiety about their families; and 3rd, that the people of Macon were suffering from a calamity common to us all and their hospitality ought not to be taxed longer than was necessary for the orderly discharge of business. The resolution was laid on the table but adopted the next day.

Many important measures were considered by the Assembly. Among the first calling for action was that of fixing the name of the Church. It had heretofore been known as "The Presbyterian Church of the Confederate States of America." The name adopted by an overwhelming vote, after an interesting and somewhat protracted discussion, is "The Presbyterian Church in the United States," emphasis on the word "*in*, not of, the United States," as was gleefully remarked by a commissioner. The names brought into competition were "American Presbyterian Church," "Presbyterian Church of the South," and "Protestant Presbyterian Church in the United States," each of which was vigorously contended for but received little support.

There were sixteen overtures before the Assembly, all of which were answered thoughtfully. The first of these was from a convention of ministers and elders of the Synod of Nashville informing the Assembly that that Synod had not been able to meet since the fall of 1861, and "requesting the Assembly to appoint a meeting of Synod at an early day." The request was granted, Thursday before the 3rd Sabbath of January, 1866, at 6.30 o'clock P. M., in Huntsville, Ala., being designated.

The records of only the Synods of Alabama and South Carolina seem to have been sent to the Assembly. The next meeting of the body was appointed to be held in the First

Presbyterian Church, Memphis, Tenn., on the 3rd Thursday of November, 1866.

One of the most interesting discussions of this meeting was in connection with a paper on "Fashionable Amusement," presented by Rev. Dr. F. A. Ross, during which he made a record-breaking speech of great power. This paper contained three inquiries, "1st, Whether every church Session has the right to make it a rule that dancing and other amusements are disciplinary; 2nd, Whether such a rule commonly exists in Presbyterian churches; 3rd, Whether such rule is expedient; or, What is the mind of the whole body and what is its action?"

The reply of the Assembly is clean cut and deserves the consideration of all within its bounds. The following are the last two sentences, which are commended to the attention of church officers everywhere: "And we hereby exhort our ministers and church Sessions to a discharge of their duties. Let them proceed by faithful and affectionate instruction from the pulpit, as well as in private; by admonition and by such other methods as prudence may dictate; but, when all other means fail, then let them proceed to such methods of discipline as shall separate from the Church those who love the world and practise conformity thereto rather than to the law of Christ."

Rev. Dr. E. T. Baird of Mississippi was elected Secretary of Publication and Education, to succeed Rev. Dr. John Leyburn, resigned; Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson of Georgia, Stated Clerk of the General Assembly, in place of Rev. Dr. J. N. Waddill, resigned, and Rev. Dr. William Brown, Permanent Clerk, to fill the position vacated by Dr. Wilson.

Careful consideration was given to the Theological Seminaries in Virginia and South Carolina, which were left in a deplorable financial condition by the results of the war, the endowment of the former being reduced to less than \$100,000, and of the latter to less than \$70,000,—neither yielding interest, except \$3000 owned by Columbia Seminary.

Much attention was given to Home and Foreign Missions, Education and Publication. These had been completely disorganized and left almost without a dollar.

These departments were revived and their work begun *de novo*.

The following action "on the course to be pursued towards the colored people within our bounds" is interesting and instructive:

"Resolved 1st, That the abolition of slavery by the Civil and Military powers has not altered the relations above defined, in which our Church stands to the colored people, nor in any degree lessened the debt of love and service which we owe to them, nor the interest with which we desire to be still associated with them in all the privileges of our common Christianity.

"Resolved 2nd, That whereas experience has invariably proved the advantage of the colored people and the white people being united together in the service of God, we see no reason why it should be otherwise, now that they are freedmen and not slaves. Should our colored friends think it best to separate from us and organize themselves into different congregations under white pastors and elders for the present or under colored pastors and elders as soon as God in his providence shall raise up men suitably qualified for those offices, this Church will do all in its power to encourage, assist and foster them."

A pastoral letter prepared by a committee of one member from each Synod, with Rev. Dr. William Brown, Chairman, was issued, dealing chiefly with three points: "I. Our Relation to the Civil Governments of the Country; II. Our Relation to the Church; III. Our Relation to the Negro Population." It is an important, able and informing document, and ought to be re-issued, read and pondered by the officers and members of all the churches.

Many other subjects were dealt with, but those alluded to are the most significant. The body was harmonious throughout, pervaded by a fraternal spirit, and through its efforts the church was launched on a new career of usefulness, in which it has been signally blessed of God.

CHAPTER XXXI

FARMVILLE, VA. (CONTINUED)

THERE were three members of West Hanover Presbytery at this time of such genuine worth as exemplary ministers of the gospel that I must say a word about each. Neither is mentioned in the Presbyterian Encyclopaedia. Yet no name in that book is better deserving of remembrance. For modest piety and consecrated service they are surpassed by none.

The first of these was Rev. B. M. Wailes of Rockfish Church, Nelson County, and of Cove Church in Albemarle. It was not my good fortune to meet him very often, but when I did I was impressed by his geniality, humility and devotion. He was an admirable gospel-preacher without brilliancy or pretension. A part of his earlier ministry was spent in Charlottesville, when he preached a good deal at the University of Virginia. I remember distinctly that during my student life at that institution (1853-5), Prof. John B. Minor spoke to me of him with unstinted admiration and affection as a Christian minister and man. Dr. Minor characterized his instruction as plain, practical, scriptural, and added, "Exactly the kind I like and think most useful." No higher praise from more competent authority could be given.

My most vivid recollection of him is in connection with a delightful meeting of West Hanover Presbytery in Byrd Church, Goochland County, in the autumn of 1869; specially with a ride in a farm wagon about daybreak from the home where we were entertained, with a party of congenial spirits to the landing on the James River and Kanawha Canal. We were here to take the boat for Richmond, where the Synod of Virginia was appointed to meet the following day. Our delightful hostess, Mrs Vaughn, had given us a fine old Virginia breakfast by candle light, and

after cordial adieus we mounted to our seats in the wagon, as gay and happy as birds.

The party as I recall it consisted of Rev. Dr. Dabney, Rev. Dr. Smith, Rev. B. M. Wailes, Rev. S. T. Martin, Rev. J. M. Wharey, Ruling Elder Calvin Wilson, and myself. It was perhaps as cheerful a company as could well be gotten together, the older men being specially full of life. Pretty soon the story-telling began and passed rapidly from one to another, each exceeding in interest what had preceded it. Apropos to the Synod we all expected to attend, Dr. Smith took the floor and narrated in inimitable style an incident that occurred in Winchester, Va., during the pastorate of Rev. Dr. William Hill, which received close attention from all and especially from Brother Wailes.

Dr. Smith said that on the Sabbath before the looked-for Synod, Dr. Hill announced the approaching meeting. He characterized it as "a spiritual feast," exhorted the people to look forward to and attend upon its exercises in the spirit of devotion and prayer for the Divine blessing. He also specially cautioned housekeepers not to weary themselves in elaborate preparation, but to provide plain homelike fare, so that they and their guests might the more readily attend on and profit by the exercises of Synod.

The next morning as Dr. Hill was walking on the street he was met by one of the loveliest of his female members, Mrs. Conrad, an elderly lady, noted throughout the community for her piety and good works, who on approaching her pastor, said: "Dr. Hill, I heard what you said yesterday about the Synod and the way we are to treat the preachers. I am not going to do one thing you said. Poor fellows! they are almost starved at home the year round. It is only when they go to Presbytery and Synod that they get a chance at anything to eat. No, Sir! I am going to have all the pies and cakes and good things I can make and give the preachers plenty, so that they may enjoy themselves."

We were all much interested and amused by the story, admirably told by its narrator. When our appreciative mirth had quieted, Brother Wailes, without the semblance of a smile on his countenance, remarked in a quiet, gentle voice, "Doubtless, Dr. Smith, she was a pious woman."

Not long after this Brother Wailes founded the Kleinberg Female School at his home in Nelson County, which, though his death occurred many years ago, is still in successful operation and has become an important factor in the education of the young ladies of the State.

I was much more intimately associated with Rev. Samuel W. Watkins, who, during the war and for several years subsequently, was a member of West Hanover Presbytery. He resided at the old home of his father, Capt. Henry E. Watkins, on the road between Farmville and Hampden-Sidney. During these years he acted as Domestic Missionary and was ever ready, faithful and earnest in the discharge of duty. Outside of the pulpit he was eccentric in manner and sometimes in expression. In the pulpit he was calm, sedate in manner, instructive in matter, and interesting in the presentation of the truth. I knew him somewhat intimately and had a tender regard for him. He called me "Brother Mac," and I him, "Brother Sam," although he was much my senior, and the most genial relations existed between us. He had a lovely wife, whom he loved devotedly and whose praises he was fond of singing when among friends.

One morning he was in my home at early breakfast, on his way to Cumberland C.-H., where Presbytery was to meet at 11 o'clock A. M., and whither I was to accompany him. As usual, when among congenial surroundings, he talked affectionately and protractedly about Mrs. Watkins, telling good things about her that were pleasant to hear. In the spirit of fun, I broke in: "Brother Sam, I don't wonder you love your wife, for she is lovely, but I will tell you the reason you love her so much. It is because she is so good to you. She makes your caps, knits your socks, mends your clothes, and takes good care of you. Now I am going with you to Presbytery and we will stay together. I am going to look after you and be good to you. I bet when we come back you will love me just as much as you do Mrs. Watkins." He looked at me with an amazed yet amused countenance and said, "Brother Mac, you are a fool!" which awakened much merriment among us all. We then had prayers and were off on our journey.

We arrived at Cumberland C.-H. in due time, had a

profitable meeting, and returned to Farmville on Saturday evening at sundown. As we went up Main Street I invited him to spend the night with me and preach for me on the morrow, never dreaming that he would do so; but he cheerfully consented. He preached most acceptably, as he always did, and returned with me to dinner, soon after which he asked that his buggy be brought to the door. I besought him and pled with him to spend the night with me and preached at the second service. No persuasion, however, availed; so in a little while his equipage was ready for him. On going out and shaking hands with him, I said in a sad tone of voice, "Good-bye, Brother Sam. I have but one thing to say in parting, and that is, if I had been within three miles of my wife last evening at sundown and had not gone home, I would not go now!" "Why not?" he quickly asked. "Because," I replied, "the house would be too hot for me!" But he drove off cheerfully and without apparent trepidation. Good, guileless, godly man that he was, his record is on high. The latter part of his life was spent in Rockingham County, where he had many friends, and from which, I think, both he and his lovely wife entered into rest.

My acquaintance with Rev. W. S. Thompson was less intimate and protracted than with either of the others, and was chiefly in connection with meetings of Presbytery, at one of which I was entertained at his home. I also had the pleasure at a later day of having him as my guest at Hampden-Sidney. In early life he was a resident of Petersburg, a member of old Tabb Street Church, and as such became a candidate, and took up his studies, for the ministry. He was a gentle, mild-mannered, affectionate man; a faithful, valued pastor, and an instructive preacher. My impression is that his whole ministerial life was spent in Trinity Church, Buckingham County, and Cartersville, Cumberland County. He did excellent work in his field and his memory is revered. I have never heard anyone speak of him otherwise than kindly and tenderly. Only a few weeks since, an old gentleman of a sister church, who knew him well, spoke to me of him in terms of unstinted admiration and affection. His life was serene, faithful, happy, and his end peace.

At the opening of Synod in Richmond I was surprised to find my name put in nomination for Moderator. I had no aspiration in that direction and no idea that I could be elected, and should have at once declined but that the seconds were so numerous and my brethren so vehement in waving me down as I was about to rise. A few moments later, however, I wished I had declined; for when the speech nominating me had been concluded, the name of one of the older, more useful and distinguished ministers in the Church,—lately become a member of the Synod of Virginia,—was proposed in opposition. But it was then too late, as I would have to forsake the friends who put me forward and thus show “the white feather,” neither of which things have I been prone to do throughout life. So I kept my seat, but did not have to wait long to see which way the wind was blowing. When the vote was announced, I had been elected by a handsome majority. I had been Moderator of East Hanover Presbytery ten years before this and later on of West Hanover Presbytery, had been a constant and interested attendant on our ecclesiastical bodies, and was familiar with the rules for the government of our church courts; so I took the chair with no special abashment and pretty soon felt easy in it.

The Synod was unprecedentedly full, much larger than any held up to that time, and has been surpassed in number by only a few since. It had a considerable number of old soldiers in it and was an active, working body. Some questions of vital importance were up, which elicited warm discussion, but everything moved along in an orderly manner to the expediting of business. I held the reins pretty tight, kept things from a tangle, and was greatly pleased at the approbation of brethren; especially when Col. J. T. L. Preston cordially volunteered his approval, saying that if he and I were members of the General Assembly at any time, he would urge my name as Moderator of that body. Even more grateful to my feelings, however, is a paragraph in a letter lately (1906) received from my venerable friend, Rev. Dr. H. A. Brown of Charlotte, written on a matter of business, in which he says: “My first acquaintance with you was at the table of Prof. Snyder at Hampden-Sidney. This was, I think, in 1858. I have with keen interest

watched your career ever since, as pastor, Secretary, and President, and with steady admiration of your zeal, fidelity, ability, and success. It was a sad surprise to me when you resigned the presidency of Hampden-Sidney. And I was glad of that meeting and walk and talk on the streets of Richmond last fall. I have often thought of your Moderatorship of the Synod of Virginia in Richmond in 1869 as the very best I have ever known. You were so ready, quick, energetic and skillful in the duties of the chair. May your bow long abide in strength."

One of my specially pleasant recollections of Farmville is in connection with a gentlemen's Bible class held in my study on Monday night of each week during two or three years of the latter part of my ministry there. The meeting was for the study of the Bible without other text-book. Some of its peculiarities were: (1) It had a stated hour for assembling but none for adjourning. It began promptly and continued in session as long as the interest each night indicated. This period sometimes lasted several hours; seldom less than two. (2) It was never very large, perhaps at no time exceeding ten or twelve in number. (3) It was wholly undenominational, several of the most interested members belonging to other Christian churches; and (4) The members of the class asked as many questions and did as much expository work as its reputed teacher. The only members now alive, whom I recall, are Colonel, afterwards Judge, Henry Parrish of Appomattox and Mr. M. M. Gilliam of Richmond. The class was attended regularly, awakened thought, was instructive, and is cherished gratefully in memory.

This reminiscence recalls the fact of the existence for some years, during and following the war, of a young ladies' Bible class held in my study on Saturday afternoons. The class consisted chiefly of girls from the Farmville Female Institute, with others from the town who chose to attend. This institution was then under the principalship of Prof. Preot, a native Frenchman, who in my boyhood was an instructor in French in Petersburg and whose acquaintance I had then made. The class was largely attended and full of interest. A number of its members from time to time united with the church of their choice. During later years,

as I traveled through the State I would meet with one and another who had been a member of this class. Doubtless a number of them are still alive, serving God and their generation. I know certainly of but two; both gentle, pious, Christian women.

I had now been laboring in Farmville rather more than seven years, when I received an invitation to become co-pastor in the First Presbyterian Church, Lynchburg, with Rev. Dr. J. B. Ramsey. This invitation appealed to me strongly for two reasons: 1st, My admiration and regard for Dr. Ramsey. The willingness of such a man to have me as co-pastor was a strong incentive and inspiration. 2nd, The conviction that I could be more useful in a larger field and that Lynchburg furnished such a sphere of usefulness. The church itself was not stronger numerically or financially than the Farmville church, but there was the city itself with its hundreds and thousands of overlooked and neglected souls. While I had been in Farmville both the Methodists and the Baptists had excellent pastors, religion was on a scriptural basis, and all the churches made decided progress. My impression is that the membership of the Presbyterian church was about trebled. I did not know of a single white family not connected with one or other of the churches, except a few Episcopalians who at that day had no organization and attended the other churches. Nor did I know of more than one or two white men who were not regular attendants on one of the churches. I wanted to "go out into the highways and hedges," and here was a chance. If I had been left to myself, I am pretty sure I should have accepted this invitation, but a good lady for whom I had great respect, who knew me better than I knew myself, and who in critical times has been of eminent service in tempering my precipitate zeal, interposed an objection with some degree of energy. She suggested that I had been accustomed to have my own way, to do things my own way, and that possibly my way might clash with Dr. Ramsey's and a muddle arise. This outspoken deliverance, when thought over, seemed to have a grain of truth in it; I yielded and concluded to remain where I was.

A few months after this, on account of increasing infirmities and inability to fill the pulpit and pastorate, Dr.

Ramsey insisted on the acceptance of his resignation, so that he might devote the whole of his strength to a school which he and Mrs. Ramsey, aided by an excellent corps of teachers, had maintained for some time. The people, though unwillingly, acceded to his request. I received a unanimous call to the church, which I accepted, and entered on the work on September 1st, 1870.

My removal from Farmville was painful indeed. My relations with the church, its session, deacons, and members, as well as with the people of the town, had been pleasant and profitable. I had a multitude of friends and no enemies that I know of, but there was work for me to do elsewhere that I could not find there; so I went to do it.

CHAPTER XXXII

LYNCHBURG, VA.

My life in Lynchburg was brief, but laborious and happy. I was no stranger there, having, on invitation from the Session, preached in the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, when a fledgling, as far back as 1858, with a view to a call to its pastorate, then vacant by the resignation of that able preacher and scholar, Rev. C. R. Vaughan. I was afterwards told that my preaching made a good impression and that I would have been called as pastor but for the sedate opinion of my revered friend, Capt. Samuel McCorkle, Sr., at that time the leading member of the Session, that the church needed a man of more experience. This decision was fortunate both for the church and me, as the congregation soon came under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. James B. Ramsey, a prince among preachers and pastors, while I was relegated to a country charge, where I had time for careful pulpit preparation and was able to gather experience from day to day in the discharge of duty and in leisurely intercourse with my fellow-men. It is my deliberate judgment that young men make a mistake in accepting city pastorates. There may be exceptions, here and there, but the rule stands. They are apt to err in giving exclusive attention to the pulpit to the neglect of pastoral efficiency, or in attempting to satisfy the demands of both spheres they fall below the standard as preachers or break down. The country is the place for men entering the ministry to spend their novitiate; where with consecrated diligence they may develop their powers symmetrically and fit themselves for the onerous and complicated duties of city life, if called to enter it, or may spend the whole of their days in unobtrusive but large and happy usefulness.

I also had quite a number of acquaintances in the city outside of my people, among whom were a half-dozen old college and university friends, who added to the pleasure of my sojourn. My surroundings and those of my family

were congenial. The church, though weak in numbers, was strong in organization, morale, and devotion. The spirit of consecration and service seemed generally developed. There were more workers and fewer sluggards than common. What they needed and wanted was a leader; some one to direct and help. Dr. Ramsey was admirably qualified for this position in many ways but for some time ill health had marred his efficiency. Now he was laid aside and seldom left the house. He was still deeply interested in the church, in the progress of religion, in all good things. He and his loving, intelligent and pious wife were very helpful to me.

Dr. Ramsey was not an old man, only fifty-six years at this time, though on account of ill health he appeared to be far beyond this age. He was a native of Maryland, the son of devoutly pious parents, was educated at Princeton, and after graduation in the Theological Seminary took a year of post-graduate study. His early ministry, spent in the Indian Territory, was arduous and efficient, resulting after some years, in a collapsed constitution which needed rest. After five years given partly to teaching, he became pastor of New Monmouth Church, Lexington Presbytery. In the fall of 1858 he took charge of the First Church, Lynchburg. He was an accurate and extensive Bible scholar, a strong and instructive preacher, an interested and useful pastor and a thoroughly trustworthy man. His "Questions on Bible Doctrine for the Closet, the Family and for Bible Classes" is by far the best book of the kind for mature Christians with which I am acquainted. His work on the "Book of Revelation" gives him rank among biblical exegetes. His worth as a scholar, teacher, and defender of the faith was recognized some years before his death by his election to a professorship in Union Theological Seminary (Virginia), which he felt compelled to decline on account of his physical condition. He commanded the affectionate esteem of the people of his charge to a degree seldom equaled. This is not to say that they regarded him as "perfect." They knew that he was human and, like other human beings, had his limitations; but such was their confidence in the integrity of his character, the sanity of his judgment and the purity of his life, that they ac-

cepted him as their guide and followed him as they believed he followed Christ.

To succeed such a man, so intrenched in the confidence of the people, still living within the bounds of the congregation and in a house adjacent to the church building,—for a young man twenty—in appearance forty-years his junior, accustomed to think for himself and to act on his convictions, seemed rather hazardous. Nevertheless I did it without a moment's hesitation, not because I was ready for a clash either with Dr. Ramsey or his people, but because, knowing him as I did and concurring with him in all *essentials* of doctrine and church polity, I determined to let non-essentials, on some of which we might differ, remain in the background until the session and people should see reason for change. Moreover I had the fullest assurances, oral and written, from Dr. Ramsey himself of his cordial concurrence with the congregation in my election as pastor and I did not doubt that I would have the full force of his influence. Nor was I disappointed, for in the eleven months of earthly association that remained to us there was never a shadow of difference between us, but the most perfect accord and concord on all questions, along with the most genial and fraternal Christian intercourse. He did all he could to hold up my hands and I did all I could to cheer and brighten his declining days. No period of my life is recalled more gratefully, and association with no ministerial brother ever gave me more pleasure or was more helpful.

On the Sabbath that I entered on my work in Lynchburg I took occasion to relieve the people from embarrassment by telling them that I understood the affectionate and confidential relations existing between Dr. Ramsey and themselves; that so far from doing anything to interrupt this genial flow of feeling, I wished to promote it by all the means in my power, and that I should be gratified rather than wounded by every manifestation of loving regard which they might show him by seeking his service in the baptism of their children, the marriage of their young people, the burying of their dead, etc.; that I cordially shared their affectionate reverence for their old pastor, and should interpret their loyalty to him as an assurance

of loyalty to me in the conduct of my work. This announcement put me on a firm basis with the people and myself. They understood me and I them.

I had not more than arrived at Lynchburg before I realized that I had gotten all I wanted,—a boundless field of labor, a sphere of effort far beyond my ability to compass,—that would tax every energy and demand every moment of my working time. I also found many helpers, men and women. The official bodies were both composed of excellent material, and the female workers were without a parallel in my experience. The elders of the church were men of irreproachable character, and the deacons faithful not only in looking after the temporal affairs of the church but in tender ministration to the poor. Excellent additions were made to both these bodies later on.

The first action of the Session that I remember was to appoint a stated monthly meeting for conference in the pastor's study, and the second was the apportionment of the families of the church among the elders, to whose care and oversight they were specially assigned. Reports of the work done in visiting were made at these monthly meetings and were generally gratifying. Congregations at first were small, alarmingly small, especially at the night services on Sabbath and during the week. It was not long, however, before they began to pick up, and not very long before several interested families, of their own motion, removed their seats from the lower floor to the gallery in order to make room for strangers added to the congregation. There was a revived and general interest in the temporal and spiritual upbuilding of Zion, the results of which were early apparent.

It was only a short time after my settlement in Lynchburg that I was applied to by two young brethren,—both married and candidates for the ministry,—Messrs. John C. Dinwiddie of Campbell County and Tazewell M. McCorkle of Lynchburg, to become their instructor in preparation for their life work. They were both college-bred, the former at Hampden-Sidney College and the University of Virginia; the latter at Washington and Hampden-Sidney Colleges. They stated that it was impracticable for them to attend Union Theological Seminary but that they could arrange to take a course in Lynchburg. After consultation

with Dr. Ramsey, who consented to instruct in Hebrew, I agreed to coach them one hour a day, except Mondays and Saturdays, in theology, sacred and ecclesiastical history, church government and the sacraments. This involved an immense amount of work both on their part and mine, but the program was successfully accomplished, Dabney's Syllabus in Theology, Kurtz's three volumes in history, and brief treatises on the other two subjects, having been completed during the fall, winter, and spring. Mr. Dinwiddie was licensed to preach by Montgomery Presbytery in May, 1871, and Mr. McCorkle in September of the same year. Both proved faithful ministers of the gospel, the former spending the whole of his subsequent life in ministerial service, while the latter, with some interruptions from ill health, still holds on his way in self-denying ministerial work.

An amusing incident, illustrative of the narrow social sphere occupied by most of us, occurred soon after my settlement in Lynchburg. I was told by Dr. Ramsey that a gentleman, a member of the Presbyterian church and of one of its more prominent families, was to be married the next morning to a young lady of the Methodist church and that he had been invited to perform the ceremony. The marriage was to take place at the residence of the bride on Diamond Hill at 6 o'clock A. M. sharp. In accepting the invitation he stipulated that in the event of his failure to appear on account of harsh weather or physical disability, I would be present to take his place, so that there should be no breach in the arrangements. It was also agreed that the carriage to convey him to the festal scene was to be at his door an hour before the appointed time, and, if he found it impracticable to undertake the service, it was to proceed at once to my house, a few squares distant, when I would understand the reason of the early call and be ready to meet it. The call came in due time and, all needful preparation having been made the preceding night, it was not long before I was whirling along to the happy scene. On alighting from the carriage I noticed that the house was brilliantly lighted. On ringing the bell I was received at the door by a handsomely attired young gentleman, a brother of the bride as I afterwards learned, who extended

his hand, and, to my amazement, addressed me as "Dr. Ramsey." In response, I explained Dr. Ramsey's absence and my presence, and was courteously ushered in. The ceremony was duly performed and the bridal party went on their way rejoicing.

In the afternoon, I called to report to Dr. Ramsey. After giving him the salient features of the occasion, I remarked that I had met with the most complete illustration of the vanity of human reputation that had yet come under my observation. I then depicted as graphically as possible the scene at the door of the bridal mansion when I, a comparatively unknown quantity in Lynchburg, had been taken for him, a veteran and man of mark, by a gentleman born and reared in the city. The doctor generally wore a sombre countenance. So far as I can remember I never heard him tell a joke, but when his mirth was moved, his laughter was vociferous, explosive and mirth-producing. On this occasion he exceeded himself in hilarity. Ordinarily his mind was occupied with themes too momentous to admit of merriment, but when his risibles were stirred, no one showed more enjoyment or was more profited. It cheered him.

Striking features of the church at my entrance upon its pastorate were its Sunday-schools for white and colored children. Both were held in the Lecture Room, the former in the morning, the latter in the afternoon. They were well officered, had excellent teachers, a regular attendance of scholars, and were efficient and helpful from every point of view. The credit for the organization and maintenance of the colored school is most largely due to Maj. T. J. Kirkpatrick, a ruling elder, a devoted Christian man, and an enthusiast in behalf of the moral and religious instruction and elevation of the blacks. His school was modeled after that organized and conducted in Lexington, Va., by "Stone-wall" Jackson before the war and afterwards superintended by that admirable man, Col. J. T. L. Preston. These schools continued in full and increasing vigor during my pastorate, a mission school being added at Sandy Hook, a mile or two below the city on James River, so that the number in attendance on Sunday-school and Bible classes was doubled. Mr. James Holt, a ruling elder and an earnest, working Christian, became the superintendent of this school and chiefly respon-

sible for the conduct of the prayer-meetings both on Sunday night and during the week. There were many earnest workers, both men and women. Among the latter I cannot refrain from mentioning three who were in the van of consecrated service: to wit, Miss Lizzie Moseley of Bedford County, a member of the corps of teachers in Dr. Ramsey's school; Mrs. Kate Hobson—née Kirkpatrick and afterwards Mrs. John H. Flood,—and Miss Janette Cleland. If ever pastor had as devoted and industrious counselors and helpers he was blessed indeed! But these were not all. There were many more, married and unmarried, old and young, who "did what they could" and were eminently helpful. The significance and value of these efforts grew largely out of their individualistic character. They did not spring from organizations within the church, but from hearts imbued with the love of Christ and lives consecrated to the glory of God, the good of their fellow-men and the upbuilding of Zion. In fine, they felt and owned their personal responsibility and went to work, without "fuss or feathers," in a quiet, orderly, unostentatious way to fulfill recognized obligation. Precious, godly souls! what a joy it will be to meet them again in the upper Sanctuary, where the sundered ties of earth will be reëstablished and the praise and service of our Redeemer be continued forever!

It is my impression that the Church has been injured rather than helped by the multiplication of organizations within its bounds, and that danger is ahead, unless a halt is called and a return be made to scriptural methods. How many professing Christians nowadays consider themselves very pious when they attend on church services, church guilds, church leagues, Presbyterian brotherhoods and pay their monthly dues,—whereas their souls are starving, their lives worldly, their influence ineffective for good. People ought to learn that church services and their correlated agencies are not ends but means to ends. No man is profited by hearing sermons, singing hymns, or listening to prayers, unless he obtains spiritual instruction, inspiration and energy therefrom, is lifted to a higher plane of experience and as a consequence goes out into the field of the world to do service for God. "Ye are the light of the world!" Who is the light of the world? Why, Chris-

tians! "Go work to-day in my vineyard!" Who shall work to-day, every day, in God's vineyard? Every obedient, loving child! There is work for every one to do. Up and do it: you can't put off your task on others. It is yours. The women, whose names are mentioned above, were regular, constant, interested attendants on the house of God; obtained spiritual strength and wanted to impart some of the blessings they received to others. So they went out into the "the highways and hedges," among the poor, the sick, the afflicted, the outcasts. They were owned by God in their work. Preachers can't convert the world. Even if they all were what they ought to be, all did what they ought to do and withheld themselves from everything which does not belong to their vocation, and did nothing they ought not to do,—they cannot convert the world. Under God this is not a ministerial but a Christian function. The preacher as a Christian, an exemplar, can by the divine blessing do much, and blessed is that congregation that has an undershepherd who careth for the flock and leadeth them into paths of righteousness, but at last God's "witnesses" are Christians,—preachers, elders, believers; male and female. The responsibility rests on one as on the other to do the work that lies at his door. When the Church as a whole, in all its branches, awakes to this conception; when preachers and people see themselves in the light of God's countenance and give themselves to their pre-ordained work, humbly, earnestly, persistently,—Zion will hear and heed the prophetic call, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee"; she will put on her "beautiful garments" and go forth to the conquest of the world. What we need is individual conviction, leading up to a sense of individual obligation, issuing in individual service. This is Religion,—"pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father," free from ecclesiastical "fuss and flummery"; which saves the soul, hallows the life, and leads on to heaven; which by divine grace is effective in reclaiming the lost sheep and up-building the true church of God. All these modern and lackadaisical methods of wheedling people into the church and into Christian effort should be abandoned, and the plain, old Bible way of truth and righteousness be restored.

CHAPTER XXXIII

LYNCHBURG, VA. (CONTINUED)

A FEW weeks after my settlement in Lynchburg I went down one night to the lecture room at prayer-meeting hour and found it empty. It had been raining pretty vigorously during the day and had not yet cleared away. After a few minutes I was cheered by the incoming of that gentle and efficient Christian man, then a deacon and afterwards an elder of the church, the late William Kinnier of blessed memory. He told me that there had been a cloud-burst up in the mountains and that a stream of water, the crest of which was eight feet high, had come rushing down the river carrying away bridges, sweeping off houses and manufacturing plants, and working destruction to life and property. The flood proceeded on its way to Richmond doing much damage in its course and in our Capital city. We remained a sufficient time to assure ourselves that there would be no more attendants on service, and then proceeded to the vicinity of the river near the stations of the Southside and Southern Railroads. Here we saw a sight to behold,—in the raging, roaring stream and the destruction it had wrought. It was the next day, I think, that the sad tidings of the death of Gen. Robert E. Lee, that great, good, beloved man,—our Southern ideal,—reached the city and were received with manifestations of heartfelt grief. A memorial service was held in several of the churches, among them the First Presbyterian, in connection with which I delivered a memorial address. The name of no nobler man, perhaps, is recorded on the pages of history. His influence and example will be potent for good throughout the ages.

About this time I thought I had thus early run up against a knotty proposition, which threatened trouble. It is singular that in one generation good people, equally intelligent and conscientious, differ widely from one another

on subjects which at a later day awaken no thought or feeling. Such questions are often discussed as involving vital principles on one side or the other, or maybe on both, whereas it is afterwards discovered that no principle whatever is involved. Heredity, education, association, have much to do with our opinions and beliefs, whereas these influences, when sifted, are found to be mistaken, groundless and opposed to reason. I do not suppose that in my childhood there were many Presbyterian churches in Virginia—if any—that had introduced instrumental music into their worship. I do not suppose that to-day there are many churches—if any—into which it has not been admitted with the glad consent of the great mass of their people. It was not allowed in Tabb Street Church, Petersburg, until about the year 1870, or in College Church, Hampden-Sidney, until about 1890, or in the chapel of Union Theological Seminary of Virginia till a year or two later. What was the matter? The same explanation will doubtless answer for these and all such cases. There were certain persons, highly respected for intelligence and piety, connected with these organizations, in opposition. It was thought best not to shock their scruples and mar their happiness but, after their consent had been yielded or they had been removed from the church militant, the way was clear for this advance in the conduct of worship. "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" We revere these venerable men, mourn when they are taken from us, and treasure their wise sayings. We do well, so long as their teaching and example are in accord with truth; but God knows best, and in removing them from earth he bids us follow them as they followed Christ and not one step further. The Bible contains the standard of uprightness in thought, feeling, and action, to which we must adjust ourselves; it is the Christian's guide. Each Christian and each generation of Christians must think and act for themselves. Thus only will growth in grace, progress in the divine life and the upbuilding of the Church be attained. It is mercy that the best and wisest of men are not allowed to live too long. Rational advance must be made from age to age. This generation hasn't all the truth by a great deal. We too must follow on *to know and do*.

The troublesome question which obtruded itself on my attention was "the organ." Along with it there was another quite as important,—the holding of a bazaar to aid in securing funds for its purchase. The choir was a superior body, made up largely of members of the church, some of whom were skilled musicians. They and a large part of the congregation were in favor of the organ. They wanted it with the least practicable delay. Other respected and influential Christians, while having no personal antagonistic views, were in opposition because they did not wish to break in on the ancient order of things and were specially adverse to going contrary to what were thought to be the principles of their honored old pastor. When this state of things came to my notice I conferred with Dr. Ramsey, and finding that he did not desire to have his opinions exert the slightest weight but wished these questions settled to the satisfaction of the people,—it was not long before there was complete harmony. So far as I can remember there was not a ripple of discontent.

I see from our church papers, now and then, that while the matter of church music is no longer a subject of discussion, there are some righteous souls who from time to time give vent to their indignation against church fairs. There doubtless have been grave errors committed in connection with this means of raising money for benevolent objects, errors which ought not to be countenanced. Such methods as raffling, exorbitant prices, entrapping the unwary, are indefensible. I remember an experience of my own, while a student of the University, in connection with a bazaar held for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church in Charlottesville, which has given me much amusement. I cannot think of it now, more than fifty years after its occurrence, without laughter.

The fair was in progress in December, 1854, a few nights before Christmas. My friend and roommate, the late Prof. L. L. Holladay, and I, were on our way to visit the family of a friend. In passing the hall in which the fair was held, I suggested that we look in and see what kind of a crowd was gathered,—not having the slightest idea of entering. No sooner, however, had I taken my stand at the door and glanced across the room than I saw gazing at me the

bright eyes and smiling countenance of a lady acquaintance from the University, the daughter of one of my honored professors. At once she began to beckon me to go over to her. It would have been rude not to heed this demand. So I was soon at her table. Her face was the very embodiment of merry-making satisfaction. It seemed to say, "Young man, I've got you now and I intend to peel you." After courteous greetings, the following colloquy took place: "Mr. McIlwaine, you live in Petersburg! Are you going home Christmas?" "Yes, Madam!" "Are your father and mother both living?" "Yes." "How many brothers and sisters have you?" "Three brothers and three sisters!" "Well, then you want to carry each of them a Christmas present. Here is something for your father," picking up some article and setting it by itself; "and here is something for your mother, and here is something for each of your sisters; and something for each of your brothers," putting each article by the others, until the eight were gotten together. "But I am on my way to make a visit and can't take these things," I said. "Oh, that makes no difference, I will take them to the University for you." "But," I added, "I have no money with me!" "That is all right," she replied. "When I send them to you in the morning, you can send me the money." Her program was acceded to and carried out in detail, and my recollection is that I sent her an order on the Proctor for fourteen dollars. So far as I can remember the prices were not exorbitant, but most of the articles were ludicrously inappropriate.

This incident reveals nothing but innocent fun on the part of a sweet girl, but it is this kind of thing which brings reproach on such entertainments. Of course, whatever has this tendency ought to be avoided. But no one can show that when properly conducted they have any injurious or weakening effect. If it is not wrong for a Christian man or woman to create articles of vertu or utility, sell them for a fair profit and dispose of the proceeds in beneficence, then how can it be unbecoming in a body of Christians to concur in the same thing? Christian people and ministers of the gospel are sometimes thoughtless in their denunciations and thereby do more harm than good.

Because a thing can be abused is no reason why it should be disused. Eliminate the evil; that is the thing to do. What faculty is more faultily used than the power of speech? Shall we therefore cease to hold oral intercourse with one another and be "mum"; or shall we not use this gift aright "and show out of a good conversation our works with meekness of wisdom"? Some people are gluttons. They make "their God their belly and glory in their shame." Shall we, therefore, starve ourselves or the rather "eat our meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God"? A great deal that is thrown out as religious instruction these days in the interest of moral reform is arrant foolishness and idle rhodomontade, fitted rather to perplex the unwary than to help the weak. We are in the world. Temptations meet us everywhere. Let us heed the Apostolic injunction, "Look therefore carefully how ye walk, not as unwise but as wise." Look for yourself. Judge what is right and do it; what is wrong and avoid it. This is the way to make men, wise men, strong men, God-fearing men, devoted to truth and righteousness; who look straight ahead and go ahead, as fearless Christian soldiers,—an inspiration and help to others.

The interest in religion and the upbuilding of the church were evident and practical from the first. It could be seen in regular and interested attendance on public worship, in enlarging congregations, in additions to the Sabbath-schools, in individual work not only among the poor, sick and ignorant, but among the non-communicating members of the congregation, old and young. Pastor and people were soon in close touch and it was not long before these Christian workers were opening avenues of increasing usefulness through reports of the names of individuals and families not previously connected with the congregation, to whom pastoral attention might be given. On the other hand, the pastor would report to individuals opportunities of usefulness, which they might improve.

It was but a few months before the hopeful state of the church was recognized and its fruits began to appear in additions to its membership. About this time a series of protracted services was begun in the Baptist church, then located on Church Street, under the preaching of an evan-

gelist in aid of the pastor. In conference with my Session, it was determined to hold a similar series of meetings in the Lecture Room, with this difference, that the exercises were to be conducted by the pastor. This program was carried out successfully and with constantly increasing interest for two weeks; then it was deemed best to secure the assistance of other ministerial brethren, who rendered cheerful and invaluable service in making plain the way of life and leading men to walk therein. These services were held for four weeks. They were simple, consisting of prayers not only by preachers but by elders and laymen, familiar songs of Zion, and the reading and exposition of scripture truth. There was no anxious bench, no doubtful methods, but simple, earnest preaching of the gospel, in dependence on the gracious work of the Holy Ghost, accompanied by faithful individual work in private, and a blessing followed.

While these meetings were in progress, one and another of the city churches opened their doors for similar services, until, I think, every Protestant congregation,—Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, and Presbyterian, except one, which was without a pastor,—was vigorously engaged in revival work. Lynchburg was astir on the subject of religion. The city was awakened as I have never seen any other place. Wherever you went you could feel the influence of religious fervor and see the effects of Christian consecration. In fact, a revolution was taking place which wrought a change not only in the lives of many individuals but in the character and complexion of the place. My recollection is that there were large ingatherings into all the churches, white and colored, that year, Court Street Methodist taking the lead with an addition of over two hundred members and others following not far behind. To the First Presbyterian there were added 79, 58 on profession of faith and 21 on certificate from other churches. To the Second Presbyterian, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. T. W. Hooper, 43 were added, 35 of whom were on profession, and 8 by certificate. Of 128 received that year into the 24 churches of Montgomery Presbytery on profession of faith, 93—72 per cent.—were in the two Lynchburg churches. But the conditions in our city, under the blessing of God's abounding

grace, were wonderful, and to Him be all the glory. Nor can too much praise be accorded to individual Christian workers through whose efforts many were brought to Christ. An important factor too in my congregation was the godly labors, example and prayers of their old pastor, whose preaching and life had left a deep impression not only on the members of the church but on some of the older members of the congregation, who at this time owned Jesus as their Savior. "One soweth and another reapeth."

The youngest person received into the church during this time was a bright, sweet little girl, the daughter of a pious mother, and a Sabbath-school scholar, of twelve years of age; the oldest person was a gentleman of high personal and civic character, for many years the Judge of the Lynchburg Circuit, and esteemed for rectitude and purity of life, who had attained to the good old age of eighty-one years. It happened that they were received into membership of the church, along with some twenty others, the same afternoon and sat beside each other at the meeting of the Session. In the course of examination, which was simple but adequate, I came to the little girl first. On asking, "Jennie, on what do you rely for Salvation?" She replied modestly but firmly, "On Jesus Christ the Savior of Sinners," and without hesitation answered and explained satisfactorily every question propounded. I then turned to the old veteran, who had shown great interest in the child beside him and said, "Judge, what is the ground on which you rest your hope of Salvation?" He did not answer for a moment. His face twitched, evincing deep emotion, and then with a tremor in his voice replied, "I have no hope but in Jesus Christ as my Savior," and turning to the little child, laying his hand tenderly on her head, added, "But oh, I would give the world, if my faith and hope were firm as this child's!" Not long after his "faith and hope" were tried, when the venerable and beloved partner of his life was removed from his side, but he stood steadfast, being assured that soon through heavenly grace he would be reunited to her in the mansions of the blessed.

There was another girl, about fourteen years of age, a candidate for church membership. She belonged to a family of French Catholics, with which I had become ac-

quainted. She was a member of our Sabbath-school. After conversation with her, I was satisfied that she was a fit subject for church membership. But it did not seem right to receive her at her age without the specific consent of her parents. So through her I made an appointment to call on her mother. The visit was a pleasant one. It resulted in cordial permission for the daughter to follow the guidance of her own wishes. The child had been baptized in infancy according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. This raised the question of her baptism, against which I revolted and which, after consultation with Dr. Ramsey and the Session, was decided in the negative, none of us being bigots though loyal Presbyterians. I do not know what is the rule of our Church now, but at one time the General Assembly took action requiring all Catholics and Christians (Campbellites) received into our churches to be rebaptized. This seems to me to be exceedingly narrow and unwarranted. I never followed it.

At this time the need was felt of a chapel a mile or two below the city as a Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting room and for occasional preaching service. The people in this vicinity were without any convenient provision for divine worship. Access to the city, too, was difficult on account of distance, absence of a good walkway, a steep hill that had to be traversed, and insufficient light at night. There were a number of families in the neighborhood with many children growing up in ignorance of the Bible. After conference, it was agreed that an effort should be made to raise the money needed, at the close of Sabbath service as a Thank Offering to God for his merciful visitation. Accordingly the congregation was requested to remain after the benediction, a brief statement was made, subscription papers were passed around, and when they were returned it was found that the aggregate of contributions exceeded the amount asked for. A neat and convenient chapel was soon erected, furnished, occupied, and the work went on successfully.

An interesting feature of this subscription, in addition to the fact that I believe every dollar of it was promptly paid, has often given me pleasure in recalling it. In one of the pews there sat that day two bachelors, prominent business men, one of whom was a member of the church and a

deacon; the other not a professing Christian. Both were in comfortable circumstances, the latter specially so. Their combined subscriptions made up a little more than a third of all that was given. This was not excessive under the circumstances and conditions, the non-professor giving twice as much as his friend, which perhaps represented his proportionate ability. He also became a kind friend of the pastor, attended service on Sunday morning with some degree of regularity, though not always, and became one of the largest contributors to the support of the church. How is this to be accounted for? I do not know certainly, but possibly the following incident may throw light on the problem and illustrate somewhat the mysterious dealings of Providence with the children of men. Some old writer has said, "He that will observe providence shall have providences to observe," and I have often noted how little things, apparently casual, lead up to important results.

Some months before I left Farmville a member of my church, and a close friend, told me that an old and valued bachelor friend of his from Lynchburg was expected in our town in a day or two to visit a gentleman living just across the street from my residence and that he wished I would call to see him. I did call in due time, found him a plain, companionable, pleasant man, and enjoyed my visit. On leaving I invited him and his host, to whom was afterwards added my Farmville friend, to take tea with us the evening of the following day. They came, and besides a good supper we had two or three hours of pleasant social intercourse, along with the smoking of some good cigars. In two or three days he left for his home and I did not know that I would ever see him again.

On my removal to Lynchburg, however, I found this gentleman in occasional attendance on our Sunday morning service, received a cordial greeting from him and in due time he and his bachelor friend called to pay their respects to me and my family at the parsonage. He was an attentive and interested listener at church, appeared always to be glad to meet me, and while I was never able to see him under circumstances which admitted of a full conversation on personal religion, I was impressed with the belief that his mind was agitated with the question of his personal salva-

tion. He died not long after my removal from Lynchburg, and I remember with gratitude a message of faith and hope conveyed to me from him by the late Thaddeus H. Ivey, his closest friend. Mr. Ivey, himself a humble, consecrated Christian, whom I recall with sincere affection, felt sure that our old friend died a believing penitent, renewed in the spirit and temper of his mind. It has been said that "the case of the thief on the cross has been left us that none need despair and but one such that none may presume." Some other old saint has remarked, "If I shall be so happy through heavenly grace to reach heaven, three things will surprise me: 1st, I shall see some there whom I did not expect to see; 2nd, I shall miss some whom I expected to meet, and 3rd, the greatest surprise of all will be that I am there myself."

CHAPTER XXXIV

LYNCHBURG, VA. (CONTINUED)

My second year in Lynchburg was much more regular and sedate than the first; not so crowded with exacting duties or spent in such a rush. My theological class had completed its course, there were no protracted services, the chapel at Sandy Hook was erected and in operation, and I had become acquainted with all the members of the congregation and many persons outside of it. Things throughout the city were on a higher religious plane. All the churches had been strengthened and enjoyed a higher and more consecrated life. Ministers and people were alert in the discharge of duty and there was continued progress.

During the summer of 1871 Dr. Ramsey passed peacefully into rest. There was sincere sorrow and a general feeling that a Prince in Israel had been called away. The most generous sympathy was shown Mrs. Ramsey and her two minor children. She was a woman who measured up fully to the admirable qualities of her husband, held up his hands and was a helpmeet indeed. Gentle, kind, assiduous, and endowed with rare intelligence, she assumed the principalship of the school during her husband's sickness and continued it successfully some years after his death. In this work she was seconded by a corps of noble Christian women under whose tutelage scores and hundreds of lovely women were prepared for the duties and amenities of life.

The adult Bible Class held on Monday night is connected with this era pleasantly. It was very like the class in Farmville, except that there were female, as well as male, attendants, its members belonged exclusively to our own congregation, and a text book, besides the Bible, was used, to wit, Dr. Ramsey's "Bible Questions." Its membership was not large but was intelligent, made up chiefly of interested students of the Scriptures, who were trying to find the

basic principles of our religion. They recognized their duty to heed the apostolic injunction, "But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," and used this primary means of progress. It doubtless proved a helpful adjunct in nurturing and developing the spirit of active piety and consecration.

It was at the fall meeting of Montgomery Presbytery, 1871, that the sad condition of one of its mountain churches was brought to its attention. The membership of the church was made up of excellent people; its Session consisted of three elders, two of whom were men of standing in the community and of irreproachable character, while the third, a citizen of prominence, wealth and influence, was living in open sin against the wife of his bosom. The church was vacant, the people were anxious to obtain a supply and the opportunity was at hand, but nothing could be done while this blotch remained on its otherwise fair escutcheon. This cancer must be removed or the church die a slow and painful death and the Presbytery be irretrievably disgraced. The matter was taken up and I was appointed a committee to visit the church, moderate its Session and have the case adjudicated. I was cautioned to be as prompt as possible. I had two objections to this appointment: 1st, I was not acquainted with a single person in the church or in the county in which the church was located; 2nd, it would take me away at least four days, including Sabbath, from my regular pastoral work. I did not hesitate, however, but so soon as orderly arrangements could be made, went to the performance of my delicate task. I was entertained by one of the elders of the church, a professional gentleman of piety and intelligence, who went over the case with me, gave me the points as they were known to him personally and assured me that there would be little difficulty in ridding the church of this disgrace.

After preaching Saturday morning, the Session, consisting of the two erect elders, was convened, together with the witnesses; but the accused was absent. This brought us to a stand. My host stated that he was sure the absent factor would appear and advised that we wait. While thus engaged, I explained the only two possible modes of procedure in the event of the non-appearance of the needed

man. 1st, The Constitutional mode would be to issue a second summons; then, if he were absent, to proceed as if he were present. This, however, would delay matters at least ten days. 2nd, To go on now with the trial and issue it. This would be unconstitutional, and if an appeal were taken, the decision would be reversed and the Session, including myself, would be reprimanded by Presbytery; but if no appeal was taken, the decision would stand and the church be rid of its incubus. After waiting a length of time it was determined to proceed according to the second method. I kept the minutes of the Session, and as the evidence was given wrote down the very words of the witnesses. Just as the testimony was concluded the door to the church opened; in walked the accused, to whom I was introduced. I explained to him exactly the state of the case, read the charge, specifications, and evidence, and asked him what he had to say? To which he replied, "I have nothing to say. I have no objection to make." I then asked him if he was willing for me to write immediately below what was already on the paper the following: "At this point Mr. ——— appeared and the foregoing having been read in his hearing and he asked what he had to say, he replied, I have nothing to say. I neither affirm nor deny. I make no objection to any action of the Session." To this he assented, and I proceeded to append these sentences and read them in his hearing, after which he retired. The Session then deposed him from the eldership, dismissed him from the church and ordered the finding to be read from the pulpit the next day, which was done.

On my way to the station on Monday, at the suggestion of the elders, it was my sad and painful duty to visit the gentle, afflicted, humiliated Christian wife; the mother of grown children, sitting in sorrow alone with her God. Oh, the trials that sin works: the tribulations it brings to innocent, suffering souls! She received me kindly, but there was not a ray of hope in her countenance,—it was the picture of despair. I trust that some message from God's word may have brought her comfort; that some petition to the throne of grace may have caused a healing balm to enter her distressed spirit. Whatever may have been true of this case, "The foundation of the Lord standeth sure, having

this seal: the Lord knoweth them that are his"; and the promise is, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." This case having been issued, the troubled church speedily obtained a supply for its pulpit and is to-day a living, active organization.

On the second Sabbath of May, 1872, I noticed in my congregation a stranger, a ministerial-looking gentleman, but not sufficiently defined to justify me in seeking his acquaintance with the view of asking him into the pulpit. He proved an attentive hearer and at the close of service advanced and introduced himself, when I discovered that he was Rev. T. R. Welch, D. D., of Little Rock, Ark., on his way to Richmond to attend the meeting of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church. He declined my invitation to dinner and to preach that night on the ground of weariness from travel, but I called on him at the hotel and found him a genial, attractive, and well informed man. He was elected Moderator of the forthcoming General Assembly. It was my good fortune to meet him again and again in future years, to preach in his pulpit, to be entertained at his hospitable home, and to come into close touch with him in the conduct of the work of the Church.

Dr. Welch was a native of Kentucky but the whole of his ministerial life was spent in Arkansas; at Helena for eight years, and at Little Rock from 1859 to the close of his useful and honored life. He was a man of sane judgment, trusted and beloved by all who knew him; influential in the city of his residence, throughout the Synod and the bounds of the Church. He gave his whole time to ministerial work, filled many important positions and was a leader in church affairs. He was elected President of the Presbyterian University of the Southwest, but, at the request of his Presbytery, declined it as his invaluable services were needed in the Capital of the State.

During this meeting of the General Assembly it was found desirable to elect an additional Secretary of Foreign Missions and Sustentation, in order to give assistance to Rev. Dr. J. Leighton Wilson, who had filled this position from the organization of the Church in 1861, and also a Treasurer in the place of Rev. James Woodrow, resigned.

It was thought wise to combine these offices and to elect one man to fill both, under the title of Coördinate Secretary and Treasurer. Greatly to my surprise I was chosen to this office, was informed of the fact on the day of election by telegram from my friend and old Hampden-Sidney classmate, Rev. Dr. L. H. Blanton, a delegate to the General Assembly from Kentucky. On receipt of this intelligence it seemed to me the best thing to do was to go to Richmond, confer with the men who had called me to this responsible work, and then make up my mind deliberately as to the path of duty. On my arrival in the city the next morning I was told, much to my disappointment, that the Assembly had adjourned and many of its members had left for their homes, but that I would find some of them at the Presbyterian Publication Rooms. Soon after reaching this rendezvous I was introduced to Rev. William Flinn of New Orleans, who with Rev. George D. Armstrong of Norfolk had been appointed a committee to inform me of my election. He addressed me as "Doctor," as I did him. Not being accustomed to this title I said modestly, "I am not doctor but plain Mister." To which he replied with a jolly laugh, "Oh, my dear fellow, neither am I, but I have stopped telling people so since the meeting of Synod at ——— in Mississippi. I was entertained there by a distinguished lawyer, who addressed me as 'Doctor.' On my repudiating the title he looked sad and crest-fallen, as if it was beneath his dignity to entertain any one below that degree. Since that time I have never unveiled my want of an honorary title but have accepted it with becoming grace as the verdict of the people." It was not long before both of us were dignified by learned institutions, but it took many years before some of my old friends learned to drop "Mister" before my name, which I confess from their lips sounded sweeter and dearer to me, and I am now and then refreshed by it in old age.

I had a conference with Dr. Flinn and other brethren that day but without much enlightenment. From my experience, such questions cannot be decided on advice, but have to be carefully and prayerfully weighed from every point of view and settled in accordance with conviction of what is right and best. Suggestions are sometimes helpful but

at last the individual and responsible soul must reach its own conclusion.

The solution of this problem gave me much anxious thought. On the one hand Lynchburg with its boundless opportunities of work was the very place, as a field of labor, that filled my aspirations and desires. Its people were wide-awake, congenial and appreciative. Its churches were earnest, consecrated and engaged in the service of the Master. Its schools were excellent: its social relations pleasant. The salary had been increased, without suggestion, and was sufficient. We were comfortably and suitably domiciled. My own church, while by no means all that I hoped to see it, had gained in numbers and efficiency, its Session and diaconate were the equals of any I had known, its people kind, sympathetic and helpful, and there was a prospect of continued improvement and expansion. What more remained to be desired or asked in a place of residence or field of effort? Nothing that I can see.

On the other hand a call to a limitless sphere of action had come unsought from the representatives of the whole Church. Its possibilities of usefulness were boundless, and while I had little experience along its particular lines, I felt that strict attention would soon qualify me for the work. Besides, the question of health and continued fitness for the pulpit had obtruded itself in a serious form before this call came. My service in the army during the winter of 1861-'2, preaching in the open air on the mountains of West Virginia, followed by the exhausting campaign in the spring and early summer, had undermined my constitution. The exacting labors of my Farmville pastorate, succeeded by a like experience in Lynchburg, had kept my throat in an irritated condition with serious threatening of a breakdown. In weighing these variant considerations it seemed to me that if I remained in my present position I would ere long be compelled to demit the ministry,—then what?—whereas if I entered a sphere demanding little preaching, I might work on in the service of God and my fellow-men for years to come. This was the thought that led me to give up one of the most pleasant and attractive pastorates ever occupied by a mortal, to enter scenes entirely new and for which I had no special fitness, native or acquired.

The announcement of this decision was made with obvious regret and pain on my part. It was met, too, by strong and generous opposition on the part of the officers and people of the church. Well do I remember a conference with the Session, when its members recognized the reasonableness of the grounds on which my proposed action was based, and Major Kirkpatrick suggested that if I would withhold my resignation my salary should be raised \$500 beyond the amount to which it had already been increased; I should have a leave of absence a year to be spent in travel or otherwise as I chose; my family should continue to occupy the parsonage and the congregation would provide a supply for the pulpit during my absence. Generous as was this proposition, and grateful to my feelings as it was to have it made, it was impossible for me to encourage it, as I felt able to perform the work to which I had been called and wholly unwilling to put such a burden on the congregation, even if they were willing to assume it. All I expected to get by the exchange of fields was freedom from the exactions of the pulpit in the constant use of my voice. I believe that the people as a whole, when they came to understand the state of the case, gave me their hearty concurrence.

Among my acquaintances in Lynchburg was Gen. Jubal A. Early. He came to hear me preach a few times, not often. I do not think he attended service anywhere regularly and am sure he was not captivated by my preaching, but when Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney, his old comrade, was announced to preach, he was always on hand. Nevertheless I kept up pleasant relations with the gallant old General. While there were some things about him that I could not approve, there was much in him as a gallant, fearless and chivalrous officer and defender of "The Lost Cause" and of all who did their duty in its maintenance which challenges the admiration of every true Confederate and of honest men. He made no exaggerated claims for himself or others but was determined that neither his own reputation nor that of his brethren in arms should be defamed or undermined by envy or misrepresentation.

It happened that there appeared about this time in a prominent magazine at the North an article by a Northern

man in which there was a paragraph, authorized by Gen. Wm. Mahone, reflecting by implication on Gen. Early. No sooner was this article read by the old veteran than its injustice was recognized, the attention of General Mahone was called to its errors, and a demand made for its correction. This led to a controversy which was widely exploited by the newspapers of the day and finally brought out the announcement that the offending article would be republished in the same magazine, with the offensive paragraph left out. By chance on the morning that I heard of this adjustment, I had occasion to visit the Norvel Hotel. On entering the public room I found Gen. Early, to whom after pleasant greetings were exchanged, I said, "Well, General, I am glad to see that you are keeping these fellows straight!" He replied, in a calm, quiet tone of voice, and with his peculiar nasal twang: "Mr. McIlwaine, there is glory enough in this war for all of us. I value Gen. Mahone and honor him for the service rendered by him. But there is no reason why he should attempt to detract from Gen. Lee or me or any one else. I don't intend to let him or anybody else tread on my toes."

Another gentleman whom I had the pleasure to meet about this time was Hon. R. E. Withers, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia and afterwards one of its United States Senators. This acquaintance was transient and is only mentioned in connection with an occurrence of several years later. One morning during my residence in the city of Baltimore I was hard at work in my office, when I walked Rev. Dr. J. J. Bullock of Alexandria, Va. It was easy to see that something of importance was occupying his thoughts. He pretty soon told me that he was a candidate for the chaplaincy of the U. S. Senate, that he lacked but one vote to secure a majority in the Democratic Caucus, which, if obtained, would insure his nomination and election; that he had run over to Baltimore to see if I could not bring some influence to bear through the Virginia delegation in Congress which would inure to this end. In reply I told him that I had been a nonresident of Virginia for a number of years, that I had never taken active interest in politics beyond casting my vote, that I did not know a single representative in Congress and that Senator Withers was the only

person from Virginia connected with the government with whom I had even a speaking acquaintance. When I mentioned the Senator's name, he snapped his fingers and said vigorously, "If I can get his support, my election is assured!" "Well, then," said I, "keep quiet a little while, and I will see what I can do for you!" I then indited a brief epistle to the Honorable Gentleman reminding him of our acquaintance in Lynchburg, calling his attention to Dr. Bullock, a resident of Virginia and brother-in-law of Hon. John C. Breckinridge, as a candidate for the chaplaincy of the Senate, and suggesting that if he had no other person in view he would gratify me and many of his constituents by supporting a citizen of the old Commonwealth and a man and minister well fitted for the position. This document was read to Dr. Bullock, received his sanction, and was dispatched by the next mail. In reply the Senator sent only three or four lines written with his own hand, in which he courteously recognized our former acquaintance and finished with the words, "Dr. Bullock is the coming man." This sealed it and ere long the doctor was elected chaplain, which position he held during the period that the Democrats had control of the Senate.

I recall with pleasure a night spent in Lynchburg some twelve or fifteen months after my departure. I was going North on some errand and stopped over to see the place once more. I arrived in the city late in the afternoon, intending to resume my journey the next morning, and put up at the hotel. It happened to be prayer-meeting night. After early tea I started out to see the old church and parsonage, around both of which my warm affections still gathered. I soon arrived at the church, found the door leading to the Lecture Room open but the gates to the yard shut. As I was deliberating whether I should seek entrance that good old man and dutiful sexton, Uncle Marshall, who was engaged in getting things in readiness for service, came walking out. We exchanged cordial greetings, after which with a plaintive tone I said, "Well, Uncle Marshall, I have no rights here now!" Whereat, his countenance radiant with kindness, his hands waving up and down and his body swaying backwards and forwards, he exclaimed, "All the rights in the world, Mr. Mac—all the rights in the world!"

Come in, Sir! Come in," at the same time throwing open the gate at which I stood. After a walk to the parsonage, with a survey of its premises, recalling many happy associations, I returned to the prayer-meeting, enjoyed its services and the cordial, friendly Christian greetings of beloved brethren. I still have a few old friends in that chosen city after the lapse of thirty-four years, but the most of those known to me,—all the original elders and deacons and older people,—have passed into the upper Sanctuary, where I hope ere long to meet and rejoice with them again.

CHAPTER XXXV

COLUMBIA, S. C.

THE office of Foreign Missions and Sustentation was located at this time in Columbia, S. C., and continued there until 1875. It was not until 1879 that the name of Home Missions was applied to the work which had theretofore been conducted under the head of Sustentation, which also included the Evangelistic, Colored Evangelistic, Invalid and Relief Funds.

Heretofore the Secretary's work of both Departments devolved on my senior colleague, Rev. Dr. J. Leighton Wilson, then in the 62nd year of his age. Dr. Wilson was a native of South Carolina, a graduate of Union College, N. Y., and of Columbia Theological Seminary, S. C., in the first class sent out from that institution (1833). Having devoted his life to Foreign Missions, he decided on Africa as his field of labor, where with his devoted wife he spent about twenty years in consecrated and fruitful service. Returning to this country on account of broken health, he became one of the Secretaries of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church U. S. A. in 1853. He did admirable work in this position until after the beginning of the Civil War, when, loyal to his native State, he came back to South Carolina and gave the remainder of his life to the upbuilding of religion throughout the South and in all the world.

Dr. Wilson was altogether an exceptional man. I do not know that I have ever seen one quite like him. There was much of the heroic about him; modest as a girl, brave as a lion, and in every instinct a gentleman. I do not believe that he could be tempted knowingly from what he believed to be the path of rectitude. I did not regard him as a brilliant man,—there was nothing of the genius about him,—but I knew him in the decline of life, when his physical and intellectual faculties had been severely strained for forty years and he himself recognized the fact that he

was no longer the man he once was. Indeed, I remember that in our first conference after my removal to Columbia, he told me that he found four hours of work a day about exhausted his strength, that the routine duties of the office would devolve on me, and that he hardly thought he would hold out more than a year longer. Nevertheless we were in close association, personal and official, for ten years, during which time he did important and excellent work. Then, as since, I have regarded him as one of the sanest and safest men I ever knew. He was a happy man, with no regrets for the past, giving his full strength to the duties of the present and looking forward to the future with courage and hope. He was a thoughtful man. He did not go at things heedlessly but after adequate consideration, weighing the grounds on which he based his opinions and actions, and mapping out his course carefully after obtaining the facts together with all accessible advice and suggestion. He was a fair man, considerate of his brethren, possibly too trustful of those close to him and at times not wary enough of those who had "axes to grind," but honest to the backbone and unflinchingly anxious "to render to all their dues." He was a determined man. When his mind was made up, he was steadfast and unyielding,—some might say, stubborn; I would say, conscientiously intent in the advocacy of procedure which he believed ought to prevail. He was a lovable man; kind and gentle in disposition and manner and ever ready to serve his brethren and fellow-men. He was an influential man; in my opinion far the most influential of any in the church during my association with him, and just because he had no "crotchets," no personal ends to serve, arrogated nothing to himself, and went forward in advocating what he thought best on rational grounds. He was not a great debater or speaker and yet he was listened to with interest wherever he opened his lips, and his speech carried conviction and won adherents. To be associated with such a man, so kind, appreciative, honorable, conscientious, level-headed and good-humored, with an experience so rich and broad, was indeed an enviable position to hold. From the first our relations were not only cordial and fraternal but affectionate. In looking back on those ten years I cannot recall a single difference of opinion until near their close.

when some delicate questions connected with conditions at Campinas, Brazil, and the policy of separating the Home and Foreign Mission Departments, found us on opposite sides. These questions were settled in accordance with his views, and maybe wisely, though I am still in doubt. We worked together as father and son, he aiding me with wise counsel and I him by taking every burden from his shoulders which it was possible for me to assume. He turned over the Sustentation Department to me at once, and so much of the Foreign Mission work as did not need his immediate supervision and control. His residence was in Sumter County in his ancestral home, some forty or fifty miles from Columbia, where his time was spent and his work done.

In Columbia I had the pleasure to come into touch with two old friends and their families. The first of these was Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, D. D., my old professor at Hampden-Sidney, who was now professor in the Theological Seminary and the stated supply of the Presbyterian church of the city, who showed me much kindness. I was met at the railway station by his son, a handsome and talented youth of sixteen years of age, now the distinguished President of Princeton University. The other was Rev. Dr. William S. Plumer, who was my father's pastor at the time of my birth, and whom I had known all my life though up to this time not at all intimately. He was a native of Pennsylvania but received his academic and collegiate education in Virginia, and after graduation at Princeton Theological Seminary, became an evangelist of Orange Presbytery and founded the church of Danville, Va. From the year 1829, he ministered successively at Briery Church, Prince Edward County; Tabb Street Church, Petersburg; and First Church, Richmond, until 1847, when he became the first pastor of Franklin Street Church, Baltimore. While in Richmond he founded, edited and owned *The Watchman of the South*, which on his removal was succeeded by *The Watchman and Observer*, the immediate precursor of *The Central Presbyterian*. It is said that he was largely influential in securing the establishment of the State Institution for the Dumb, Deaf and Blind, at Staunton. In 1854 he was elected a professor in the Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Penn., and the next year pastor of Central

Church of that city, filling the positions simultaneously and acceptably until the outbreak of war, when, because of sectional hatred, it being understood that he sympathized with the South, he removed to Philadelphia. In 1866 he was elected a professor in Columbia Theological Seminary, where he continued to labor until a short time before his death in 1880.

When I knew Dr. Plumer—1872 to 1880—he was an old man but in the fullness of intellectual and spiritual strength and service. Indeed he was the chief factor in the resuscitation and maintenance of Columbia Theological Seminary, was unwearied in efforts to secure students, in providing for their comfort and advancement, and in preparing them for the duties of life. He spent his Sabbaths in preaching in the pulpits of South Carolina and the adjacent States, and by unwearied activity and personal effort did all that in him lay to strengthen the institution and help and bless the world. Nothing that came in his way was too insignificant to be laid hold of as a means of doing good. His life was consecrated first to the work committed to his hands,—after that to the spiritual welfare of men wherever he found them.

I remember one afternoon, on going to Dr. Plumer's study to consult him on some matter, I found two students of advanced years, from one of our western synods, writing at two tables. On my retiring he accompanied me to the door and said: "You will perhaps wonder what these brethren are doing in my study. They are poor men and their primary education was neglected. I have invited them to come to my study two afternoons every week and am trying to help them in learning to spell, punctuate and write correctly."

I was riding with him on one occasion between Columbia and Wilmington, N. C. The car in which we were seated was pretty full. When there was a lull in our pleasant conversation, he asked to be excused a little while, advanced to the front of the car, took a handful of tracts from his pocket, went from seat to seat and with a courteous bow, said, "Will you be good enough to accept this," and afterwards returned to his seat.

When he would go, during the summer, to Baltimore,



WILLIAM S. PLUMER, D.D.

Philadelphia, or New York, in one of which cities he usually supplied the pulpit of a leading church during the vacation of its pastor and in which he had wealthy friends in business, at the close of his visit he would receive donations of dry goods, suitable for the clothing of men, women, and children. Sometimes he would purchase the finer kinds of goods for both men and women at the lowest wholesale cash prices. When the goods were received in Columbia he, or one of his lovely daughters at his dictation, would write to poorly paid ministers or the widows of deceased ministers, describing the quality and quantity of goods to be donated or sold at cost price; scores of needy families being thus supplied. These goods were transported to and from Columbia by the Express Company free of charge as a charitable contribution.

A distinguished minister in Baltimore, who afterwards became a professor in Chicago Theological Seminary, narrated the following incident in my presence. He said he was a student of Allegheny Seminary during Dr. Plumer's connection with that institution, that after he had preached his first sermon the doctor approached him and said, "What have you to do to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock?" On his replying, "Nothing special," the doctor said, "Come to my study at that hour and bring that sermon with you." The young man was elated that his distinguished preceptor should wish to hear his discourse a second time, thinking that perhaps it possessed some special excellence. The engagement was kept promptly. He had a pleasant reception, was told by the doctor that he wished to hear the discourse again and requested to read it slowly and with deliberation. He began to read, the doctor leaning his head back with his eyes closed in the attitude of reverent attention. After having read about half a page, he was arrested and brought to a pause by the command, "Stop!" when the doctor leaned forward and with an inquiring look, asked, "What do you mean by that?" The young man gave the conception he intended to convey, when the reply came back, "That is not what you said!" On his defending the perspicuity of his manuscript, the order was issued, "Read it again!" which being done, its author saw that the language used was a very faint representation of the thought intended

to be expressed. This process was continued throughout the discourse, its imperfections were unveiled, and the young man had learned a lesson in composition more forceful than all he had gained from his previous study of Rhetoric and Logic. He declared that Dr. Plumer was the most patient, interested and helpful instructor he had ever had, and that he owed more to him for any usefulness he had attained than to any other.

One afternoon near the close of a session of Columbia Seminary I met a member of the graduating class and said to him, "You will soon be going out to your life's work." "Yes," he replied, "Dr. Plumer met our class to-day for the last time and gave us some practical advice in view of entrance on the ministry." He gave me several specimens of the counsel thrown out, only one sentence of which still rests in my memory: "Young gentlemen, if anyone thinks enough of you to write you a letter asking for information or advice, think enough of yourselves to reply, if practicable, by the next mail. Don't put it off longer than is necessary and do not fail to reply."

These modes of doing good which, to the high and mighty of our present ministry, may appear insignificant, are given to illustrate the true greatness of a character, who in his day had few peers and no superiors; of a man of God, who had risen to the highest heights of humility, reverence, faith and obedience; whose allegiance to his Maker and service to his fellow-men were unsurpassed, and who as preacher and Christian worker had risen to a preëminence rarely attained. I have heard Charles Spurgeon and James Hamilton of London; Guthrie and Candlish in Edinburgh; John Hall and William M. Taylor of New York; Moore and Hoge and Read of Richmond; Leyburn and Murkland of Baltimore; Robinson of Louisville, Palmer of New Orleans, and many other great and good men; none of whom excelled him in the simple and forceful presentation of truth or in the power of impressing it on the hearts of men. During my eight years of residence in the city of Baltimore he was the only one of all the great preachers I heard, who could fill a church to repletion at night in the summer time, hold his hearers spellbound in breathless attention and send them away helped, strengthened, and in-

spired. This he did during the last two summers of his earthly ministry, when he supplied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church. Not only was every seat occupied but the aisles were filled with chairs and devout listeners were standing around the walls in the galleries. Jews, Catholics, Quakers, with representatives of all the Protestant denominations, were there. When the congregation retired, you could hear one say to another, "I tell you, that is the kind of preaching that does me good!" "Isn't it wonderful, wonderful!" etc. And that continued from Sabbath to Sabbath during the two months of each of two years while he, an old man approaching fourscore years, drew nigh to the great transition.

I have never forgotten my last interview with him. It was at the Union Protestant Hospital, Baltimore, where he was accompanied by his lovely daughter, Mrs. Kate Bryan, looking forward to a critical operation the next day. I found him in bed. Mrs. McIlwaine, who was known to the doctor in her childhood and who was brought into intimate relations with his family during our residence in Columbia, S. C., was with me. She and Mrs. Bryan retired to an adjoining room with the folding door wide open, while we engaged in conversation. I came that evening, because I was to leave the city the next morning to visit some of the Synods in the West and be absent for two weeks. We were left alone and communed with each other tenderly. He was calm, as I ever saw him, but evidently aware of the seriousness of the situation. He told me that he was to undergo a critical operation the next day and had considered the gravity of the step. He used substantially the following words: "The doctor tells me that if the operation is not performed, I will be an invalid and a great sufferer the rest of my life and that he thinks he can give me entire relief. I have no desire to live except to preach the gospel and minister to my fellow-men. I have never been more convinced of my duty at any time than I am now. I am aware that it may be the close of my active, possibly of my *actual* life, but I have no doubt or hesitation about the course I ought to pursue." After a while I said: "Well, Doctor, I must tell you good-bye. I hope you will get along well and be all right by the time I return." He

said, "You must pray with me before you go," and called out, "Kate, Kate; Lizzie, Lizzie; come here. Dr. McIlwaine is going to pray with me." As I was about to kneel in prayer and caught his eye, he cast a beseeching look at me and said in an earnest tone of voice, "Pray for something! Pray for something!" which I interpreted to mean, "I am in a serious condition; I need divine help; pray for me." We parted tenderly and I never saw him alive again. On my return home I learned that he had passed from the troublous scenes of earth and that his funeral would be conducted at the Franklin Street Church the next afternoon. I had the mournful pleasure to take part in the obsequies and to say a word of what I knew of him. His mortal remains were borne to Richmond, where loving tributes were paid and sorrowing tears shed by those who knew, honored, and loved him; and now lie in old Hollywood, surrounded by multitudes to whom he had ministered in earlier days.

CHAPTER XXXVI

COLUMBIA, S. C. (CONTINUED)

COLUMBIA was a most agreeable place of residence, notwithstanding that this was the era of Reconstruction. Its old residents were of the highest and purest character, with genial and attractive manners. While there was much to offend in the coarseness and vulgarity of the carpetbaggers and scalawags and in the uppishness of the swell negroes, this was experienced only in public on the streets. Among the oldtimers all was gentility and dignity.

I remember one evening on leaving my office to have seen a high negro official, accompanied by his wife and children with a white woman sitting by her side, in his open carriage drawn by blooded horses,—the very embodiment of haughtiness and ostentatious display. On turning the corner and looking in front, I saw a venerable old man, a saint of God, the founder of Columbia Theological Seminary, a scholar of broad and accurate attainments, honored wherever known for the service rendered to his fellow-men, hobbling along in meekness and humility. Then I involuntarily exclaimed, "I have seen servants upon horses and princes walking as servants upon the earth." Such irritating contrasts might be seen almost any day on the streets, but in the privacy of social intercourse there was all the culture about the men and the sweetness, gentleness and refinement in the women, that have so highly distinguished the old-time residents of our Southern country.

The city of Columbia had been noted for its beauty. The portion spared by the incendiaries of Sherman's army was still beautiful. Its broad avenues, lined with two, three or four rows of stately oaks, gave it an air of delightful repose. Its fine mansions, sometimes occupying a whole square, surrounded by roses, evergreens and other shrubs and trees, added dignity to the scene, while its less pretentious cottages with their broad verandas were pleasing

and attractive. But the true worth of the city was in its people; in their honorable bearing, steadfastness under trial, unfailing courage and hopefulness. A beautiful custom prevailed among the gentlemen. When they were about to leave their homes for their offices in the morning during the spring time, when the roses were in bloom, each would pluck a flower, the most perfect specimen to be found, and take it along to compare with those brought by others, and then leave it at a certain place for inspection and enjoyment of any callers during the day.

The Mission Committees were composed of exceptionally fine men; intelligent, interested, and careful in oversight. They felt their responsibility; assumed and lived up to it.

One thing that arrested my attention and enlisted my effort, at the beginning of my work, was the condition of *The Missionary*, the magazine published by the Foreign Mission Committee. I found it a pamphlet of sixteen pages, printed on coarse paper with a circulation of less than a thousand copies. With the concurrence of the Executive Committee and the warm approval of Dr. Wilson, it was enlarged to twenty-four pages, with a neat cover, and its circulation was increased to nearly five thousand. The Annual Report for 1873 contains the following language:

"The Missionary, at the beginning of the year, was materially enlarged and improved in its general appearance, with the view of giving it a wider circulation and making it a more efficient agency in promoting the missionary cause. . . . It has already attained a circulation of nearly five thousand copies. . . . The price is placed at the low figure of fifty cents a copy—less than the actual cost—for the purpose of securing for it a more extended circulation."

For several years the cause of Home Missions was represented in its pages to some extent, the magazine, however, continuing to be distinctly a Foreign Mission publication. My recollection is that at a later date, during my term of

office, it attained a circulation of between six and seven thousand copies.

My time was given chiefly, almost exclusively, to office work. This was necessitated by my relations to the treasury and my obligation to give it close personal attention. This I did throughout the years of my treasurership. During the ten years of my connection with this office, I opened every letter addressed to me or the office and recorded in a book every contribution, large or small, for every department of the Home and Foreign work. The letters were then turned over to my clerk, who made the entries in the books under his care, prepared the receipts, which with the letters, were handed back to me, examined and compared before being mailed. The consequence was, if there were error, it would be detected and corrected in the office. The money, too, was solely under my charge, as the sole responsibility for it devolved on me. So far as I can remember there never was the slightest error in the accounts. When I was absent from the office, as I would be in the spring and fall in attendance on the General Assembly and Synods, my letters were deposited in the safe—awaiting my return to be opened, recorded, and answered. This involved much labor but saved much anxiety. I knew exactly where I stood.

I had little preaching to do during this period; an occasional call to supply some city church or the pulpit of some easily accessible place. I can remember preaching at Sumter and Yorkville, S. C., Wilmington, N. C., and Augusta, Ga., more than once. The rest from speaking was what I needed, and I enjoyed the ministrations of Rev. Dr. J. R. Wilson and his successor, Rev. Dr. J. H. Bryson. The latter was a good preacher, an excellent pastor and a most genial, companionable Christian man, widely useful in life and greatly mourned when called away from earth. I recall our intimate association and his tender, gentle kindness with pleasure and affection.

I also remember Rev. Dr. Woodfin, a native of Virginia and pastor of the Baptist Church in Columbia,—now laboring in his native State. He was an excellent preacher, faithful in declaring the whole counsel of God, a sensible man and a most agreeable gentleman. One Sabbath night

he preached on "the Eternity of Future Punishment"; a subject that few preachers venture on handling in the old-fashioned style these days. It happened that there was a Unitarian minister present at the service, who was astute enough to see his chance and sufficiently cheeky to seek to avail himself of it. Thus minded, he called the next morning on the Baptist pastor, introduced himself as the pastor of the Unitarian Church of Columbia, told him that he had heard his discourse the preceding night and had come to propose a joint-discussion on its subject-matter. He was courteous in his expressions, but his proposal caused Woodfin to put on his "thinking cap," and the following colloquy ensued: "I did not know that there is a Unitarian Church in Columbia. Where is it located?" "We have no church building but our services are held in an upper room over a store at the corner of ——— and ——— Streets." "When do you hold service?" "On Sunday afternoon." "How long have you been preaching here?" "Five years." "How many attendants do you generally have on your services?" "From twelve to fifteen." "My dear sir, you really must excuse me, you have been preaching here five years and have gotten but fifteen hearers! If I were to engage in public discussion with you, there is not a church or hall in the city large enough to hold the people that would crowd to hear us. I would thus give you the opportunity to ventilate your views before hundreds who now know nothing of them. Pardon me but I cannot accept your invitation." The Unitarian brother saw the wisdom of this decision, accepted it with the utmost good humor and they parted with mutual respect.

The year 1873 is noted throughout the country as marked by one of the most destructive financial convulsions that ever shook this country. Its memory hangs around "Black Friday," in consequence of which estates were wrecked, fortunes lost, banks rendered insolvent, and currency ceased to circulate. This disaster was brought on by infuriated and widespread speculation which entailed ruin on thousands. It was a serious time for me in my ignorance of affairs, and gave me great anxiety. Check after check came back from our New York bank refused, and I thought our loss would be heavy. These checks were returned to

the persons from whom they came, with notice of the protest, and my recollection is that every one was made good and that the treasury did not lose a dollar. My recollection also is that of the many cases in which remittances did not correspond with the amounts called for in letters containing them, there were far more errors against than in favor of the remitters, and that in every case the error was corrected by correspondence. Nor was there in the ten years of my experience evidence of more than two attempts at fraud. They were so patent and so swiftly unearthed that the wonder is any such attempt should have been made. In the first case an elder in one of our Synods, whose acquaintance I happened to have enjoyed some years, wrote to know why a remittance of twenty-five dollars from the Ladies' Missionary Society of his church had not been acknowledged in *The Missionary*. He said it had been sent, as reported to him, several weeks before. I made a searching examination of the books and also of the registry of checks, which contained their number, date, name and location of the bank, and the name of the drawer, and could find nothing of it. I then felt justified in replying that the only reason I could imagine why said remittance had not been acknowledged was, that it had not been received. He then gave the name of the remitter,—sad to say, his pastor,—by whom he was authorized to say that having gotten no receipt for his remittance, he had sent three checks successively within the past six weeks; and he inclosed the stubs of the reputed checks. I returned "the stubs" with the simple remark that, if the three checks represented by them were ever sent, none of them had been received at my office. By return mail a check for the amount came from my correspondent without explanation; but I afterwards learned that the perpetrator of this inane scheme suffered for his misdeed, though not to the extent that was due him or the church.

The other case was somewhat similar to the foregoing; if possible, even more glaringly childish and absurd. The duplicity was soon unearthed and the amount turned into the treasury.

While these two cases of malfeasance in office are sad to think of, as showing the weakness of human nature and

the liability to err even in men esteemed as Christians, the fact that there are but two in so great a length of time and among thousands with whom I had dealings, is a striking tribute to the fidelity of those who administer the fiscal affairs of the churches, societies and Sabbath-schools. At the same time, it is a warning that our ecclesiastical finances, from the individual congregation up to the General Assembly, ought to be systematically managed under strict and regular inspection. It is unjust to the officer, as well as to the body he serves, to neglect to exercise careful supervision. "Business is business," whether conducted for the church or a secular corporation, and ought to be put on a strictly business basis. One of the most hazardous positions occupied by mortals is that held by the custodian of other people's money. The only safety for *him* is to keep it separate and apart from all other funds and to administer it with absolute fidelity. The only safety for *them*, beyond the character of the fiduciary, is strict, regular, and punctual oversight. The history of the financial affairs of the country, as recorded in the papers from day to day, gives ample support to these suggestions.

CHAPTER XXXVII

COLUMBIA, S. C. (CONTINUED)

AN important function of the secretaries of the different benevolent causes is visiting the Synods of the church in order to get and keep in touch with their members, to furnish information and stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance. My first experience in this duty was in the fall of 1872, when I visited in succession the Synods of Nashville at Clarksville, Kentucky at Maysville, South Carolina at Columbia, and Virginia at Baltimore.

It may seem strange to some that the remembrance of this series of visits is much more vivid than that of any other in the eleven years of my secretaryship, but this is easily accounted for by the novelty of the situation and the intentness and alertness of mind to grasp and adjust itself to it. It was my duty to make addresses on both Home and Foreign Missions and this was done, but I do not remember one word that was said. I was prepared with data and arguments and went ahead and presented them. My reception was fraternal, even cordial, everywhere, and the action of Synods sympathetic. I also made the acquaintance of many noble men, ministers and elders, whose friendship has been pleasant and helpful. My knowledge of the leading men throughout the church at a later day became so extensive and accurate that, before the meetings of the General Assembly, I could take the published list of its members, recall those I had met,—their features, physical characteristics, location, the place and circumstances of our last meeting,—and thus be ready on coming together to recognize and greet them by name at once. The social side of these meetings was of deep interest to me, as intercourse and communion with and effort for the welfare of my fellow-men have been the characteristics of my life. I have had much to do with books, have preached and written for the press a great deal, have given a score of years to the edu-

cation of youth, and filled a variety of other positions, but have never forgotten that in everything I have been dealing with men and laboring for their uplift, temporal and spiritual. This, as I understand it, is the distinctive function of every sincere minister of the gospel, as indeed of every true Christian.

At the Synod of Nashville in Clarksville I had the pleasure of meeting with several old friends connected with Stewart College: President John B. Shearer and Professor Coffman, whom I had known at the University of Virginia, and Prof. James Dinwiddie, who had been one of my elders in Farmville. While I arrived late in their Session, I had a kind reception and was given an opportunity to present our work. I also enlarged my acquaintance with brethren who, with few exceptions, had heretofore been strangers.

At Maysville, where the Synod of Kentucky met, I encountered the first and only surprise of the kind during my official connection with the work. I was invited by a unanimous vote to sit as a corresponding member of the body. The motion was then made that I be heard at specified hours on Home and Foreign Missions. No sooner was it made, than a tall, broad-shouldered minister arose and addressed the Moderator. The word was not out of his lips before I recognized him as an Irishman, a member of that race which I esteem as possessed of some of the noblest attributes, and in as large measure as are to be found among mortals. He proceeded to say that he was not acquainted with the gentleman but had heard of him through friends, that all he had heard was favorable; what he was about to say had no personal reference whatever, but he was ineradicably opposed to the General Assembly through its agents dominating the lower courts of the church. He then made an elaborate argument against allowing the secretaries or other representatives of the Assembly to appear on the floor of Synod: such questions ought to be settled by the untrammelled judgment of members of the judicatory, etc. My impression is there were a few sympathizers with this view, but after a brief colloquy the motion was carried by an overwhelming majority. I had an opportunity to fulfill my mission that day, to make the ac-

quaintance of a number of esteemed brethren, among whom was my big Irish friend, who sought an introduction, dined with me and proved an agreeable companion. I got back to Columbia by the end of the week.

The Synod of South Carolina interested and impressed me very much; its dignity, reserve, the formality of its proceedings, the atmosphere of stillness by which it was surrounded. Quite a number of its older members, and a few of the younger, wore black kid gloves, which were not parted with, but retained, when they took the floor to speak,—a thing I had never seen before and which perhaps had come down from ante-bellum days. My contact with this Synod was not protracted, as I had much work in my office in view of another absence from home in a day or two.

At the Synod of Virginia, assembled in Franklin Street Church, Baltimore, I was at home among well known brethren. Since 1858 I had attended every meeting of this body, except that of 1861, held in Petersburg; knew personally its members, with many of whom I was on intimate terms, and had taken a lively interest in its proceedings. To meet with them again, under changed conditions, as one of the household; to clasp their hands and feel sure of their sympathetic support, was cheering. Their reception, public and private, was cordial but not more so than at places already visited or than was universally experienced afterwards. I was never treated more generously anywhere than in Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas. It was not the personality before the Synod that enlisted sympathy and regard, but the church he represented, the cause he advocated, and the immortal souls, in our own and other lands, that needed their help.

It was, I think, in 1875, after the removal of the Committee to Baltimore, that I made my most phenomenal tour of Synodical visitation both in extent of travel and length of absence from the office. This trip embraced the Synods of Texas at Austin, Mississippi at New Orleans, and Memphis at Brownsville. In order to accomplish it, without Sabbath desecration, it was necessary to leave Baltimore on Thursday night. This was done on the B. & O. R. R., which with other lines took me to St. Louis by Saturday morning. Here I was the guest of my friend, Rev. Dr. E.

H. Rutherford of the Pine Street Church, whom I had known most pleasantly in Petersburg as pastor of Tabb Street Church. He and his lovely wife, *née* Young, are among my most cherished acquaintances of forty years ago now living. I was their guest several times in St. Louis and remember their genial hospitality and gentle Christian intercourse with unaffected pleasure. Rev. Dr. J. N. Waddell, the cultured and consecrated Secretary of Education, was in the city and filled Dr. Rutherford's pulpit Sabbath morning, and I at night. On Monday morning I took up my journey, traveling day and night, until Wednesday evening when I arrived at Austin. Here I spoke on Foreign Missions Thursday and Home Missions Friday and left Saturday morning for Houston, arriving there by a belated train about midnight. The next day I filled the Presbyterian pulpit morning and night. On Monday morning I took the train for Galveston, where I was met at the station by Mr. James Sorley, an Englishman by birth but for many years a citizen and prominent business man in the city, a ruling elder in the church, an earnest Christian, and an interested member of our church judicatories. I had first met him in Austin; he now entertained me courteously, showed me the points of interest about the city and put me on the steamer bound for New Orleans in the afternoon, where I arrived on Tuesday evening. Here I was the guest of Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer and his model wife, both of whom I had met in Columbia, S. C., and about whom it is hardly necessary to say anything, so widely and well known are they for everything that belongs to the highest and best type of Christian life and courtesy. The first thing that impressed me was the ease with which they made their guest, a comparative stranger, feel at home without burdening themselves in the least with his entertainment. (My beloved and honored friend, Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge of Richmond, and his lamented daughter the late Mrs. M. M. Gilliam, who for many years was at the head of his house, were easily the peers of any in this prime quality of delightful hospitality.) Another thing that impressed me was a thing common throughout the South before the war of 1861-5 in Christian households, but which I had not seen for several years, to wit, the coming in of

household servants to family prayers. At Dr. Palmer's it was a picturesque sight to see the butler after the morning meal place three chairs in a certain position in the dining-room and take his seat in one of them, when two brilliantly turbaned old mammies entered with pious mien and took their seats beside him. It carried me back to my childhood and youth and I was glad to be there.

Synod met in the First Presbyterian Church on Wednesday night. So soon as it was organized, Dr. Palmer announced my presence and moved that, as I had to leave the city the next afternoon in order to reach the Synod of Memphis in time, I be heard on Foreign Missions at once and on Home Missions the next morning at a certain hour. This program was agreed to and carried out. At three o'clock in the afternoon (Thursday) I took the train for Brownsville, Tenn., where I arrived late in the evening on Friday and proceeded at once to the church, where Synod was in session. Arrangements were made for me to be heard on Home Missions Saturday and Foreign Missions Sunday, both which appointments were met. On Monday morning I proceeded homewards, arrived in Baltimore on Wednesday morning and in my office at 9 o'clock, ready for work. This trip extended over nineteen days and twenty nights, of which eleven days were spent in travel and eight I was engaged in preaching or speaking. Of the nights eight were given to travel and twelve to refreshing rest.

When I opened my safe I found many hundreds of unopened letters, went to work and kept at it for twelve or fourteen hours daily until I caught up and came back to the usual service, which was enough to engage the powers of any man. I had been under severe tension for more than a month, but, as Dr. James W. Alexander says, in one of his inspiring letters, "It is not work but worry that kills a man." If a man keeps a "conscience void of offense," takes time to eat and sleep, for genial home life, social intercourse and needed exercise, keeping his mind intent on what he is doing, and does it, he can accomplish a great amount of fruitful labor not only without detriment to himself but with manifest benefit to himself, physical, mental, spiritual. The apostolic command, "if any would not

work neither shall he eat," ought to be enforced much more generally and vigorously than it is, for the good of the individual as well as of society and the church. Many of the sovereign States of the Union are taking up this question as a matter of public policy, and its enforcement can but be for the good of society.

Among the agreeable acquaintances made in Columbia was Hon. Hugh S. Thompson, then at the head of the Classical School of that place. He belonged to one of the old and reputable families of South Carolina, was a gentleman of culture and modesty, of honorable bearing and attractive manners. While I valued him highly as a man and the instructor of my sons, it never occurred to me that he would ever attain the positions of eminence he afterwards acquired successively, as the distinguished Governor of his native State, the Assistant Treasurer of the United States, and a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington, which last position he afterwards resigned to accept the presidency of one of the leading insurance companies of New York City. He is a telling illustration of how a faithful man, of education and tact, with latent powers, may develop and become a factor of usefulness along lines not dreamed of in earlier life. His career ought to be an inspiration to ingenuous youth to cultivate their powers, attend carefully to their duties, and thus fit themselves for spheres of honorable effort, constantly calling for competent and trustworthy men. It was a pleasure to meet this noble gentleman in his adopted city not long before his lamented death and to find him the same unaffected gentleman I had known twenty-five years earlier.

It was, I think, while I was absent in Kentucky in the fall of 1872 that the day for spreading flowers on Confederate graves came around. This ceremony awakened intense and widespread interest in and around Columbia. To appreciate it, conditions must be understood. These people were no sycophants; they were unconquered and unconquerable, just as were our people in Virginia and throughout the South. They were under the heel of oppression and unable to resist, but maintained their principles, asserted and demanded their rights. An alien Governor oc-

cupied the Capitol of the State. Its offices of trust and responsibility were filled by carpetbaggers, scalawags, and negroes. Federal soldiers were scattered throughout the Commonwealth, could be seen on the streets of Columbia; a menace to liberty and an insult to freemen. The address, incident to the Memorial occasion, was delivered by General John S. Preston, a native of Virginia, but during adult life a resident of South Carolina; brother-in-law to General Wade Hampton, an ardent patriot, and a stern defender of the South. A great concourse of people were assembled, loyal to "the Lost Cause" and its noble dead. Along with them stood hundreds of Federal officers and soldiers billeted on them against their will.

My information about these proceedings is derived from a talented, vivacious and sympathetic woman, who had a prominent part in them, had suffered at the hands of our enemies, sat near the speaker, and was in thorough accord with his views and feelings. She described General Preston as a noble personality, as fine a specimen of the true Southerner as could be found; tall, erect, broad-shouldered, muscular, his countenance beaming with intellectual force and manly courage; and possessed of the gift of impassioned oratory that could not be excelled. His thesis was an indictment of the people of the North for their misdeeds towards the South, which he handled with absolute candor and with "gloves off," presenting them one by one in all their glaring meanness, brutality, and lawlessness, until he had spread out a grand panorama of unconstitutional and despotic acts; then, having reached the climax, he lifted himself to his highest height, and stretching his hands towards heaven, cried out in a stentorian voice, "Tell me that I must love them!" and then, after a pause, exclaimed in like thunderous tones, emphasized by the prolongation of their utterance and accompanied by a hissing sound of contempt, "NO! I HATE THEM!"

The scene, as described, must have been wonderful, overpowering, inspiring, as that undaunted crowd of thousands of unconquered men and women by vociferous applause and contemptuous defiance, dashed back the accusation of treason and rebellion in the teeth of attending foes and those they represented. Many of the living, who were

rampant in aiding and abetting these cruel wrongs, and the children of others who have gone from their earthly dwelling place, have changed front and now see things in a different light. Let us welcome these tokens of returning sanity in the North and accept the penitential expressions, which greet us from time to time, in a fraternal and patriotic spirit; but let us never forget the injuries inflicted on our people, or the reverence due the heroic men and women who stood for Southern right and honor, and sacrificed everything in their behalf. For my part, the very name "Republican," when attached to the party that fomented and prosecuted the unjust war against the Confederate States and is responsible for the dastardly acts which followed it, with all their vile consequences, is distasteful and repulsive. How any true Southerner can ally himself with it, is a conundrum too hard for my solution. Let our Southern youth steer clear of it, stand for the principles of right government, and aid in delivering the country from the dominance of a party which to-day represents policies flagrantly injurious to the welfare of the people.

The removal of the Executive Committees from Columbia to Baltimore was at the suggestion of Dr. Wilson. So far as I can remember there was no opposition and it was accomplished without friction. Personally, I had no special preference but believe that during my term of service it proved a wise measure and was of important advantage to the work both of Home and Foreign Missions.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE Executive Committee in Baltimore measured fully up to the highest standard in character, culture, and diligence. Its members were all residents of the city, except one, and he a regular attendant on the meetings. One of them, Rev. W. U. Murkland, pastor of Franklin Street Church, was an old friend. I had known him as a boy of ten years of age in Petersburg, where his father, Rev. S. S. Murkland, resided as an evangelist to some of the neighboring churches, and I had followed his brilliant career in Hampden-Sidney College. I had entertained him frequently at my home in Farnville during his student life at the Seminary, and had been his adviser in some important crises of his early ministry. I was now brought into intimate personal and official relations with him, preached for him when he was absent or sick, filled his pulpit during the months of his vacation, and was brought into close touch with him and his people. I have never known an abler or more efficient preacher and pastor, or one more beloved by his charge. When he was in the pulpit his church was full, during my eight years in Baltimore, and his ministry was blessed to multitudes. His command of beautiful imagery, clothed in chaste and glowing language, was wonderful, and his oratory held his hearers in rapt attention.

In the last protracted conversation I had with the late Dr. M. D. Hoge (I think it was when he came to Hampden-Sidney to perform the funeral rites connected with the burial of Rev. Dr. Dabney), the name of Dr. Murkland was mentioned, when the Reverend Doctor spoke of him, as a man and minister, in terms of the highest admiration. He said in substance that as a speaker he had no superior and few equals, and in illustration narrated an incident connected with the last meeting of the Pan-Pres-

byterian Council in London. He said an invitation was tendered the Council by the University of Cambridge to visit that renowned seat of learning. The invitation was gratefully and cordially accepted and arrangements were made for the conduct of the ceremonies incident to the occasion, Dr. Murkland and himself being selected to reply to the official address of welcome. A train of cars was tendered and in place at the appointed time to convey the members and accompanying friends. When they arrived in Cambridge they were met by a committee, who led them into the University grounds; there they walked about, viewing the beauties of the place and examining the statues of the great and good men connected with it in bygone days. They were then ushered into Statuary Hall, where were gathered marble statues and busts of renowned scholars. From there they were taken to the picture gallery, where in addition to famous paintings, were assembled the portraits of many illustrious men who had contributed to make the name of the institution immortal. After this they were conducted into the Library, where were deposited in glass cases the original manuscripts of epoch-making works, and on the shelves books which had helped to shape the destinies of the church and the world. Thence they were conducted into the Senate House, where they listened to an address of generous welcome from the Chancellor; after which Dr. Murkland was introduced to speak in behalf of the Council.

I can never forget the enthusiasm which characterized Dr. Hoge's description from this point to its close. His countenance was irradiated with admiration; his eyes flashed with delight in remembrance of what he had seen and heard. His whole physical system was quickened with emotion, as he went on to say, substantially: "I never witnessed such a scene; I never heard such an address; so appropriate to the occasion; every word the right word and in the right place; no omission, no redundancy. It was perfect in every respect. After conveying the thanks of the Council for the distinguished courtesy and pleasure conferred, Dr. Murkland began among the statutes on the ground, selecting one and another as illustrations of the cardinal principles which underlay our civilization and re-

ligion; he came up to Statuary Hall; into the gallery of paintings; into the Library, first to the manuscripts, then to the books, selecting here and there a man who stood for cardinal truth and helped to establish the basic principles of civil and religious liberty, until he had covered the whole field and done it better than anyone else could." Then addressing me with unwonted animation he said: "What do you think I did at the close of this address?" "What?" I inquired. "I did not say a word, Sir; not a word. Do you want to know the reason?" "Why?" I asked. "Because there was nothing more to be said. Murkland had exhausted the subject and done it better than any one else could!"

The interview of that afternoon, extending perhaps over two hours and brought to a close by the narration of the preceding incident, so full of generosity and nobility of soul on the part of the narrator and so just a tribute to the gifts and abilities of its subject, impressed me deeply. To be associated with such men, to get into the inner circle of their thoughts, feelings, and activities, to know them as they are and to be influenced and helped by their example, is a blessing indeed. They are not to be met with every day. May God, in his gracious providence, raise up others like them as exemplars and guides.

Two of the lay members of the Executive Committee were men of national reputation and occupied positions of distinguished usefulness. Both had passed their zenith when I came to know them, but were in the full possession of their powers.

One of these was Judge J. A. Inglis, LL. D., a native of Baltimore, but the most of whose adult life was spent in South Carolina in the practice of law; a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions, a Chancellor in one of the four judicial circuits, and later an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court. He was also an influential member of the Constitutional Convention of South Carolina which adopted the Ordinance of Secession and led to the formation of the Confederate States. In the year 1868 he returned to his native city, took up the practice of his profession, was elected Professor of Commercial Law in the Law Department of the University of Maryland and Chief

Judge of the Orphans' Court, which positions he held till his death in 1878. He was a man of fine natural ability, of cultured intelligence, of irreproachable virtue, and was a valuable counselor.

The other was Charles F. McCay, LL. D., a native of Pennsylvania; professor successively in Lafayette College, Penn., the University of Georgia, and the College of South Carolina, of which he was President from 1854 to 1857. His forte was in mathematics, to some department of which his whole professional life was devoted. While connected with the University of Georgia, he published his lectures on "Civil Engineering" and on "Differential and Integral Calculus." From 1858 to his death he devoted himself to life insurance. In 1870 he removed from Augusta, Ga., to Baltimore, and when I knew him, was Consulting Actuary of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company. At this time also he worked out for the B. & O. R. R. Co. a scheme of insurance for its employees; the first, I think, adopted by any company in this country, which is still in successful operation. He was a pure Christian man of exact judgment and positive opinions, gentle manners and great kindness of disposition. Of all the men with whom I was associated during my official term, he got nearer to me and was of more service as a counselor. When I left home on the business of the Committee, he would without delay call on Mrs. McIlwaine, who had a family of little children, pay a pleasant visit and offer his services, if they should be needed during my absence. On my return he would drop into my office and get the salient points connected with my trip. He was a rare man, whose memory I cherish gratefully and affectionately.

It was in the summer of 1877, while I was occupying the pulpit of Franklin Street Church, I had an experience, which to some will appear trivial but to me at the time seemed of much importance. Mrs. McIlwaine and the children were spending the summer in Farmville, Va., while I occupied a furnished room over my office and took my meals at Barnum's Hotel. I had been on a visit of a few days to Farmville and returned to Baltimore on Saturday night, retired at once and was soon asleep. When I awoke in the morning the sun streamed through the windows, and

on looking at my watch, it registered 10 o'clock sharp, just one hour before church service. Some hustling had to be done and I to go to the pulpit breakfastless. Not discouraged, I went ahead but at the critical moment I found that my collar button was gone. A careful search failed to reveal it. What was to be done? The next thing was a pin, but I had no pin cushion and could find none about my clothes. I was in a strait and began to pray, scrutinizing the carpet closely as I went around. I never prayed harder or felt more urgent need in my life, and as I prayed and "watched," my prayer was answered and my imminent want supplied. Just then the city clock began to strike and, to my great relief, stopped at the eighth stroke. My watch had ceased to run the night before and I, wearied with travel, had failed to observe it. The courteous clerk at the hotel, whither I went for breakfast, supplied my want and I had plenty of time for preliminary arrangements. Church service was conducted in due form and without abashment.

To some, a pin may appear a very small thing to be made a subject of prayer, and so it is, when there are plenty of them at command; but in an exigency, when it is necessary to enable one to make a decent appearance in the discharge of important duty, it becomes big enough to agitate the soul and to justify an appeal to Almighty God for divine assistance in securing it. The good Book says, "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." I was never more thankful for anything than for that pin, and am thankful for it to-day. Other people may think and say what they please about the fundamental truths of the Christian religion; may deride and scorn them, if they choose; but I receive them with the simplicity and docility of a little child and have been and am comforted by them. None of these truths brings me more strength and abiding peace than the free access to the mercy seat accorded every believer through the grace which is in Christ Jesus. How the worldling and the skeptic get along without this resource, is a problem too hard for me. I do not envy, but pity them and pray for their enlightenment and blessing.

For an official holding the double office of Secretary and

Treasurer to make ready for attendance on the General Assembly, required careful and protracted work. At that day books and vouchers were under the immediate inspection of our highest court through its committees. The members intrusted with these duties were generally well selected, and those composing the Auditing Committee men of skill and experience in this department. It was a pleasure to meet and submit my work to their inspection and to receive their unanimous approval, indorsed by the action of the Assembly.

CHAPTER XXXIX

BALTIMORE, MD. (CONTINUED)

THE meetings of the General Assembly were often of great interest on account of the questions discussed and the ability with which they were handled. At times they proved veritable schools of instruction and at others presented an amusing side rarely excelled. The first I attended in my official capacity at Little Rock, Ark. (1873), awakened my deep interest. The thing that stirred the Assembly, for a time, more than anything else, is not a matter of record; but it held its breathless attention. Early in the sessions one of the younger and less experienced members of the body arose and began to read in a clear, distinct voice, an extended paper, containing a long series of "Whereases," leading up to a resolution to appoint a Committee of Conference with a similar Committee from the Northern Church, if appointed, with the view of removing barriers and bringing about closer relations between the two churches. From the first what was coming seemed evident. There was marked attention throughout the house. An amazed look also took possession of the countenances of the older and more influential members. When the reading was completed, the brother, who evidently felt an entire want of sympathy, after waiting a moment or two for a second to his resolution, stated modestly that if he received a second he would proceed to give reasons for its adoption. In response there was further and painful silence, which was broken by a manly voice, coming in distinct utterance, from the rear of the church, somewhat in the following words: "Moderator, while I do not sympathize with the paper which has just been read, this is a free country and I believe that every brother has a right to be heard on this floor. I second the motion!" This noble position was assumed by that grand old man, Rev. James Park, D. D., of Knoxville, Tenn., who still abides in the land of the living (1906),

and whose heroic life of courageous service has been an inspiration to multitudes. The way was now open to the propounder, who proceeded under adverse circumstances to evolve his thoughts, receiving throughout respectful and deferential attention. As he finished, the same distinct, but kind, voice was heard again, "Moderator, I move to lay the paper on the table!" Which was done, *nem. con.*

The most interesting figure in the house to me, next to my personal friend, the chief actor, was old Dr. William Brown of Richmond, who, sitting at the clerk's desk on the rostrum, at first leaned over the table with a dazed look, in astonishment that anyone should have the hardihood to project such a radical measure into the counsels of the Southern Presbyterian Church. In a little time, however, his countenance began to relax and as things went on was wreathed with its wonted smile, and when the *dénouement* came, he put his head down and his whole frame was agitated with suppressed laughter. At adjournment I remarked to the venerable doctor on the variety of emotions which seemed to affect him, from the most sombre to the most buoyant, and he spoke kindly of our friend, but expressed bewilderment that he should have ventured on such an escapade without consultation with older and more experienced churchmen. He also explained his fit of merriment by saying the circumstances had recalled an incident of his early childhood. After his father's death, his mother, "Mary Moore," the heroine of the famous little book, "The Captives of Abb's Valley," continued to live on her farm in Rockbridge County and to maintain the ordinances of family religion as had been customary in his father's lifetime. One winter morning, the wind blowing a gale and the snow falling rapidly, the family, white and colored, except the old negro man who managed the farm under Mrs. Brown's supervision, was seated in the dining-room, ready for prayers, where perfect quiet reigned. Presently the old man, who had been attending to the stock, came in; to whom Mrs. Brown, pushing her spectacles back on her head, said: "Uncle ———, we have had a fearful night! How are the cattle getting on?" To that he responded, "Dey is all gitting on very well, Marm, excep' de yallow heifer. She tried to have a calf last night, Marm, and it

kilt her." "So," continued Dr. Brown, "——— tried to have a calf this morning and it kilt him."

The good Book says, "In the multitude of counselors there is safety"; and it does seem a pity that in a matter of public import, and at that day so beset with obstructions, a man of excellent sense, high character and unexcelled devotion, should not have been prudent enough to consult with brethren in whom he had confidence before launching himself on such adverse waters. For my part, however, I glory in the spunk of a man who thinks for himself, has the courage of his convictions, and on all proper occasions is ready to express them anywhere, everywhere. Nor is it true that our friend was "kilt" that day, for while he felt a natural abashment at "the suddenness of his taking off," he had the consolation of having done what he thought right and received such kindness and consideration from the brethren that he was soon as composed and happy as any of us. In a long life, too, he has maintained his integrity as a Christian thinker and worker and is to-day in old age exerting his strength in behalf of the church and the world.

A thrillingly interesting meeting was held the next year (1874) in Columbus, Miss. There was a large number of exceptionally able men present, who held opinions far apart on several important questions. It was also a notable Assembly in that the Synod of Missouri for the first time took its place as an integral part of the Southern Church.

Perhaps the most mooted subject before the body came to it from the Faculty of Columbia Theological Seminary, in the form of a rule requiring its professors and students to attend Sunday morning service at the Seminary Chapel, —said service to be conducted alternately by the members of the Faculty. Obstruction was thus thrown in the way of professors supplying other pulpits and of students hearing other ministers preach. This was something altogether new, on which the Faculty had been evenly divided until the return of one of its members from abroad, when the measure was adopted by a majority of one. The question thus raised was clearly a matter involving religious liberty on the part both of professors and students, some of whom resisted and refused to be bound by the action.

From the opening of the Assembly it was evident that

something was in the air, and members began early to align themselves on one side or the other. For myself, before leaving Columbia my sympathies had been with the students and those who stood with them, while in my circumstances I felt it to be my duty to maintain a neutral attitude. When the debate began it was a veritable battle of giants and lasted for several days. On the side of the Faculty I remember Rev. Dr. J. W. Pratt of Lexington, Va., Rev. Dr. J. L. Kirkpatrick of Washington and Lee University, and Rev. Dr. R. P. Farris of St. Louis; and on the other side, Rev. Dr. W. S. Plumer of the Faculty and Rev. Luther H. Wilson of Georgia. Of all the forensic efforts I have heard, that of Rev. Dr. Pratt was one of the most brilliant and thrillingly interesting. It was full of wit, humor, sarcasm, and apt literary quotation, and lasted, perhaps, for two hours. On the other hand, the speech of Rev. Luther Wilson, although it had nothing eloquent or catching about it, but was plain, full of facts, appealing to the good sense and liberty-loving instincts of the members, was far the most effective. The desire to speak was so great that after the second day, speeches were limited to five minutes and only one allowed to each individual. Finally the question was settled by the adoption of the two following resolutions, the first unanimously and the second by a vote of sixty to fifty-three:

1st. "That the General Assembly hereby expresses its entire confidence in the Faculty of Columbia Seminary.

2nd. "That the General Assembly respectfully recommends to the Faculty that in the event services in the chapel be deemed desirable, the attendance on said services, on the part of the Faculty and Students, be voluntary."

Next morning the resignations of two members of the Faculty were offered, in the letter of one of whom appears the following: "I am so divided, both in policy and principle, from at least one member of the existing Faculty, as to render official coöperation with him impossible; and thus the possibility of my usefulness in your Seminary is wholly forbidden."

This seems to show that the root of contention was a

personal disagreement in the Faculty, and to justify the story narrated to me by Rev. Dr. A. P. Smith, then of Mississippi, but afterwards, for a quarter of a century or more, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Dallas, Tex. He was a most companionable man, full of life and spirit and bubbling over with good humor. He said that on the adjournment of the session of the Assembly at which these resignations were accepted, he walked out of the house with Dr. Plumer, who took his arm and as they got out of the crowd, asked, "Do you remember Sternhold and Hopkins' version of such and such a psalm?" and on his reply, "No," the doctor repeated a verse, as follows:

'He digged a pit, he digged it well,
He digged it for his brudder,
Into that selfsame pit he fell,
Himself and not anudder.'

This narration impresses the fact that we all are liable to err and do err; but how any sensible man in this free country and under the light of our Christian civilization, can believe it right to ordain and enforce the attendance of other Christian men on any special series of religious services; or how the majority of a Faculty composed of sober, sedate, experienced Christian men could see their way clear, against the protest of even one of their number and in opposition to the wishes of some of their students, to enact such a rule; and how fifty-three members of a free General Assembly in our Southern States, after full discussion, could vote to tolerate such a thing,—is an enigma too difficult to unravel. No one can doubt the integrity of the brethren, their intelligence, their desire to know and do the right, and yet here are the facts which seem to show that great and good men, as well as plain-sailing and ordinarily fair-minded men, allow themselves to be so warped by prejudice and ulterior considerations as to cause them to deviate from the path of righteousness. Actually there were thirty-seven members of the Assembly, headed by that prince among men, Rev. J. L. Kirkpatrick, D. D.,—of whom there were a number who measured up to him in ability and service,—who entered a protest against the action of the General Assembly reported above, courteous and considerate as it

was. When I think of this, I cannot refrain from saying, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

Another subject which elicited much interest was the proposed Pan-Presbyterian Council. The chief advocate of this Association was Rev. Dr. W. S. Plumer, and its leading opponent, Rev. Dr. H. M. Smith of New Orleans, an able and scholarly gentleman, a pastor, and editor of the *South Western Presbyterian*, who had occupied the Moderator's chair at the last General Assembly. Both these gentlemen made admirable speeches, and until Dr. Smith's final speech in closing the debate, I thought the proposition would carry. His closing argument was that not enough is known about the elements that are to compose the council, the doctrines held by its constituent members, or the general complexion of the proposed body. He said, "I do not like to enter any place until I know what I am to encounter there or how I am to get out. I can see how I am to go in, but whither I am to be led or how I am to get out, I cannot see. We do not know enough about the proposed body, or its influence, to form a judicial opinion, and so I counsel the Assembly to be careful what it does or how we commit ourselves to something about which our knowledge is wholly inadequate." "This thing," he concluded, "puts me in mind of something that may be seen on a tomb in old Liberty Church-yard, Georgia. On a stone at the head of one of the graves under the name of its incumbent is inscribed a verse of four lines, the first three of which are taken up with a description of the transitoriness of earth and the certainty of death, with no indication of the character of the sleeper or of any hope for his future, and the last line reads,

"So, then, come follow me!"

Underneath this inane inscription, may be seen the words, written by some thoughtful and sensible wag,

"To follow you, I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went."

This humorous sally rendered nugatory the efforts of Dr. Plumer and others and defeated the measure.

At the next meeting of the General Assembly (1875), at St. Louis, there were overtures from the Presbyteries of Louisville, Florida, Lexington, and East Hanover, in behalf of union with the Council; in response to which the following action was taken:

“Resolved, That this Assembly appoint a Committee on the Confederation of the Presbyterian Churches of the World with authority to correspond with similar committees of other Presbyterian bodies in reference to the Constitution to be proposed for such a General Council; and if the Committee deem it wise and practicable, appoint a delegate or delegates to the proposed conference, to be held in London on the —— day of July, 1875.”

There seems to have been little or no opposition to this sane action, so vigorously and successfully fought the year before. At the next meeting (1876) however, in Savannah, the aspect of things had greatly changed. There were three overtures from Presbyteries, two adverse and one favorable. The friends and opponents were lined up on either side. The report of the Committee appointed the previous year, supplemented by a report of Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson of his attendance on the Council in London, was presented and elicited much interest. The discussion was conducted courteously but with earnestness and warmth, Drs. Robinson of Louisville and Hoge of Richmond being the leaders in behalf of the affirmative and Drs. Adger of Columbia and Mallard of New Orleans on the negative. Much time was consumed, many speeches made, and the subject thoroughly threshed; when, on taking the vote, the affirmative prevailed by two-thirds majority. Later on two delegates were appointed from each Synod, and the Council, so far as the Southern Presbyterian Church is concerned, was safely launched.

In these discussions Rev. Dr. Hoge was by all odds the leading, dominating spirit. I had been accustomed to hear him speak before Presbytery and Synod for some twenty years, but had never seen him engage in debate. Here, however, he was in the thickest of the fight and was recognized as the champion. His coolness, alertness, skill in

repartee, ability to turn and wield an adverse suggestion; his mastery of the whole subject and consequent readiness in enlightening ignorance and exposing sophistry; and all done with the most genial good humor, abashing his opponents and winning friends,—was a revelation to many of us who had known him. It was one of the finest forensic triumphs I ever witnessed and put him easily in the front rank of skilled disputants. He also vindicated his right to this position at the next meeting of the General Assembly in New Orleans, in a famous discussion about another matter.

Another subject that awakened a good deal of interest and called forth a strong protest, was the appointment of a Committee of Conference with a like Committee from the Northern Church; the majority, however, being considerably more than two-thirds in favor of the Assembly's action.

CHAPTER XL

BALTIMORE, MD. (CONTINUED)

It seems a pity that so much time should be consumed, so much strength expended, such streams of eloquence exhausted on topics like those that claimed attention at Columbus. The church and vital religion are suffering from this condition. Looking back through the vista of thirty-two years, where can the candid, sensible, unprejudiced man be found, who on the simple statement of the case from Columbia, will not approve and applaud the finding of the Assembly? As to the Pan-Presbyterian Council there now appears general agreement that it is an instrumentality of large usefulness, has been effective in disseminating and confirming the truth and of enlarging the area of the Church throughout the world. As to the question of fraternal and closer relations with the Northern Church, it seems that there has been and is still a good deal of narrow, unnecessary and unchristian feeling indulged.

Thirty years ago, when, as Secretary of Home Missions, I saw the divisions in churches of some of our western Synods,—where two Presbyterian ministers were laboring and had to be supported in fields where one could do more efficient work,—I was driven to the conclusion that closer relations ought to be established at the earliest possible day, and so soon as practicable Organic Union.

But I am told, now as then, that insuperable obstacles emerge in essential differences in doctrine and polity! For my part I see no greater differences between the two bodies than among ministers in each of the two separate churches. There have been a number of cases of so-called heresy, bruited in our own bounds within the last twenty-five or thirty years. Three of these are recalled in memory: Rev. Dr. Frederick Ross of the Synod of Nashville; Rev. Dr. R. R. Howison of the Synod of Virginia, and Rev. Dr.

James Woodrow of the Synod of South Carolina. Yet these difficulties were all composed without prejudice to the brethren or repudiation on their part of the views criticised. It is true, I think, that the first two, at the instigation of their presbyteries, withdrew from circulation works which contained the objectionable statements and that the third withdrew from the position of prominence he had held in the church, but no one of them, so far as is known to me, ever recanted or renounced his beliefs. There was also a case of like nature before the late General Assembly (1906) on appeal from the Synod of Texas by Rev. William Caldwell, which still hangs in the air and in which the appellant seems to have strong support. "People who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones." Respected brethren seem determined to make our fallible church a "pent-up Utica" of incrustated opinions; the safe deposit of statements formulated and held two hundred and fifty years ago. They appear to forget that the power of thought is the prime and essential characteristic of man; that men were made to think, to evolve truth in their thinking, and that thinkers of this generation are just as sane and devoted to truth and far more cultured and prepared to arrive at truth, than those of the past. They apparently forget, too, that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are "the only infallible rule of faith and practice," and that it is a poor compliment to our Christian and Protestant civilization to hold that pious and careful study of God's word for the past centuries has evolved nothing from its treasured stores beyond what the great and good men of the Westminster Assembly were able to discover. The idea that our confession has reached the *ultima Thule* of truth, that it is beyond amendment, that to differ with any of its statements is heresy, that to seek its revision reveals want of loyalty to truth, smacks smartly of the quintessence of popery. And yet this is the logical position of the men who are standing against the union of the Presbyterian churches in the United States. They are making a fetish of a human composition, assuming the infallibility of its authors, giving it a kind of quasi-inspiration and putting it on a level with, if not above, the word of God. It is indeed a remarkable book for that day and has many excellences, but it can hardly be doubted

that it contains statements of fundamental truth that are overdrawn and with insufficient proof, and that it leaves out, or lays slight stress on, some of the fundamental and quickening truths of God's word.

I know two Christian men of high intelligence and character,—one a professor in a leading university and the other in one of our oldest Presbyterian colleges in the country,—both of whom declined election to the eldership in their respective churches, because they could not subscribe to the Confession in all its teaching. I have heard within a short time of two strong churches of high standing, in each of which several reputable Christian men, elected to the eldership, declined to qualify. What their reasons are, I have not been able to learn, but such declinatures are new to me, as I suppose they are to the church.

It may be said in regard to differences in dealing with economic, civic and secular affairs that while the Northern Church is perhaps in advance of us, we cannot say that we do not sometimes adopt the same principles of action. The Southern Church has lately been saved by untoward circumstances from dipping its fingers deeply into secular education in the establishment of a great church university; a thing there is not a particle of direct authority for in the Bible, and which cannot be done without danger of secularizing the church or hampering and retarding education in some of its departments. Our highest court is at this very time using its influence to stimulate what is called "Church and Christian Education," for which, in the sense these terms are used, there is not a scintilla of authority in the Bible. It is also engaged in a movement to found a permanent fund for the assistance of aged and infirm ministers and the families of deceased ministers, a most praiseworthy object, which I cordially approve, but which has no scriptural warrant, except in so far as Christian men are authorized and instructed to "do good unto all men, specially unto them that are of the household of faith." If this be admitted and the church feels authorized to engage in such work, then it has like authority for any effort to which it is urged by like motives and with a like end in view. So that the North in its attitude to public questions, stands on the same ground with the South, the only difference being

that it takes a broader and more advanced view and dips into more things outside of its commission, or thought to be useful in the consummation of its commission. There has been more self-restraint in the South heretofore, but we are making progress and will get there alongside of the North ere long, if we just keep on in the course which the South has been pursuing of late. It may be best. It may be all wrong.

It is objected, again, that "Organic Union" means "the swallowing up" of the Southern by the Northern Church. If this be so our friends will soon find that they have fed on most indigestible diet. When Rev. A. C. Hopkins, D. D., Rev. Eugene Daniel, D. D., Rev. G. B. Strickler, D. D., Col. Bennett H. Young *et id omne genus*, get to wallowing around their internals, they will wish they had been more prudent than to indulge in such crude nourishment. But really there is no danger of any such uncomfortable situation. On the contrary Organic Union means for the *South*, restoration to the position occupied by it prior to the Civil War with equal rights and privileges for every church, Presbytery and Synod; and to the *North*, the union with that body of cultured and conservative Christian men and women, who will coalesce with those of like mind already in it and stand together, a controlling and directing force. This was the state of things fifty years ago. There was a radical element in the church at that time, but it was kept in abeyance and little in evidence. Up to 1860 the body as a whole was harmonious, conservative, united. It will be so again. Both sides have had rough experience and learned some wholesome lessons. It is hoped the time is now approaching for them to be brought together in fraternal union, when unseemly bickerings shall cease and the rehabilitated church march forward in the triumphant service of her King.

But I am told again that union with the Northern Church means amalgamation between the whites and blacks,—the breaking down of all social barriers between the races. Such an idea had never occurred to me until a few days ago, when propounded by a timid ruling elder, who seemed nervous and agitated in the prospect. This seems at first blush too childish for serious consideration,—as inane as

the "swallowing" business,—but it is used as an argument to awaken prejudice and therefore deserves reply :

1. The negroes of all denominations in the South generally prefer to have their own organizations and manage their own ecclesiastical affairs. Their separation has been voluntary, and if left to themselves they will probably continue to feel and act in the same way. No church has been more forward in expressions of good will and the tender of help than our own, and the work seems to be progressing favorably, if somewhat slowly.

2. It is presumed that in the negotiations for closer relations, much more for organic union, the Southern Church will see to it that this question is put on a safe basis, such as will inure to harmony and keep out friction.

3. No people in the world understand the negro better, feel more kindly to him, or have done more for his welfare, than the Southern people. This is thoroughly comprehended by a large portion of the negroes themselves, who are aware of their limitations, relations, and responsibilities. There seems no danger, therefore, that the establishment of Union between these churches will tend to break in on this mutual regard or engender trouble. The fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church throughout the United States, North, South, East, and West, is a unit, has brought no such harm or discomfort. Why should the establishment of this relation between Presbyterian churches be more disastrous?

4. The laws of all our Southern States, while guarding the civil and political status of whites and negroes alike, are equally pronounced in recognition of the absolute separation of the races along race lines. It will require a revolution in public sentiment, running through many generations, to remove these stable barriers, if that removal shall ever be accomplished. At present the feeling seems to be deepening and broadening throughout the country, and there is no reason to believe it will ever grow less.

It may be I am too optimistic about the future of Presbyterianism in the United States. If so, I am thankful, for it is a comfort to think that the old church in which I was born and reared, and to which I gave the allegiance and service of my early ministry, will some day be united in

love and good works. Of course I do not expect this consummation to be realized in my lifetime. There is too much rancorous feeling, too much bitter opposition on our side of the line to permit so rapid a transition. But a favorable tide seems to be gathering both in volume and force. This inspires the hope that ere long the forces in opposition will recede and the way be open for cordial and general action.

I feel justified in making two remarks as the sum of my convictions on the subject:

1st. Great harm has been done to the progress of religion by the attitude of individuals and the church in the past.

2nd. Incalculable good will accrue in the growth and sanctification of the church and the advancement of religion throughout the land and world by the healing of this breach in the body of our Lord.

The period from 1873 to 1882, as heretofore stated, was characterized by much financial depression throughout the country. This interfered to a greater or less extent with the growth of mission work, both at home and abroad. Some years there was a falling off in receipts; in others, a marked increase. On the whole, considering adverse conditions, progress was gratifying.

The whole missionary force in foreign fields during these ten years increased from 36 to 104—nearly threefold. The number of ordained foreign ministers was nearly doubled, of native ordained ministers trebled, of foreign missionary assistants nearly doubled, and of native assistants, including three licentiates, more than quintupled. One foreign missionary physician had been added and much valuable property acquired. The total of receipts from churches, Sabbath-schools and missionary societies had gone from \$37,843 to \$69,309; Sabbath-schools and societies having about doubled their contributions. In the Annual Report of 1882 the Executive Committee says:

“As a church we have closed what may be regarded as the twentieth year of our missionary history. In the review there is much of thankfulness to Almighty God and much to stimulate us to greater effort in the future. We entered upon the work in the first instance in the midst of great difficulties and discouragements, and while our operations

were necessarily limited for the first six or seven years to the Indians of our own country, the church never lost sight of the magnitude of the great work laid upon her by the blessed Redeemer. She has kept steadily at work and although she has not gone forward as rapidly as some other branches of the church, which were in more favorable circumstances, she has made good progress in view of all the difficulties that lay in her pathway. She can to-day lift up her eyes over the great outlying heathen and unevangelized world and see her sons and daughters making known the unsearchable riches of Christ in six different nationalities and in as many different languages. She can point to more than forty separate organized churches, into which have been gathered more than a thousand hopeful converts, the legitimate fruit of her missionary labors. She can enumerate more than one hundred different volumes and tracts of religious truth that have been prepared or translated by her representatives into these different languages. She can point to a working force of more than fifty native laborers, who have not only been trained by her missionaries but who are working shoulder to shoulder with those missionaries in extending the knowledge of salvation. They can also point to twenty schools of different grades, in which are gathered five hundred pupils, who are being trained to be helpers in the great cause."

During this time Dr. Wilson was the leading, directing force, and too much credit cannot be awarded to his wise guidance. His visits to Brazil, the Indian Territory, the churches at different times, and his protracted sickness during the spring and summer of 1878, devolved the whole work on his junior colleague, which was taken up and gone through with cheerfully and successfully, without outside help.

I did not know when I went to the Assembly at Atlanta (1882) that the question of separating the Home and Foreign work would come up. Dr. Wilson and I had talked it over but, so far as I can remember, it had never been discussed or acted on by the Executive Committee. The Report of the Standing Committee of the General Assembly explains the matter adequately and perhaps better than I

could do by going more into detail. The Report was adopted, and the part material to the subject in hand is as follows:

"The matter of nomination of Secretaries has received the prayerful and earnest consideration of the Committee, and early in its session, by a large majority, Dr. J. Leighton Wilson was nominated as Secretary and Dr. Richard McIlwaine as Co-ordinate Secretary, which offices they have filled conjointly for the past ten years. But subsequently the vote was reconsidered, and by the casting vote of the chairman Dr. Wilson was nominated sole Secretary. Those voting for a continuance of the Secretaries as now existing believed that this arrangement would be most conducive to the best interests and had resolved to offer a substitute to the General Assembly, recommending that no changes be made, but at the earnest solicitation of Dr. McIlwaine, who wished to promote the harmony and welfare of the church, they decided not to do so and now unite in the Committee's report.

"That this Assembly hereby most cordially recognizes the ability, efficiency and zeal with which Rev. Richard McIlwaine, D. D., has discharged the duties of Co-ordinate Secretary and Treasurer of Foreign Missions for the past ten years, and that to his fidelity and patient labor are to be attributed under God a large measure of the success of this important department of church work."

At this meeting of the General Assembly I was elected Secretary of Home Missions, and Mr. L. C. Inglis, Treasurer of Home and Foreign Missions, an appointment most pleasing to me. My relations to the Foreign Missions Committee continued until July 1st, when my accounts were audited and settled, and thenceforth I had no responsibility for the treasury and was free to give my whole time to the duties belonging to my office as Secretary of Home Missions.

CHAPTER XLI

BALTIMORE, MD. (CONTINUED)

THE period from July 1, 1882, to July 1, 1883, was an important and laborious year for me. It may be supposed that great relief would come from dropping responsibility for Foreign Missions and with release from the exacting duties of the treasurership. And so it was. A freedom that had not been felt for ten years was enjoyed, the anticipation of which brought buoyancy and hope. But what, when relief came, was to be done with the time that had been so closely occupied? At least one half of my working time had been given to Foreign Missions: in to what channel was this unengaged energy to be turned? Heretofore my presence was imperatively demanded in my office, and seldom, except when in attendance on the judicatories of the church, did I get an outing of two or three days. Never during my eleven years' service did I take what the preachers call a "vacation," but was confined closely at my desk in the discharge of incumbent duty. I never needed it or thought of such a thing. Now, however, with the exception of three or four days preceding the monthly meetings of the Executive Committee and a like number succeeding, I was at liberty to devote my energies to productive secretarial work, wherever it gave promise of bearing fruit.

During the time of my duplicate Secretaryship, what was at first Sustentation and afterwards Home Missions did not advance *pari passu* with Foreign Missions. There was progress but not to the same extent,—which is, doubtless, accounted for by the fact that substantially the whole of Dr. Wilson's time and full one-half of mine was given to Foreign Missions, leaving but a moiety of mine to the Home work.

In 1872 there were but two objects, Sustentation and the Invalid Fund, developed, for which collections were taken, accounts kept and reports made. To these were added dur-

ing my first year the Evangelistic and later on the Colored Evangelistic work. What was then called the Relief Fund, which had already been authorized, was also put into active operation. It did not appeal to the churches but to ministers and was a kind of life insurance annuity scheme. It never gained much patronage. My recollection is that its highest number of subscribers was somewhere between eighty and a hundred. Nevertheless in ten years, by prudent handling of the funds, it attained splendid financial success, enabling the Committee to pay the families of its deceased members \$20,618, and to accumulate a fund of \$39,000 in good interest-bearing securities. The responsibility for the execution of this trust was turned over by the General Assembly some years later to a Presbyterian Minister's Relief Association in Philadelphia, and its obligations are, no doubt, being promptly met.

The increase of receipts in the Home Mission Department, embracing the Sustentation, Evangelistic, Colored Evangelistic and Invalid Funds, from 1873 to 1882 had been from \$28,900 to \$44,939, 55 per cent. against 83 per cent. in Foreign Missions. For the single year ending April 1, 1883, the same Home Mission Department went from \$44,939 to \$61,677, or 37 per cent.; that is 55 per cent. increase in ten year against 37 per cent. in one year. Something must have occurred to awaken attention and stimulate liberality. I am compelled to believe that it was due, in part at least, to the exemption accorded me from office work and the liberty afforded for attendance on presbyteries and in visiting individual churches. A pretty thorough canvas was made of many of the stronger churches in the Synod of Virginia, especially in the Presbyteries of East Hanover, Lexington, and Winchester.—I remember with genuine pleasure a visit of three weeks to Staunton and its neighboring churches of Hebron, Tinkling Spring, Bethel, and Waynesboro, when I was delightfully entertained by the pastors and their lovely wives and had time to make the acquaintance of many of their Christian people. A similiar visit later in the summer to Martinsburg, Gerardstown, Keyser, Romney, and Moorefield, in Winchester Presbytery, calls up delightful memories of the brethren and their hospitable people.

During the fall and winter more distant trips were made, but confined most largely to the cities. One of these to St. Joseph, Kansas City and St. Louis in Missouri comes vividly before me. The first part of my visit was to the churches in the remoter part of the State, in each of which I spent several days, including a Sabbath. On the return trip I arrived in St. Louis on Saturday morning in a pouring rain, which began the evening before. I was the guest of my friend, Mr. I. M. Veitch, an elder in Central Church, whom I had met several times at the General Assembly and his Synod. He had also been my guest in Baltimore. He was a native of Virginia, deeply interested in the church's work, and was a most genial and lovable Christian man. The rain continued during Saturday, Sunday and Monday. On Sunday the congregations, both morning and evening, were small, but I did the best I could in presenting the cause and made the acquaintance of quite a number. On Monday Mr. Veitch dissuaded me from starting for home, as I had arranged to do that night. To my inquiry, "Is there anything in St. Louis that I can do for Home Missions that I have not done?" he replied, "No, I think you have done all you can here for the present." "Well, then," I said, "I must get home as speedily as possible, for there is plenty of work waiting for me there."

On entering the station that night I saw but one train standing on the track instead of twelve or fifteen, to which I had been accustomed, and instead of hundreds of people hurrying to and fro, there was an official here and there. I purchased a berth on the sleeper for Cincinnati and found that it was in the center of the coach. On my remarking, "You seem to have little travel to-night," the agent said, "Very few people are traveling this weather. The whole earth is covered with water. Yours is the only train that is going out." That put me to thinking. So I bought an Accident Insurance Policy, good for three days, procured an envelope and stamp, directed it to Baltimore and dropped it into the P. O. Box in the station. On entering the sleeper there was only one other occupant and he left it at East St. Louis, where I, utterly worn out with travel and exertion, went to bed and was soon asleep. When I awoke the next morning I found the train standing still, and on looking at

my watch, it was eight o'clock, the time we ought to have left Cincinnati for the East. Just then the captain of the train came in and to my inquiry, "Where are we?" replied, "At Aurora, Indiana." "How far from Cincinnati?" "Sixteen miles." "Why don't you go on?" "The whole country is covered with water. I am waiting for orders." "How many passengers have you?" "This train is run for your sole benefit, Sir." "What must I do?" "You had better stay where you are for the present, until I hear something definite." In about half an hour he returned and told me that he had orders to return to St. Louis and that a boat would come down from Cincinnati to convey passengers to that place. That day and until one o'clock the next morning, was spent in Aurora, a small town on the bank of the Ohio River, when I and others who had come in during the day were taken aboard and on to Cincinnati, in time to catch a train, after twenty-four hours' delay. This was my first and only failure to make connection in an experience of eleven years of travel. I have had as many as three appointments a week, sometimes far apart, but was fortunate enough always to meet them, a thing that can hardly be done at present so regularly, though travel is two or three times as rapid as at that day.

The only other trip I remember that had anything *outré* about it was in connection with a visit to Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk, and Portsmouth. At the last-named place I took the steamer for Baltimore on a murky, foggy night. Being completely worn out I retired early and was soon lost in profound slumber. About one o'clock I thought I had a dream. There was a crashing noise accompanied by a sensation as if our boat were scraping against a mountain of rock. Then there was quiet. The steamer was standing still. Soon afterward there was a rap at my door and a voice saying, "Get up, we have struck against something," which was repeated at the other staterooms. Having partly dressed I went out into the cabin and seeing an officer, asked, "What is the matter?" To which I received the hurried reply, "I don't know. You had better hurry up. The boats are taking the passengers off." I returned to my stateroom, finished my toilet, went into the cabin and followed two receding figures down to the gangway. There

I saw the captain and two or three of the crew calmly superintending the transmission of passengers and found that I was the last to leave the steamer. No sooner had I taken my seat in the boat than it rowed away and in a few minutes we were beside a large British ship, built of iron and loaded with pig iron, the officers of which received us courteously and made us comfortable. In less than an hour the boat was again alongside of the ship with a message from the captain of our steamer, which had scraped against the iron ship, tearing off a part of one wheelhouse and two or three adjacent staterooms, that he had examined the hold of the vessel, found the damage superficial and was about to proceed to Baltimore. All of us, except a newly married couple, returned in the boat and we arrived at our destination only about an hour late.

I have never been a participant in a more quiet and orderly scene than that through which I had just passed. There were few passengers aboard, the weather being unfavorable to travel by water, and all behaved with the greatest composure. There was no excitement. Not a voice was heard above the usual tone. The officers, too, were collected and calm and their demeanor adapted to inspire confidence. In going to and returning from the British ship, I observed that the fog was dense, so heavy that an object a few feet off could not be seen. This was the occasion of our accident.

When I left the steamer at Baltimore I handed my card with my address to the purser with the request that he would present it to the captain with my compliments and tell him, if he needed my services, to call on me. This act was inspired by my admiration of his conduct and that of his crew and by the desire to aid in relieving him from blame, as far as practicable. It afterwards developed that the chief officer was that noble man, a member of a noble old Virginia family, Captain William C. Whittle, who prior to the Civil War was in the U. S. Navy, transferred his allegiance to his native State and served throughout the conflict, and for many years subsequently held the position in which I made his acquaintance.

The next day I received a summons to appear at a certain hour at the U. S. Customhouse the following morning to testify in the case. I was there on time and when

called made a detailed statement of my experience from the time I entered the steamer at Portsmouth until I left it at Baltimore; of what I saw, heard and felt in regard to the conduct of the officers and passengers, the density of the fog, etc. The next day I saw in the morning paper that the captain had been acquitted of all responsibility, except for the violation of the U. S. law forbidding vessels to run in a fog on the Bay, and accorded high praise for his carefulness and efficiency under the trying circumstances which followed.

Some months after this I had occasion to travel with my family by this route from Baltimore to Norfolk and was pleased to find myself on Capt. Whittle's boat and to receive gentle and courteous recognition. Since then whenever we have met it has been as friend with friend. There are few men for whom I have so high a regard. Out of multitudes whom I have had the privilege to serve in life, none has been more pronounced in expression and acts. But he is a gentleman, born and bred, a humble Christian, and amenable to the courtesies due in our relations to one another.

Social relations in Baltimore were as pleasant and cordial as can be imagined or desired. It was a big city, but the people were correspondingly big-hearted. Our associations were not only among members of our own churches but largely with those of Northern Presbyterian and other sister communions. It was the first time since the war that we had come much into contact with people of Northern birth and rearing; and with many of them we were charmed. There was a social atmosphere produced by the free comingling of cultured Northerners and Southerners, which proved exceedingly refreshing. A number of our friends were possessed of large wealth, lived in luxury and entertained beautifully, with an easy grace that insured enjoyment. The city, as we knew it, was ideal in this aspect; and when the time for removal came, it brought sorrow at the rupture of many pleasant ties. Some of these, however, have been maintained to the present day and still bind us to the Monumental City with cords of tenderness and love.

Our church affiliation, too, was not only agreeable but inspiring. It could hardly have been otherwise with Dr. Murkland as preacher and pastor, along with his cordial

helpers and excellent people. As then constituted, the congregation was typical of what a church ought to be. So far as I can remember,—and I had pretty extensive acquaintance,—there was not a snob in it. There were many people of culture and refinement, of the best social, civic, professional and economic position, but not one whom I can recall who held himself aloof from his brethren. The Sabbath-school and Bible classes were largely attended and well taught and the children and youth sat in the pews with their parents during morning service. The church was full on Sunday, morning and evening, and Wednesday-night lecture was largely attended. Its benevolent contributions far exceeded those of any other church under the care of the General Assembly, although there were several possessed of as much, and perhaps more, wealth. Altogether it was a model church, made up of pious, consecrated people.

The editors of the church papers at that time were generally sympathetic and helpful, opening their columns freely, and using their pens, in advocacy of benevolent activities. I can recall nothing to the contrary, but my mind reverts with gratitude and affection to three of these noble men, whom I knew personally better than others, namely; Rev. Dr. William Brown of Richmond, Rev. Dr. R. P. Farris of St. Louis, and Rev. Dr. H. M. Smith of New Orleans. They were splendid men, of exceptional ability, devoted to the church and truth, wielded the pens of ready writers, had the courage of conviction and were not afraid to express themselves outspokenly. They were a power for good, and while doubtless they erred on occasions, as all of us “poor critters” do, they exerted a widespread influence in behalf of truth and righteousness.

I remember but one criticism of any official act of mine on the floor of the General Assembly or elsewhere. There may have been others, but if so they have escaped me. This one was based on some sentences in the Report of the Executive Committee of Home Missions, which I wrote and for which I was chiefly responsible. In these the failures of some presbyteries and churches to coöperate in the work were stated and characterized in plain terms, very plain, perhaps too plain. There was one other critic closely allied to

the former, unfortunately neither very friendly to me, because some time before we had stood on opposite sides of a question in which important interests of the church were involved and I had won. After they were through with their brief complaints, I said a few words in defense and the matter was closed.

In due time the usual Review of the General Assembly appeared from the pen of one of these brethren, in which further adverse reference was made to the Report on Home Missions. Within a week or two there also appeared anonymous articles on the same subject, and in the same spirit, in the *Central Presbyterian* and the *St. Louis Presbyterian*. No sooner were they read than recognized as the work of the author of the Review. The earmarks were unmistakable; so clear as to leave no doubt. What did it mean? What was the object of the writer in adopting three diverse signatures to articles written by the same man and published in journals far apart, To me this action seemed to have but one object in view, viz. to give the weight of his name to this criticism in a semi-official way and to have it appear that his opinion was bolstered by two additional lovers of the church in other papers. This looked to me shady, beneath the dignity of a minister of the gospel, of a professed disciple of Christ, even of an honest-hearted worldling. It was one of those underhanded, devious methods, to which I have not been a stranger in later life but to which I was unaccustomed at that time. It shocked me and seemed to call for severe and caustic reply, in order to expose the wicked device, bring the offender to repentance and aid in freeing the church from such nefarious practices. I accordingly wrote to Drs. Brown and Farris, stating the facts of the case with my surmises as to the author of the articles, claiming the right to reply in their columns in letters addressed to the author in his own proper name and thus unveil the whole transaction. They both wrote by return mail that my surmise was correct, that ———, as supposed by me, was the author of the articles in question, and that their columns were open to me. They were gentlemen, Christian gentlemen, understood and acted on the proprieties and had no doubt where a question of truth and right was involved. So soon as their letters were received, the gist of

which, indeed, had been anticipated, I prepared with great care suitable replies, setting forth the facts, with appropriate reflections thereon, together with an answer to the specific criticisms of the articles. The reply was drastic but deserved. Copies were made for the two papers and they were ready for the mail at the close of a hard day's work. It occurred to me, however, that it would be better not to send them off that night but to keep them over till the next day, when they could be reread calmly and reviewed before they were finally dismissed on their mission of retribution and enlightenment. They were never read again. The next morning when I took up the *Baltimore Sun*, among other things I read a telegram telling of a crushing sorrow that had come on the offender; an affliction dark enough to cast a shadow over the remainder of his days. My heart went out to him and his loved ones in sympathetic grief; all resentment departed from my bosom and an abounding pity took its place. The replies were committed to the flames and I thanked God for his gracious providence which saved me from adding anything to the troubles of his experience. I never met him but once after that. There was something of chastened sorrow in his countenance and manner, indicative that he was on a higher plane of Christian thought and action than when I had seen him before.

My election as President of Hampden-Sidney College was not a surprise. Ten years before, a year after I settled at Columbia, I received a proposal from my friend, President Atkinson, that he would resign the presidency, retaining the Professorship of Moral Philosophy, if I would allow my name to be presented to the Board and devote my energies to the upbuilding of the institution. While I prized this suggestion as indicative of the good opinion and friendship of one of the noblest characters that I have known, it was declined on the ground that I was committed for the present to the work of the church at large and felt it to be my duty to continue in its prosecution. Dr. Atkinson remained in the presidency until the weight of increasing years and the inroads of disease caused him to resign in the spring of 1883. It was only a few months afterwards that he departed to be with Christ.

This election thrust on me for settlement a question of momentous personal and domestic importance. But such considerations have never been allowed to stand in the way of conviction of duty. The point to be decided was, Where can I do most for the church and the world? My life had been consecrated to the glory of God in promoting the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of my fellow-men. How could I best accomplish this?

From my youth I had been a loyal and devoted son of Hampden-Sidney. Never was alumnus more appreciative of the noble history and work of his *alma mater*, or loved it with tenderer affection. I had been a member of its Board of Trustees for fourteen years, knew its needs and had labored for its upbuilding. It was located in old Southside Virginia, the region in which I was born and reared, in which the larger part of my academic and professional education had been obtained, where the successive pastorates of my early ministry were spent. It was adjacent to Union Theological Seminary, allegiance to which I owned and rejoiced in.

To aid in the upbuilding of these institutions, to afford facilities of education to the people in the surrounding section and to inspire them with a desire to take advantage of them; to put the old college on a firmer, stronger foundation,—these were the motives which influenced and wrought the decision. Whether, in the light of subsequent events, the judgment was wise, I leave to the consideration of others. Of this I am sure, I had no doubt at the time. So far as I can see, I never acted in any crisis with more entire self-abnegation or with a more supreme desire to be of service to the church, my native State and my fellow-men.

My resignation as Secretary was opposed by the members of the Executive Committee, kindly but positively, and I can never forget the serious countenance of my old friend, Dr. C. M. McCay, who knew by experience what he affirmed, when he said, with an ominous shake of the head, "The presidency of a college is no bed of roses." I also had letters from brethren throughout the church dissuading me from taking this step, and was treated with marked consideration by them at the Assembly and by the General Assembly itself; as the following action shows:

“Resolved, That the overtures from the Presbyteries of Lexington and Paris, urging the Assembly to use all proper means to retain Rev. Dr. McIlwaine as Secretary of Home Missions, a position which he has filled with singular ability and efficiency for many years, and for which he is better fitted, in our judgment, than any man in our Church and as the voice of the Church expressed in her courts would probably be unanimous for his continuance in this most important work, the Committee is unanimous and hearty in endorsing the sentiments of the overtures, yet inasmuch as he has received and has accepted an invitation to become the President of Hampden-Sidney College and has requested this Assembly to release him from the duties of Home Mission Secretary, therefore it is recommended that this Assembly accede to that request and fix the 1st day of July, 1883, as the time at which the term of Dr. McIlwaine as Home Mission Secretary will expire, and do now proceed, or at such time as the Assembly may determine, to the election of his successor, whose term of office shall begin on the 1st day of July, 1883.”

Before I leave the Home Mission work I must say a word about my friend, Mr. L. C. Inglis, Treasurer of this Department along with that of Foreign Missions, for the preceding year and some years afterwards. He was a native of South Carolina, the son of Judge J. A. Inglis, a graduate of Princeton College, a lawyer by profession, a ruling elder in Franklin Street Church, a Christian of the highest and purest character, and a gentleman of pleasing address. My association with him was cordial and pleasant throughout and I entertain for him sentiments of sincere and fraternal regard.

CHAPTER XLII

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VA.

No period of my busy life has been characterized by more thoughtful and unremitting labor than my twenty-one years at Hampden-Sidney. In accepting the invitation of the Board of Trustees I was aware of the difficulties and obstacles then existing and of the heroic effort needed to remove them, but I had no conception or surmise of the impediments and embarrassments to be encountered later on and the sources from which they would spring.

The college has a heroic history. Sprung from an Academy, founded at the beginning of the Revolutionary War and deriving its name from two patriots who laid down their lives for the establishment of the liberties of their people, it was chartered as a college (1783) by the first General Assembly of Virginia after the cessation of hostilities, and has the honor to be the oldest collegiate institution, with the exception of William and Mary, south of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. It has always been poor in this world's goods, has never had a large number of students, but has sent out many hundreds of well-trained and honorable men, who have done a noble work for the Commonwealth, the country, the church and the world.

The most prosperous period of the college, ante-dating the Civil War, so far as the records show, was 1850-1861, under the presidencies of Drs. Green and Atkinson. It was under the administration of the former that the scholarship system was put into operation which brought the college \$60,000 of permanent endowment and a large accession of students. This good work went on under Dr. Atkinson, the endowment being materially increased and the largest number of students during any three of the twelve years being enrolled in the sessions of 1859-1861. The average for the era was 111, the highest number being 135 for the session of 1860 and the lowest 90 in 1853. A preparatory

school was maintained from 1850 to 1858, the number of its scholars ranging from 39 when it was established down to 5, when it went into a state of "innocuous desuetude." Its scholars had no connection with the college classes.

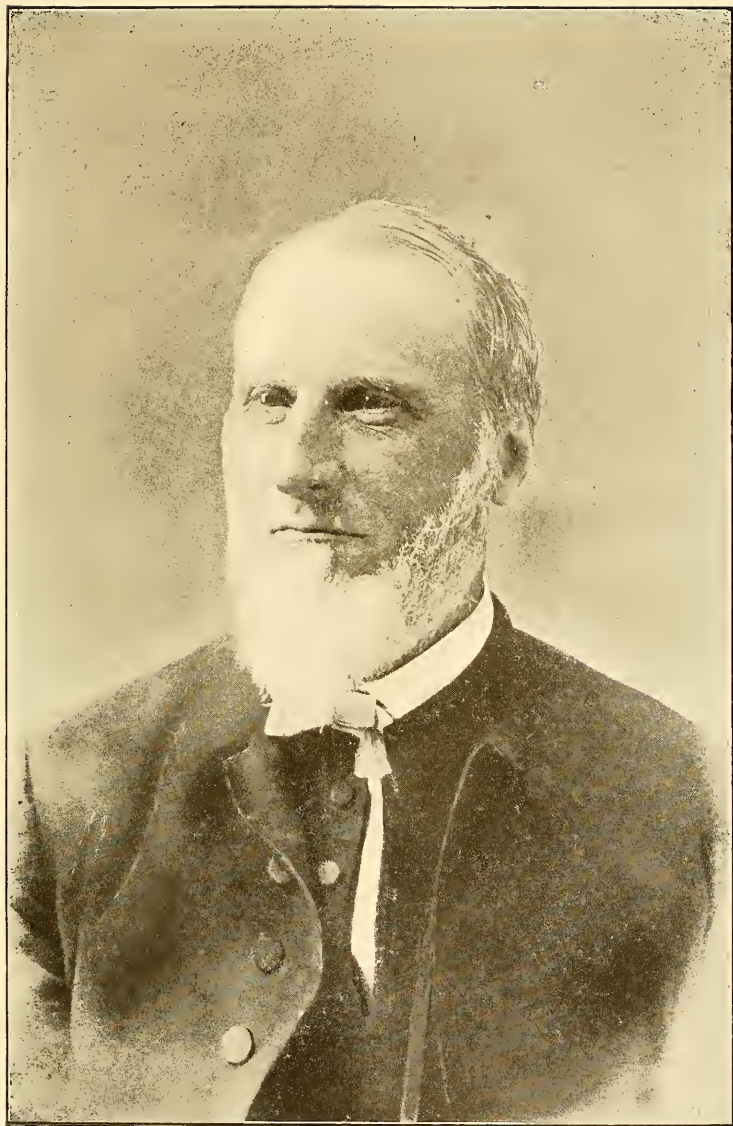
The outbreak of war in 1861 took the President of the College, as captain, and a large part of the student body into the army. They served in northwestern Virginia as "The Hampden-Sidney Boys," were in the fight at Rich Mountain under the gallant Pegram, acquitted themselves with honor, were captured by McClellan, paroled and afterwards disbanded.

The college was open during the war and did good work, the number of students ranging from 56 to 31. There were no graduates, as students left for the army as soon as military age was attained, but in these lists are found the names of scores of men who have wielded large influence for good. Of these may be mentioned Richard W. Flournoy of Chesterfield, for many years prominent in public school work in Richmond City; William U. Murkland of Hampden-Sidney, afterwards the distinguished pastor of Franklin Street Church, Baltimore; W. W. Page of Warrenton, a prominent minister of the gospel in New York City; William D. Booker of Prince Edward, now a professor in the Medical Department of Johns Hopkins University; W. D. Morton of Botetourt County, now pastor and evangelist at Rocky Mount, N. C.; Robert A. Gibson of Petersburg, now Diocesan Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Northern Virginia; William A. Hocker of Buckingham, now a member of the Supreme Court of the State of Florida; J. Taylor Ellyson of Richmond, now Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Virginia; Samuel L. Flournoy of Prince Edward, afterwards a member of the Senate of West Virginia and a distinguished member of the Bar at Charleston. If the old College had done nothing else than help and inspire these boys at a critical time, when the literary institutions of the State were generally closed, it would have done good work.

The remainder of Dr. Atkinson's administration, 17 years, 1867-1883, was conducted in trying times, when the people of Virginia were depressed and struggling to overcome the disasters of war. A steadfast heroic spirit was

demanding at the helm. Fortunately such an one was in charge; a gentle, determined, courageous, industrious man, who knew his duty and did it. Fortunately too he had a Board composed largely of high-minded, thoughtful, experienced, sympathetic Trustees, who understood the situation, internal and external, and gave him the weight of their cordial coöperation. Hon. John L. Marye of Fredericksburg, himself a member of the Board, characterized it in my presence as the finest body of men with which he had ever been associated. Unfortunately during the last four or five years of Dr. Atkinson's official tenure his health suffered a serious though gradual decline, so that he was incapacitated for the strenuous activity he had shown for twenty years. As a consequence the number of students was materially diminished and at his demise there was an air of depression and hopelessness about the institution. The highest number of students during this era was 92, the lowest 53, and the average 73. Among them were many men who have won distinction and achieved large usefulness. He also increased the endowment to \$115,000 or perhaps \$120,000. He led a noble life, died the death of the righteous, and his name ought to be cherished in loving remembrance by the friends of Hampden-Sidney.

The Board of Trustees as I found it, only two of whom are now among its members, was a fine body of men. The names of M. D. Hoge, T. T. Tredway, Henry Stokes, F. D. Irving, W. W. Henry, S. W. Venable, J. L. Weeks, W. W. Read, and John L. Marye, among others that might be mentioned, are a sufficient guarantee of its character. They received me cordially and gave me to understand that my influence in the management of the College was to be paramount. Indeed this had been communicated to me as the opinion of the Board and Faculty before I accepted the position. Our mutual relations were both intimate and agreeable, I confiding in them and they in me. This continued for a long period, during which I can recall no important difference of opinion on any subject. I do not mean by this that every question or election was decided in accordance with my views, but only that no question had been handled in such manner as to disturb my equilibrium and afford serious premonition for the future. We worked together in



J. M. P. ATKINSON, D.D.

harmony and earnestness and achieved a success under adverse conditions which gave reason for thankfulness. After a time, however, I became convinced that further coöperation under existing conditions was impracticable and so offered my resignation and terminated my relations to the College (1904).

The Faculty at the time I entered on duty consisted of Professors L. L. Holladay, A. M.; Walter Blair, A. M., D. L.; Addison Hogue, A. M.; W. S. Currell, A. M., Ph., D.; and J. R. Thornton, A. M. Dr. C. R. Harding, now of Davidson College, filled Prof. Hogue's chair for two sessions most acceptably while the former was studying in Germany. It was an able body of honorable and cultured men, devoted to duty. With the exception of Prof. Holladay all survive, Prof. Blair, an esteemed resident of Richmond City; Professors Hogue and Currell occupying important posts at Washington and Lee University, and Prof. Thornton still filling his place at Hampden-Sidney with marked efficiency and acceptance.

The members of the faculty, besides the prime function of teaching, are charged with responsibility for the government and discipline of the College. The board of trustees makes the laws; the Faculty administers them. The only preëminence accorded the President over any professor is that he is *ex officio* chairman, has a vote along with others and in the contingency of a tie, has authority to cast another vote and thus decide the question. I can recall but one case in which such a contingency arose and then I declined to exercise my prerogative. My policy throughout life in every situation has been to make known my opinions and sentiments on every question, leave its decision to the judgment of those on whom the responsibility rest, and when this is made known to carry out their decree, whether or not in accord with my views. I am aware that I have sometimes been judged harshly and held responsible for measures I did not approve but which as an official I felt bound to enforce. It was General Grant, I think, who as President of the United States, announced that "the best way to get rid of an obnoxious law is to enforce it." The old adage, "Obey orders or break owners" is the only safe rule for an executive.

The Faculty at Hampden-Sidney was generally a harmonious body, careful in consideration, deliberate in decision, and most frequently unanimous on important questions.

In the year 1898 an assistant professor in Physical Science was added to the Faculty. A year or two later this was made a full professorship of Chemistry and Geology. The study of Physiology was made compulsory, and several optional studies were added to the course. At an early day the Board established a Fellowship, and later on added another with the view of stimulating the aspiration of undergraduate students. Some teaching was given the Fellows in order to coach entrants to college who were deficient in any department. This provision opened the way for elevating the standard of entrance, which was greatly needed.

My experience in teaching is remembered gratefully. Entering on this work when past middle life, with no special training, except that the subjects allotted me had been matters of much interest and hard work during my college and university courses and that I had been accustomed to do some serious thinking throughout life, though mostly along different lines, it was with some anxiety that I took it up. I remember when brooding over this phase of the matter, one afternoon not long before my first session, while out on a walk with my friend, Prof. Holladay, saying to him somewhat abruptly, "Holladay, I am going to have some bright fellows in my classes, who will ask questions that I cannot answer. What am I to do?" With mirth-producing laughter in his voice he replied quickly, "Why, fellow, tell them you do not know. None of us can know everything. If the thing can be found out, look it up and then explain it to them." This was excellent advice, as I soon found when I was confronted with a Senior class, two of whom afterwards became professors in leading universities in the South and four others widely known and useful ministers of the gospel, besides others of excellent capacity and an inquisitive turn of mind.

A circumstance connected with this class gave me pause. One of its text-books was on "Christian Ethics," an unusually accurate and good book, with an exception here and

there. I got on with it comfortably until we arrived at the chapter in which the subject of "Liberty and Slavery" is discussed, when I discovered that the ground assumed is that of the old radical abolitionists, unhistorical, irrational, unscriptural. But this was not the impression made on the minds of the students. With a single exception they had imbibed the teaching of the author, looked at the subject in the light of his presentation and were wedded to his views. The bell for the dismissal of the class rang while we were in the midst of the discussion. It happened to be on Friday in the latter half of the session, when the Seniors were exempt from duty in the literary societies, which met then on that night. I invited them to meet me in my study that evening at 8 o'clock, that we might continue and complete the discussion. Every man, I think, was present and we threshed over the subject for three hours, at the conclusion of which every one had come to an understanding and adoption of the Southern point of view. One of the important advantages of the smaller colleges is the close contact between professor and student, and one of the prominent obligations resting on our Southern instructors in morals is to see that their students are grounded on those eternal principles of truth and right for which their fathers stood.

I pretty soon became easy in my work and so far from finding teaching a burden regarded it a pleasure. It afforded me an opportunity to help ingenuous youth in their intellectual, social, moral and spiritual development. There is no higher sphere of effort. It is a joy to me to believe that I have helped hundreds of youths, who are now out in the world doing manful work in their chosen callings.

It was also an inspiration to be associated with like-minded colleagues, whose fidelity and ability were unimpeachable and whose instruction, example and influence were adapted to promote the welfare of those who came under their guidance. Much of my comfort at Hampden-Sidney was derived from close contact with some of the noble men, who from time to time composed its Faculty, and who were like-minded in aspiration for the well-being and doing of the students. It was also an unspeakable

gratification, a short time before my final departure from that venerable seat of learning, to receive from Professor H. C. Brock, Clerk of the Faculty, a copy of resolutions adopted by that body, which came to me without previous intimation, and therefore, the more highly prized, as follows:

“Whereas the Rev. Dr. Richard McIlwaine, after a period of twenty-one years of arduous service, marked by many permanent improvements in the appointments and efficiency of the College, has retired from the Presidency of Hampden-Sidney, and

“Whereas, he has also resigned from the Professorship of Bible Studies and Moral Philosophy, the duties of which he has discharged during the same period with zealous faithfulness and conspicuous ability:

“We, his colleagues of the Faculty, desire to express our appreciation of his signal services to the College and of the single-hearted devotion and untiring energy with which he has labored to increase her material resources and to strengthen and broaden her usefulness; and we wish, furthermore, to place on record our grateful recognition of his earnest desire to coöperate with us in our several departments and of the confidence he has reposed in us, and to testify to the judgment and ready knowledge of affairs that he has brought to the solution of the many questions and to the conduct of the multifarious matters that have demanded attention.

“Finally we would convey our profound regret for the severance of relations so long and so effectively maintained, our abiding sense of the great loss resulting from his retirement and our hearty wishes for his welfare and success in whatever field he may elect to continue his labors.”

The financial condition of the college presented, perhaps, the knottiest and most important problem to be solved. Including the President there were six professors to be provided for; also a secretary and treasurer of the Board, who received modest compensation. Improvements and betterments to the college property, too, were demanded on all

sides. The income from endowment and students' fees was inadequate. A year before, when the chair of English and History had been established, provision for its support for five years was made through the generosity of a member of the Board, seconded by another and a member of the Faculty, but at the end of two years the projector of this plan, through misfortune, was no longer able to carry out his beneficent design. The Board was a conservative body, opposed to debt, and the question arose whether the professorship should not be abandoned. On my recommendation it was decided to put this chair on a parity with the others, all chargeable on the general income of the college. The receipts from tuition along with the increase in matriculation were already so pronounced that there was no trouble. Later on, with the increase of endowment and receipts from college fees, another member was added to the Faculty and provided for.

My experience as a financier, while laborious and anxious was by no means brilliant. It involved a wide correspondence, sometimes protracted, together with personal efforts, in our Virginia towns and cities, in Baltimore and New York, but results were disappointing. The whole increase to the endowment fund, including a legacy of \$25,000, not realized until after my resignation, did not amount to more than from \$55,000 to \$60,000. There was also spent in improvements to property about \$30,000. I met with much sympathy, kindness and generosity from people of moderate means, as most of our donors in Virginia and elsewhere were; much courtesy and hospitality from friends of my own and of the college; much politeness and respect from the rich who could be reached, who, however, were generally appealed to more strongly from other directions; much coldness, indifference, and failure to coöperate, in quarters where the opposite was naturally expected, with only one case of rudeness. This was from a stuck-up Virginian, a resident of the city of New York, who seemed to forget the honorable traditions of his family and the gentle manners of his Christian father and mother, as lovely people as I ever knew. He seemed much ashamed of himself before we parted, but I afterwards gave him a wide berth. Twenty-five year scholarships were founded:

one for Halifax County, another for the city of Petersburg and quite a number by individuals. A number of ministerial scholarships were also endowed, which have accomplished much good. Altogether my success was small in comparison with hopes and expectations, but some advance was made.

The question of increasing the matriculation of the college was one of burning interest. It called for wisdom, energy, and circumspection. Competition between the colleges was acute, and I could hear occasionally of depreciatory remarks made by advocates of other institutions about Hampden-Sidney. While rebutted, they put me on my guard. I determined that I would never say a word to the discredit of a sister institution,—that if I could not build up Hampden-Sidney on its merits, I would submit to failure. I believe that this resolution was kept without breach.

The following incident illustrates efforts of a legitimate character by an honorable man. Among other parts of the State in which the college obtained influence, through the establishment of a scholarship by some of its intelligent and beneficent citizens, was Halifax County. This scholarship entitled any youth in the county, with adequate preparation, to attend Hampden-Sidney, free of college fees amounting to \$89.00 per annum. An able representative of Richmond College, a high-minded scholar and Christian gentleman, was before a Baptist association in Halifax, had to grapple with this state of things and was reported to me as having spoken somewhat as follows: "Brethren, I hear that certain gentlemen have established a scholarship in Hampden-Sidney for your county, which entitles your youth to attend that institution free of all fees. This is a great privilege, adapted to win your favor and yet we want your sons in Richmond College. I have not one word to say against old Hampden-Sidney. It has a noble history running back to the Revolution. It has an able Faculty of Christian men. I know its President and some of his colleagues. They are gentlemen of character and consecration to their work. But there is one thing to which I wish to call your attention, and that is, *Hampden-Sidney is not sur-*

rounded and permeated by a Baptist atmosphere. Think of that, brethren, and make your choice. If you wish your sons to grow up in the faith of their fathers, send them to Richmond."

There are three periods in the life of the College to which reference has already been made for the sake of comparison: 1st, 1850-1861, when, so far as the records show, the college attained its greatest *ante bellum* prosperity; 2nd, 1867-1883, embracing the era of depression and struggle succeeding the war; and 3rd, 1884-1904, now under consideration. During the first of these there was an average of 111 students for its twelve sessions; in the second, an average of 73 in its seventeen sessions, and during the third, an average of 116 during its twenty-one sessions. This shows an annual average increase for the last period of five over the most favored era of the past, and an annual average gain of forty-three over that immediately preceding.

The high-water mark in this era was attained in the sessions of 1891 and 1892, in the first of which matriculation went up to 147 and in the second to 155. This increase is perhaps to be attributed largely, though not altogether, to the fact that the President spent most of the sessions of 1889 and 1890 in the field, in behalf of an increased endowment and an enlarged matriculation. Matriculation was generally very irregular, going up and down from year to year, sometimes without apparent cause and again from easily ascertained causes. A disorderly session was pretty certainly followed by a decrease, whereas, when good order and successful study prevailed, its influence was seen in the enlargement of the student body.

The character of the students was generally excellent. About three-fourths of them were Virginians, the rest coming from other States, West Virginia being in the lead. Now and then one was matriculated from a foreign country, generally the sons of missionaries. As Presbyterian and State institutions were established or rehabilitated in the West and Southwest, matriculation from other States gradually declined. The order and studiousness of the College were generally good. In one or two sessions I remember there was not a single case of discipline or complaint. In

others there was much disorder and rowdyism, but at no time was the condition of the College worse than at more than one of her sister institutions in Virginia during the same period. The Young Men's Christian Association exerted a good influence, when properly officered and led, but at times, I fear, it tended in an opposite direction. The proneness existing in the church of to-day, as well as in outside religious organizations, to condone wrong-doing in their members is one of the ominous signs of the times. There is greatly more danger to the church and Christian truth from immorality than from heresy, and vastly more of it extant, and yet we hear much more about doctrine than about conduct that becometh righteousness. Who has heard a discourse lately on parental neglect or filial ingratitude, or lying, or cheating, or impurity, or drunkenness? Yet these things are rampant and honeycombing the foundations of our social and religious life. There is a cowardliness about Christian teachers and guides, a failure to stand forth for truth and righteousness, a compounding with iniquity, that forebodes no good but portends evil of the direst sort. The evil, in fact, is here. It will require Christian heroism, in the use of efficient means, accompanied by the Almighty grace of God, to get rid of it. I read in the papers and hear from the pulpit that there are men who are treacherous in their civic and commercial life, yet who are true and honest and above reproach in their personal, domestic and social relations. I do not believe a word of it. "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all." Let the same temptations beset them in the latter spheres as in the former and they will be as false in the one as in the other.

As I look out on the world and follow after the boys whom I have taught and helped to prepare for the duties of life, I am greatly cheered. I see one in the presidency of Washington and Lee University; another in the same position at Hampden-Sidney College and another holding a professorship in his *alma mater*; another filling an important chair at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute; another lately elected to a professorship at the University of Virginia; another State Chemist of Virginia; another State

Librarian; two others in the Faculties of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, and Texas Theological Seminary, Austin; many others filling chairs in well-known colleges and universities in the South and West and many more connected with academies and institutes throughout the country; scores of others, not far from a hundred, preaching the everlasting gospel throughout the United States and other countries,—in Korea, China, Japan, and India; scores of others at the Bar in this and other States, some of whom have attained recognition and success, not only as counselors at law, but as legislators and law-makers and interpreters, among whom my eye rests on one, a respected and distinguished member of the Constitutional Convention of Virginia, 1901-'2, now an honored Judge of one of her judicial circuits; scores of others who have entered the medical profession after thorough and extensive preparation and who, one after another, are taking their places among the leaders of their beneficent profession, as writers, professors, and practitioners, and in the United States Naval Service; and scores of others in business and scientific pursuits, some of whom have already come to the front and others are forging on. Altogether, I do not believe there is any institution in America that, in proportion to the means at its command and the number of students under its care, has ever done more in the building of character, the training of intellect, and the inspiration to manly effort of the youth under its influence, or, through them, in conferring larger blessings on society, the country, and mankind, than Hampden-Sidney College. Nor do I believe that any period in its history has been more fruitful along these lines than that which came under my administration, notwithstanding the bulky impediments thrown in my way. This, of course, is merely a personal conviction, but it is deliberate and mature, based on the facts of the case, so far as observation and investigation have revealed them. By no means, however, do I claim for myself the sole credit of this great and good work. I had the cordial coöperation of the Trustees as a body for many years and of its wisest and best members as individuals; of the Faculty in its sphere, the most of whose members throughout were models

of gentlemanly and Christian deportment; exact and able teachers whose example, instruction, and fidelity were largely influential in molding character and inciting to effort; and of a body of noble young men, found in every year's matriculation, who came to college to fit themselves for the duties of life, stuck to their purpose and stood for order, rectitude and the discharge of duty. These were the forces that lay back of me, helped to save many immortal spirits from wreck, and gave them guidance and decision when tempted and in danger. To these I make my acknowledgment, and rejoice in the beneficence of their lives.

CHAPTER XLIII

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE

THE visible property of the college in 1883 was both unsightly and inadequate. It consisted of a Students' Dormitory, a Stewards' Hall, a President's house and three professorial residences, all out of repair and in a state of rapid depreciation. The inclosures around these buildings and the campus were generally of ante-bellum construction, not things of beauty or of much utility. There were no lecture rooms, except one for physical science, the professors' classes being taught in rooms of the dormitory intended for sleeping apartments, about eighteen feet square with a pitch of 10 to 12 feet, into which classes ranging from thirty to fifty were compacted. The mathematical room consisted of two of these dormitories with the wall between removed. The chapel was in the center of this building, over which was located the scientific department and above that were two halls for the literary societies. There was no water-supply, except from a well on the campus; no gymnasium, no suitable athletic field. The scientific apparatus was both antiquated and insufficient, with no provision for its steady and regular improvement. The library of the college was small and stowed away in one of the rooms of the dormitory. It contained some valuable books, but they were seldom used and it was not kept regularly open for use. The literary societies had excellent libraries, consisting of several thousand volumes each, which to some extent supplied this deficiency.

To remedy these defects was a slow and difficult process, but through the generosity and helpfulness of friends and alumni, too numerous to mention, with the hearty concurrence and sympathy of Professors Holladay, Blair, and Thornton, and of Capt. S. W. Venable, Dr. M. D. Hoge, Dr. W. U. Murkland, and Col. Henry Stokes, of the Board of Trustees, they were all gradually provided for, so that

in 1904, Hampden-Sidney, so far as its physical aspects are concerned, was well furnished and in line with some of its more favored sisters. Its professors' residences had all been enlarged and improved and the President's house thoroughly renovated, at a cost of from five to six thousand dollars; its dormitory building had been repaired and furnished with fire-escapes and an iron pipe fence erected along the road in front of the President's house and the campus. The beautiful Memorial Hall had also been occupied. It was erected in memory of the men who had labored and studied at the college. It contains a commodious and handsome chapel, with a chemical laboratory on the first floor, above which are six suitable and ample lecture rooms and on the third floor two halls for the literary societies. All these rooms are supplied with the latest and most approved furniture and with apparatus to heat the whole with steam. The total cost of this last improvement was about \$25,000. An abundant water-supply with bath rooms and water closets was also obtained, the old chapel was converted into a commodious gymnasium and thoroughly equipped, an admirable athletic field was provided and an excellent library, consisting of some 15,000 volumes, was collected through the amalgamation of those belonging to the literary societies with that of the College, together with additions by gift and purchase. This latter has been regularly open every day of the College session under the care of a librarian and assistant. Through the provident liberality of Maj. R. M. Venable of Baltimore, a native of Prince Edward and a graduate of the College, it is now installed in a handsome and modern building, erected by Union Theological Seminary when the latter was situated at Hampden-Sidney. The college is also indebted to Maj. Venable for the addition of the old Seminary Dormitory and three professors' residences to its property, and for the outlay in preparing the athletic grounds for use. A moderate annual provision was also made for the improvement of the laboratories and library. There were many adverse circumstances encountered, some of which were too formidable to be overcome.

The union of Abingdon Presbytery in the maintenance

and government of King College, and the organization of Fredericksburg and Elkins Colleges, cut off territory that had theretofore been tributary to Hampden-Sidney. The rehabilitation by the State of Virginia of William and Mary College under President Tyler and of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute under President McBride, also took away scores of students who would otherwise have drifted naturally towards Hampden-Sidney. The bursting of the insane boom which pervaded Virginia for two or three years resulted in the financial crippling or ruin of thousands and led to the withdrawal of a number and the inability of others to enter. Perhaps, however, the most serious blow came from the removal of Union Theological Seminary and especially from incidents connected therewith. In order to pacify the Presbyterians of Virginia and reconcile them to this step, it was thought necessary to vilify and abuse its location and surroundings in Prince Edward. This, of course, reacted on the College. I heard something of this at the Synod at Charleston, W. Va., though my presence doubtless tended to check its outflow. An intelligent citizen of Prince Edward told me he heard it *ad nauseam* in Richmond and overheard a lady say to a friend, "I intended to send my son to Hampden-Sidney, but if that is the kind of place it is, he certainly shall not go there." One of the most distinguished ministers in the church told me that he was at this meeting, and that the statements to which he listened were so extravagant as to appall him. When I read the account in the *Richmond Dispatch* the next afternoon I was amazed that any one in his right mind could give such a representation, or rather misrepresentation, of plain, everyday, well known facts. Nevertheless the removal was accomplished and that was the point to be gained.

In my opinion when the two institutions were at Hampden-Sidney, it was an ideal place for both. It is true, there were restrictions and drawbacks, which, however, were gradually being overcome and which were, perhaps, not more real or numerous, though proceeding from different sources, than now beset them both. Still, notwithstanding the ungrateful treatment it received, Hampden-Sidney has

continued true to its foster child in sustaining its matriculation, as is evident from the following figures:

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
ANNUAL AVERAGE

Period.	Number of Students.	From Hampden-Sidney.	From all other Virginia Colleges and Universities	From Davidson College.
1874-1883	58	14.9	12	9.2
1884-1898	63.6	18.5	9.3	9.5
1899-1906	68.5	15.5	8.4	14
1874-1906	63.1	16.7	9.9	11.9

From this exhibit it appears that in each of the separate periods, Hampden-Sidney did more to add to the student body of the Seminary than all other Virginia colleges and universities taken together and than its most advanced Presbyterian sister. Also that in the whole period, 1874-1906, the old College furnished 62.8 per cent of all its students educated at Virginia colleges and universities, and 58.4 per cent of all sent from its two highest supporting colleges. It seems to me that this is an honorable record in view of the adversities and oppositions with which Hampden-Sidney has had to contend, and that the Presbyterian Church in Virginia and the South owes it a debt of gratitude which it ought to be forward to pay, but can never fully repay.

There were many pleasant incidents connected with my life at Hampden-Sidney apart from my relation to the College, though growing out of it. I had many friends in the community and neighborhood, most of whom have passed away. The people of Prince Edward, with a few exceptions, were always most agreeable to me. They were noted for their honesty, uprightness and cordiality. I had a large acquaintance and many friendships in all parts of the county and there is no part of the Commonwealth to which I am more attached. It was my lot to preach much in some of its churches, especially Farnville, Jamestown, and Appomattox, and thus revive ties formed far back during and succeeding the war. I also preached a good deal at Brown's

Church, in Cumberland, at New Store, in Buckingham, and at other points. It was not an uncommon thing to ride twenty to thirty miles, sometimes forty, going and returning, preach, and on occasion conduct the communion, and be home by nightfall. This was done many scores of times and, except at Farmville, without remuneration. It was a pleasure to serve the brethren and to see their appreciation of the service. The people in Farmville always seemed pleased to hear me, and I was with them often. During a vacancy before the settlement of Dr. Harding as pastor, the late Rev. Dr. J. F. Latimer of Union Theological Seminary and I supplied the pulpit alternately for several months, and I singly for several months after he found it necessary to cease to labor there. At the conclusion of this service the good people presented me with a beautiful gold-headed cane as "an expression of love and gratitude," which gave me much pleasure. My last service in Prince Edward before taking my final leave was to supply the Farmville pulpit three or four Sabbaths during a vacancy preceding the pastorate of Rev. H. T. Graham.

I also did much preaching at Hampden-Sidney. For eight or ten years I took my turn in rotation with the professors of U. T. Seminary in preaching on Sabbath nights; and during the interregnum between the death of Rev. Dr. Charles White, the beloved pastor of College Church, and the incoming of his successor, Rev. Dr. James Murray, at the request of the Session, I took charge of the church as its minister, for a year or two. I managed by devoting my time for out of door exercise in the afternoon to pastoral visiting, to overtake this work pretty thoroughly. Among my papers I find the following:

"Resolved, that it is the sense of this meeting of the officers of the church that a call as pastor be extended to Dr. Richard McIlwaine, assuring him of the cordial love and affection of the people for him, and of the entire satisfaction he has given to this church and to us individually."

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VIRGINIA, March 9th, 1894.

This was both a surprise and gratification and the feeling expressed was cordially reciprocated. I had held the

position of stated supply so long, because the people were unable to agree on a pastor, although one or two meetings of the congregation had been held for the purpose. The chief difficulty was in the financial weakness of the congregation. Some were poor, only a few having means beyond the needs of their families. It was now evident that the time had come for an effort to overcome these difficulties with the view of obtaining the undivided time of a pastor. In the good providence of God the effort was made and resulted in the choice of Rev. Dr. James Murray, a man of fine literary and scholastic culture, a biblical student of broad and accurate attainments, a sermonizer unsurpassed in diction, instruction and earnestness, a lovable Christian and diligent pastor.

There were six or eight series of protracted services held in the College Chapel during my administration, all of which were conducted by myself except three, and all, with one exception, fruitful in the conversion of souls both among the students and in the community. In these I was aided by the pastors of the church and the professors of the Seminary. That which I remember most vividly and gratefully occurred during the session of 1892, the result of which was that twenty-two or -three were brought into the church at the same time. A unique feature of this meeting was the forceful and effective preaching of two Seminary students,—Theron H. Rice, now the distinguished pastor of Atlanta, Ga., and Kemper Bocock, afterwards Rector in the Protestant Episcopal Church and now at rest in his Father's house in heaven. A goodly number of young men who came to College thoughtless and careless went away hopeful Christians, some of them now preaching the gospel and others useful in the work of their respective churches. After the removal of the Theological Seminary it fell to my lot to maintain the night services, in which I was aided by Dr. Murray once a month and others occasionally.

In the year 1890, I think it was, I was invited to attend a gathering of Presbyterians at Fagg's Manor in Pennsylvania, the location of the school of Rev. Samuel Blair, at which Rev. Samuel Davies, one of the pioneers of Presbyterianism in eastern Virginia, and other distinguished

ministers of the gospel, were educated and prepared for their work. The invitation was conveyed by Rev. Leighton Wilson Eckard, pastor of the church at that place. He was a nephew of Mrs. J. Leighton Wilson and I had made his acquaintance in Baltimore. He informed me that the convocation was in the interest of a permanent memorial of the work done by Mr. Blair's school, from which Princeton College had sprung. He also invited me, as the representative of Hampden-Sidney and other Southern institutions that traced their lineage to Princeton, directly or indirectly, to make an address on the occasion. I arrived at Fagg's Manor the evening before the gathering and was courteously entertained by Dr. Eckard. It is a beautiful and highly cultivated region of country, a few miles from Philadelphia. The assembly brought together was large and apparently deeply interested. Among the speakers were the Dean of Princeton College; Hon. Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States; Hon. John Wanamaker, Postmaster-General; Governor J. A. Beaver of Pennsylvania; the writer and others whom I cannot recall. The addresses were brief and all written and read except that of President Harrison. One or two speakers preceded him. When his time came he declined modestly but positively. After another address had been delivered, however, he relented, arose and consented to say something. Looking at the gentlemen who had already addressed the audience and speaking in a deprecatory tone, he said he did not understand the use of these manuscripts on such an occasion; it was something he was not looking for. He then went on and made a model address of fifteen or twenty minutes. His manner was calm, deliberate, impressive; his enunciation perfect; his matter exactly suited to the occasion, and admirable. In my opinion it was far the most scholarly and effective effort of the whole. Governor Beaver succeeded him, began to speak *ex tempore* but in a few minutes put on a puzzled look, ran his hand into the inside pocket of his coat, pulled out a manuscript, turned to President Harrison and with a chuckle in his voice said, "I will tell you why these gentlemen use manuscripts. It is because they wish to say something that is worth hearing. For this reason I will use one myself." When the roar of

laughter, in which the President joined, produced by this sally, subsided, the Governor proceeded and gave us a good and impressive address. Altogether it was a pleasant occasion, but I have never heard of any practical results following it. In the latter part of my presidential career I had two honors conferred on me, both of which took me by surprise and were therefore the more grateful. The first of these was the degree of LL. D. from Davidson College (1900) and the other, initiation into the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity of William and Mary College. The latter was specially valued because it seemed to be a testimonial not only to my academic standing but markedly to my efficiency as a member of the late Constitutional Convention of Virginia. It was a rare distinction to participate in the reception of this honor along with my esteemed friends, Hon. John Goode, President of the Convention, and Hon. A. C. Braxton, one of its most talented, assiduous and useful members.

CHAPTER XLIV

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA

THAT I should be a member of this body never occurred to me until after February 16, 1901, the day on which the act of the Legislature appointing the time of its meeting, allotting its members to cities and counties and arranging for their election, was approved and promulgated by the Governor of the Commonwealth.

It happened in this wise. A day or two subsequent to that date I was called to Farmville on business. While crossing Main Street I was met in its midst by an intelligent and influential farmer friend, who, after a pleasant greeting, asked with some solicitude: "If you are elected a member of the approaching Constitutional Convention from Prince Edward, will you accept the position and serve?" A moment's reflection elicited the reply that the suggestion was entirely new to me; that if the people of Prince Edward wished me to represent them in this body, I could not refuse their request; that more than half of my adult life had been given to their service and now if they thought me the best man for this position, I should certainly accede to their wishes and consider it a distinguished honor. "But," I added, "I must be left entirely untrammelled as to any principle or policy I shall advocate and I shall make no canvass, attend no district or county convention, and ask no man for his vote." He said that he was satisfied: this was all he wanted to know. As I went on down the street, I met another farmer friend, who propounded a similar question and received a similar answer. This program was carried out and I was elected without opposition at the appointed time, on the fourth Thursday of May. I afterwards learned that there were other gentlemen in the county who desired to serve in this capacity and felt the public pulse, and that the Republican party agitated the question of putting up a candidate but were satisfied

with my nomination. So when I appeared in the Convention, while an avowed Democrat and the candidate of the Democratic party, it was as the representative of the people of Prince Edward and through them of the people of Virginia. I had made no pledges, outlined no policy, and was free to think for myself, express and vote my convictions and stand for what I believed to be truth and right.

It was about two weeks from the day of election to the date for the opening of the Convention. It never occurred to me that this body would be in session longer than four or five months, the Legislature of the State having encouraged this view by making provision for the contingency of its adjournment prior to October 5th succeeding. Had I known or surmised that it would sit for more than twelve months, I could not have given my consent to abandon my collegiate duties for so long a time. As it was, however, provision was made for supplying my place during my absence, and when the Board of Trustees were informed of the facts they cordially approved my action and authorized me to devote what time should be necessary to the duties I had assumed.

The Convention consisted of one hundred members—88 elected as Democrats and 12 as Republicans,—the same number as constituted the House of Delegates, in whose Hall it assembled. Taken together it was an exceptionally able, efficient, and dutiful body of men, with here and there an individual who rose notably above the level and now and then another who sank as far below it. No portion of the State had a monopoly, or an excessive share, of strong and courageous representatives. Every section was cared for by intelligent and active delegates. Three-fifths of the whole were lawyers by profession, among whom were two circuit and a number of county judges, one ex-governor, one senator of the United States, one member of the House of Representatives, one ex-representative of the Congresses of the Confederate and the United States, several ex-congressmen of the United States, several members of the Senate and House of Delegates of Virginia, one professor of law, several Commonwealth Attorneys and several Corporation attorneys. There were also two physicians, two editors, two ministers of the gospel, and more than a score

of farmers and business men along several lines. Among the non-professional men there were found a few who stood in the forefront in ability, assiduity and devotion. There were a dozen or fifteen who ranged in age from sixty to seventy-six years, Col. W. B. Pettit, of Fluvanna and Goochland, standing at the head; a fine specimen of the old-time Virginia gentleman in appearance, dignity and courtesy of bearing, reverence for the past and obeisance to duty. There were six who first saw the light of day during the pendency of war, and ten whose entrance on these mundane scenes was *post-bellum*, the youngest of whom was Mr. P. W. Campbell of Washington and Bristol. A few of the members were in delicate health, while nine-tenths, perhaps, appeared to be in the fullness of manly vigor. There were no deaths among the members during the sittings of the Convention,—a thing unprecedented, I think, in the history of the past. There was one resignation on account of ill health, that of Mr. Virginius Newton of Richmond City, who was most highly esteemed, thoroughly equipped for the important work intrusted to his hands, as Chairman of the Committee on Taxation and Finance, and whose withdrawal was regarded as a distinct loss to the working force and efficiency of this department.

Between the adjournment of the Convention and the present time (December, 1906) ten of our colleagues have passed over the River to join the innumerable company beyond, to wit: Mr. J. A. Bristow of Middlesex; Mr. H. F. Crismond of Fredericksburg; Judge Berryman Green of Danville; Judge B. A. Hancock of Chesterfield; Dr. John W. Lawson of the Isle of Wight; Mr. C. E. Miller of Pittsylvania; Mr. Virginius Newton of Richmond City; Col. W. B. Pettit of Fluvanna; Mr. Nathan Phillips of Floyd, and Mr. George P. Tarry of Mecklenburg; reminding us of the evanescence of human life and inspiring the hope that through Heavenly Grace we shall meet them again in the Heavenly land.

My relations with Judge Green, Mr. Newton, Col. Pettit, and Mr. Tarry were more pronounced and intimate than with the others. I never think of them except with admiration and affection. They were noble men, and though very unlike, got close to me. Judge Green, a man of unusual

ability, training and fitness for the work before him, though two years my junior, seemed to feel a paternal interest in me from the beginning, and on more occasions than one showed it kindly and helpfully. Mr. Newton from the opening of the Convention appeared attracted to me and ere long by kind words and genial social courtesies drew me to him with cords of love. The last time I saw him, a little while before his lamented death, he was the same gentle, pure, cultured, upright gentleman I had known him to be. Col. Pettit could not fail to impress any ingenuous and observant colleague by his close and intelligent attention to duty, his old-fashioned and sedate politeness and his strenuous contention for what he deemed fitting and right. Mr. Tarry was one of the silent but valued members. My acquaintance with him was wholly within the Convention Hall. I do not remember ever meeting him on the outside. He was a farmer by profession, a gentleman, born and bred, an old Confederate, had enjoyed the advantage of university education in youth and had profited by it. He was an intelligent thinker, independent in the formation of his opinions and conscientious in their expression, which was done not by public utterance but in private conference and by his votes. We were drawn together by similarity of view on some important questions about which there was much contrariety of opinion, and by mutual sympathy in the fundamental proposition that independance in thought and action is the essential characteristic of a manly man and an efficient representative of the people. I am glad to believe that Mr. Tarry in this crowning excellence is a shining example of others, whose voices were seldom heard in public but who, in private consultation and debate and their votes, did much to induce wise conclusions and aid in perfecting a constitution which has already stayed the tides of much evil, brought peace and blessing to the Commonwealth through many channels, and promises even richer benefits as the years go by.

Another member, who still survives to bless the world with his upright conduct and conversation, a good second to Mr. Tarry, was my friend and desk-mate, Judge J. W. Orr of Lee County, for whom I formed a high and affectionate regard. I feel justified in speaking of him, to the

exclusion of others, perhaps just as worthy, because of our daily and intimate association. I did not know that there was such a living man until we met in our official relations, and I doubt whether he had any greater knowledge of me. But we soon came together and to know and confide in each other. He was a modest gentleman, a pronounced but unostentatious Christian, a sane and independent thinker, and always voted as he thought right, regardless of his desk-mate and everyone else. Another shining exemplar of what a representative of the people ought to be! It is upon such men as these that the stability and progress of the State and the perpetuity of our liberties depend! I am glad, too, to believe and express the conviction after careful thought, that much the larger proportion of our colleagues were men of this stamp,—self-poised, independent, conscientious, with no object before them other than the welfare of the Commonwealth and the best interests of its people.

Of course, there were a few narrow, contracted, selfish men, who were accustomed to think that the centre of the Commonwealth lay in their districts, and that nothing could be good for the people as a whole which did not confer some special benefit on their constituents or which deprived any of them of extraordinary privileges and immunities found to be hurtful to good order and government. Then there was a little squad of petty politicians, not confined to either political party, representative of a large and overbearing contingent, scattered throughout the State, who had been accustomed to manage county and State affairs according to their own sweet will for personal and party ends. The fact is that under the influence of Reconstruction and the dominant majority of the negro vote in a large part of the State, Virginia had been honeycombed with political corruption, the demoralizing effects of which were sorely felt in other spheres of life. It was to overtake and destroy this criminal procedure and to put the affairs of state on an honest working basis that constituted the radical occasion for the assembling of the Convention. Most of the members understood this, and were intent on the honorable purpose of carrying out this upright moral sentiment of their high-minded fellow-citizens. There were a

few, however, of a different stripe. They already had things in their own hands and in those of their friends and by persistent fraud could keep them there. They were content to let what they called "well enough" alone.

Another class deserved and received the sympathy of their more discerning colleagues. It was composed largely of good men, who before the election thought they "knew it all," that they understood the situation fully; what ought to be in the Constitution and how to get it there; formed in their own minds a program, which they outlined to their fellow-citizens, and made pledges as to their mode of procedure. Afterwards, on discussion and further consideration, they discovered that their plans were wholly impractical and nugatory. They were in a serious dilemma, fought hard, and stood in the way of progress. On the one hand they had made pledges; on the other these pledges could not be fulfilled. The only honorable way out of the difficulty was to confer with their constituents, obtain release from nugatory obligations and stand *rectus in curia*. Some did this, while others held on to their incrustated opinions and had to be voted down by men of a more ingenuous strain.

My acquaintance on entering the Convention was narrow, extending to only six of the one hundred members—all from the Southside. One of these was Hon. Walter A. Watson of Nottoway and Amelia, a student and graduate of Hampden-Sidney College under my administration. He had already represented his district in the Senate of Virginia and was soon recognized for signal ability and service along certain lines. Another was an old chum at Hampden-Sidney and the University of Virginia, Judge B. J. Epes, of Dinwiddie who, while not assuming the rôle of leader, was an attentive and discriminating student of the interests of the Commonwealth and on more than one occasion came forward with an independent proposition or modification which was accepted and now lies nestled in the bosom of the Constitution. Another was Hon. Joseph Stebbins of Halifax, a successful merchant and citizen of high standing in his community. As a member of the Committee on Organization, in which I also had the honor to be numbered, he was the first to propose the appointment of a Committee

on Corporations. It was also his prerogative, when the famous Article had been prepared and was being discussed before the Convention, to come forward in the discussion of one phase of the subject with a masterly and convincing argument. On other subjects, too, he was a helpful adjutant in shaping action. The others, Ex.-Governor W. E. Cameron and Hon. Alexander Hamilton of Petersburg, and Hon. D. Q. Eggleston of Charlotte, were already so well known throughout the Commonwealth and took such prominent part in the deliberations of the Convention that it is only necessary to mention their names, that they may be recognized as gentlemen of most honorable character and as important factors in the evolution of a trustworthy and up-to-date Constitution. While such a stranger at the beginning, it was not long before I had enlarged my acquaintance and come to know pleasantly a large proportion of my colleagues.

The official staff was ideal: it is hard to see how it could be surpassed in quality or efficiency. Our President, Hon. John Goode of Bedford, was the very man for the place. His punctuality, promptness, knowledge of men and things, acquaintance with the rules of order, reverence, unfailing courtesy, impartiality, courage and gift of speech, made him nonpareil. He was next to the oldest man in the body, yet was in the full possession and enjoyment of his powers, physical and mental. His experience as a legislator, gained in the General Assembly as far back as 1852-'3, in the Constitutional Convention of 1861, in the Congresses of the Confederate States and the United States and other important positions, gave him admirable preparation for the duties to which he was now called, and which he discharged with a success that insured the abiding respect and affection of his colleagues.

Our Secretary, too, Hon. Joseph Button of Appomattox, who had been Secretary of the Senate of Virginia for several sessions, possessed every qualification for the performance of his official functions and discharged them admirably. I never heard but one criticism on his assiduity, and that late in the session, when an impetuous member arose just after Dr. Dunaway or I had opened the Convention with prayer, and in a querulous tone asked, why more of the ministers

of the city were not called on to officiate in this service, stating that Dr. Dunaway and Dr. McIlwaine "prayed very well" but that he was tired of hearing them pray and wanted "to hear somebody else pray." The increased activity of the Secretary availed for a while in satisfying the wants of the critic, but it was not long before things tended to the old rut, the fact being that it was not at all the fault of the officer charged with the duty of supplying this service or of the city clergy, who were frequently unable to perform it. So not infrequently the Convention had to put up with such prayers as its members could offer or go to work prayerless, which, I believe, never occurred but once. Mr. Button had a clear, resonant voice, well modulated, that rang through the House. His enunciation was perfect, far in advance of most speakers or readers, lay or clerical, and the correctness of his pronunciation was remarkable. During all the sessions of the Convention I never heard him err in the pronunciation of but two words and one of them a proper name. The other members of the official staff were equally well qualified for their respective duties and discharged them with consummate ability.

One thing that early impressed me favorably was the reverence displayed by the members in dealing with sacred things, not only by professing Christians but by all. I cannot recall anything to the contrary, either in connection with the opening exercises or by speakers on the floor. There seemed to be general recognition of the existence of an overruling Providence, who has made himself known in the Bible and in the works of His hands, to whom we owe duty and service. This may have been, on the part of some, the result of good breeding and innate courtesy, but at any rate it existed and was attractive and hopeful.

It soon became evident that a large proportion of the Convention was composed of men of unusual intellectual ability, integrity, and training, well fitted to grapple with the work before them. I suppose that fully three-fifths, possibly three-fourths of all, attained this ascendancy, the large majority of whom belonged to the legal profession, but along with them were found a few farmers and business men and one preacher (Rev. W. F. Dunaway, D. D., of Lancaster and Richmond). Dr. Dunaway had enjoyed

collegiate and university education, was captain in the Confederate army, admitted to the Bar in 1867, and after five years entered the ministry. He was a pleasant gentleman, consecrated to the service of God and man. He was modest and retiring, but brave and courageous. He understood the responsibility that rested on him, was a careful student of the many perplexing problems before him and was forward in rendering aid in their safe solution. He was an impressive speaker and if he had possessed strength of voice to the same extent that he commanded accurate and forceful language, would have been regarded as one of the leading speakers on the floor. His speech against the incorporation of churches was a masterly effort, and in my opinion was chiefly influential in the defeat of that proposition.

The Convention was encompassed by some serious obstacles to progress in its work. The first of these was encountered in the abnormally hot spell of weather which greeted its opening and continued for some time. The opinion was entertained by a good many that the seat of the Convention ought to be removed to the mountains; by others, that recess had better be taken till autumn, and there was much unrest. This barrier, however, was removed in a few days by a vote to continue the sessions in the Capital City, with such brief recesses as might be found desirable.

A more formidable impediment came from the absences of members, some of which were rare, justifiable and necessary; on account of them, however, there was sometimes hurtful delay in the consideration of important questions: others, frequent and protracted, which in some cases constituted a negligible quantity, as the absentees were of little use when present.

A still greater embarrassment proceeded from *loquacity*, *Cacoethes loquendi*, as the Latins phrased it. This has no reference to the enlightening discussions participated in by men of variant views and thorough equipment, which were not only helpful but necessary to the evolution of truth, that the rank and file might arrive at just conclusions. It refers to a coterie of thoughtless men, who put themselves forward as leaders, and who were ready to pop up and stay up on any and all occasions, greatly to the disgruntlement of less obtrusive colleagues and to the reckless consumption of

much valuable time. It is upon the shoulders of this class that the blame most largely rests for the caustic criticisms for dillydallying passed on the Convention by the people and the press. I remember meeting one of these gentlemen, a good man and conversant with the scriptures, at luncheon one day. In conversation I asked him to give me his definition of the word "few." He replied that he had never thought of it and expressed the wish to know why I asked. I told him that he began his speeches with the statement that he would occupy "only a short time" or would speak "only a few minutes" and then went on to speak an hour or an hour and a half and sometimes longer and that I had wondered what he meant by "a few." He then asked how I defined it; to which I replied promptly, "Eight, eight is a few." To his further query, "Where did you get that?" I responded, "From the Bible," quoting I Peter 3: 20, in which the writer, speaking of Noah's Ark, says, "Wherein few, that is eight souls, were saved." He accepted the suggestion kindly and profited by it for a time, but he and others gave us the benefit of much useless rodomontade down to the close. It must be confessed, too, that in some of the stronger and more profitable arguments there was a conspicuous element of diffuseness and excessive elaboration.

All these drawbacks, except the first, which was of minor importance, were, perhaps, inherent in the Convention, because of the inexperience of its members along the lines we were now pursuing. There was not a single expert Constitution-maker in our number. There were many men of marked ability and varied attainments; lawyers of broad and accurate knowledge, both in the law and the constitutions of the United States and its constituent Commonwealths; statesmen, who had aided in framing national and State legislation; private citizens, who had been tutored and accustomed to profound thinking on fundamental questions and to express their convictions in words and deeds; but not one who had seriously engaged in searching for, giving expression to and carefully formulating the basic principles of government which underlie the liberties and prosperity of a sovereign State. Then, too, there were conscientious and independent men, belonging to different

schools of political and economic thought, trained under diverse surroundings; and it is but natural that such contrariety of opinion and sentiment on vital questions should prevail as could be equitably and satisfactorily settled only after free and full discussion. So that at last it may be best that things were as they were and that every member had free course to express himself to his heart's content on all matters great and small.

CHAPTER XLV

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA (CONTINUED)

ABOUT three weeks after the assembling of the Convention the gentleman from Prince William, Hon. J. B. T. Thornton, immediately after roll call, arose in his place and with tender sympathy in his voice, which attracted the attention of everyone present, asked immediate consideration of a resolution he was about to offer. He then gave a touching account of an interview he had the day before with a delicate-looking but happy lad he met on the Capitol grounds, who, when they came together, was engaged cheerfully and industriously in an effort to aid in the support of his straitened household. He described the boy as the son of a widowed mother and of a father who during life had been an esteemed and useful minister of the gospel, and as the grandson of an honored and distinguished jurist, —for many years a member of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia. He then stated that he had taken pains to verify the facts and offered the following resolution, which, after a brief colloquy, was adopted unanimously:

“Whereas, It is believed that the services of an additional page are needed in this Convention, therefore be it,

“Resolved, that the President of this Convention be, and he is hereby, authorized to appoint Walter Moncure a page from the State at large, with pay from the date of appointment.”

This was to me one of the most interesting and pathetic incidents connected with the Convention. The next morning the little fellow appeared, his countenance wreathed with smiles, and took up his work with alertness and attended to it with entire satisfaction throughout. I have followed him since with interest and have been pleased to

learn that having passed through two or three years of academic instruction with honor, he is now a student of one of our foremost Virginia colleges and gives promise of maintaining the prescriptions of his family and doing credit to his mother State.

The McKinley Memorial was an episode of deep interest in the life of the Convention. On Friday, September 6th, 1901, William McKinley, President of the United States, was stricken down by the hand of a cruel assassin but lingered under patient suffering until Friday, the 13th instant. The day of his burial, September, 19th, was set apart by the Convention for services commemorative of this sad event and expressive of the feelings of its members and of the people of Virginia.

On Thursday, September 19th, "The Convention assembled at 12 o'clock. The President announced that in accordance with the resolutions previously adopted, the regular business would be dispensed with and suitable memorial services would be held in memory of the late President, William McKinley.

"Whereupon, the President addressed the Convention, after which he introduced Rev. Dr. W. V. Tudor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who conducted the memorial services.

"Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Tudor, Governor J. Hoge Tyler, Judge R. H. Cardwell, of the Court of Appeals, and Hon. Henry T. Wickham, President *pro tem* of the Senate, and the following members of the Convention, Messrs. McIlwaine, Ingram, Moore of Montgomery, Blair and Anderson of Rockbridge.

"Rev. Dr. Dunaway pronounced the benediction and the President pronounced the Convention adjourned."

This service was the most memorable I ever attended. Every seat on the floor and in the galleries was filled and every inch of standing space occupied. Deep solemnity and tender sympathy showed themselves in every countenance. The religious services and addresses were appropriate, touching and instructive throughout. An awed silence, as in the presence of an overwhelming calamity, prevailed, breathless attention was given, and as lesson after lesson was drawn from the life of the heroic dead and en-

comium after encomium was pronounced on the rectitude of his character and the value of his work, and emphasis laid on "the life with God in Christ" he led, as the principle that underlay, enriched and directed his activities and explained his peaceful, though tragic end, it could be seen that there was ready response in every breast; a deep-seated, warm regard for the virtues of the deceased and an abiding impression for good left on many hearts. And this, too, in an audience nine-tenths of which were his opponents in politics and in a State that forty years before was in open antagonism to the government for which he stood. What a tribute was this to character,—to manly, honorable, independent, trustworthy, Christian Character! What a lesson is here for the men of this day and all the future; especially for young men, just entering on life! It is not brilliancy of talent that makes a man, but allegiance to duty: not distinguished ancestry, or influential friends, or wealth, or intellectual or material success, but consecration and adherence to what is true and right in the light of God's countenance! Step by step, step by step, William McKinley, through Heavenly grace and adherence to the teaching of God's word, had mounted up to this ascendancy, and when he died by the hand of an assassin, the heart of a nation was stirred, and away beyond the seas in the uttermost parts of the earth there was a responsive thrill of sympathetic sorrow. "The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes."

That I should have any conspicuous part in these ceremonies was first brought to my attention by my friend, Judge Green, a member of the Committee of Arrangements, on the evening succeeding its appointment, who outlined a tentative program and stated that he conveyed the suggestion of the Committee that I should make one of the addresses on the occasion. I stated frankly that while I appreciated the honor conferred on me by the Committee, I thought it was mistaken, that I had never made such an address and did not think I was the man to do it. He replied that from what he knew of me, he was not surprised at my hesitation but that the Committee was unanimous and he hoped I would yield to its judgment. I then told him

that I wished him to state my position and opinion to the Committee at its meeting that night, and if it still adhered to its suggestion, I would accede to its wishes and do the best I could. He informed me the next morning that the decision was affirmative and so I went to work, though with much trepidation, which continued until my part in the program had been performed. I have since felt thankful to a gracious Providence for the opportunity of speaking a word in His name, under these impressive circumstances, to my respected fellow-members and to the attentive and deeply interested multitude which thronged the Hall.

Who were the leaders in the Convention? This is a question which, no doubt, many have answered satisfactorily to themselves by naming a half dozen or dozen of its honored and active members, who appeared prominently on the floor, whereas there were a score or two, who as independent pioneers, not walking in the steps of any man and seldom or never heard in the Hall, exerted important influence in shaping action and in the production of the Constitution as it is to-day. The fact is that in the ordinary sense of the term there were no "leaders." The Democrats from beginning to end declined to hold a caucus whose decisions should be binding. There was, indeed, what was called "a democratic conference"—a most inefficient and poorly attended body—but its conclusions, when any were arrived at, were not imperative. The true "leaders" were the Committees appointed by the President to formulate Articles on the subjects placed in their hands. Most of these were furnished with chairmen of marked fitness and there were able and accomplished men on all. It was their province to thresh over the problems involved in their special work, to seek all accessible information and suggestions, study every proposition carefully, arrive at safe conclusions, formulate them in lucid language, and present them to the Convention for consideration, amendment and adoption. When this was done, however, it was sometimes found that there was little agreement, but much diversity of opinion in Committees. In some cases majority and minority reports appeared, and in others, when presented the report was accompanied with the statement, that while offered as a whole,

it was understood that individuals were free to oppose individual sections or clauses. In one or more cases three reports, widely variant, were introduced.

In a true sense, therefore, it may be said there were "leaders": men who, by reason of native gifts, knowledge, skill, experience and power of speech, exercised a paramount influence in the adjustment of questions in Committees and the House. But it is a notable fact that some who were influential in Committees were not infrequently unsuccessful in the House, and that others who attained ascendancy on one question in the House were severely "snowed" under on others. Some of the ablest "leaders" too were oftener beaten than triumphant, and that because they advocated principles and policies which were erroneous according to the mature judgment of the majority. And yet they were esteemed and honored as important factors in the intelligent eduction of the Constitution.

Were I called on to name a dozen of the most talented, cultured and efficient members of the body, I would find it a difficult task. Were the number increased to a score or more, I should find it easier to do and yet a good many, who performed distinguished service, would be left out. The opinion of others, equally candid and disinterested, would, doubtless, vary from mine to some extent, but all would probably concur in saying, that the body taken as a whole was made up largely of men of distinguished ability and single-mindedness, with here and there an incompetent, dullard, a partisan, a trifier. This suggests a class of "leaders," very unlike either of those to which allusion has been made and who themselves, perhaps, were all unconscious of it,—"file-leaders" who were implicitly followed by those behind them. I remember that one day a colleague came to my seat and with a smile on his countenance and a chuckle in his voice, said: "Watch ———— when it comes to a vote. ————, his file-leader, is absent and he doesn't know how to vote and is bothered almost to death." There were not many such, but more than one. They put me in mind of an ignorant old man, a Northerner, the delegate in the Legislature of Virginia from one of our Southside counties immediately after Reconstruction, when the negroes were in the saddle. He had no capacity, native or acquired,

to grapple with the questions that came before him, and formed the habit of following the leader of his party. His name came higher on the roll than that of his "file-leader," so the old man was accustomed to withhold his vote until his leader had declared his. Then before the vote was counted and announced, he would rise and give in his. He was the laughing-stock of both parties and a scheme was concocted to make him the object of wholesale ridicule. Some simple, nonpartisan question was up, on which there was little difference of opinion. The plan was for the "file-leader" to vote against the resolution, which he did, his subservient follower in due time doing likewise. The crisis had now arrived. The "file-leader" arose and with dignity asked to have his vote changed and recorded on the other side, whereupon the ignorant old man in hot haste and somewhat in a flurry, begged the same concession amid uproarious nonpartisan laughter and applause all over the House.

My experience in the Convention was laborious but pleasant. As Chairman of the Committee on Education and Public Instruction and a member of the Committee on Corporations, I had much work to do in investigating and arriving at a decision on many important and disputed problems. As a member of the body I was equally careful in giving attention and consideration to other topics as they were presented and discussed in conference and on the floor of the House. With the exception of a few brief and necessary absences, I answered every roll call, and I listened to every speech delivered in the Convention, except two.

When I entered the Convention I was a novice, unaccustomed to such assemblies and the consideration of such questions. But I went there with well-defined principles and resolutions. Among these were the following: that I would attend assiduously to every duty, listen to everything said on both sides of a question, form my own opinion after having gotten all possible light, never impose myself on the Convention unless I believed I had something to say that would aid in the proper settlement of the question under discussion, and vote my own independent convictions on every proposition. I believe that I pretty generally adhered to these principles and resolutions, and it therefore behooves

me to give reasons for deviation in the two cases noted above:

1st. One morning on examining my mail, I found a postal card, dated at the Old Dominion Hospital, Richmond, from one of my old and highly valued students, now a missionary in India, telling me that he was just recovering from the effects of a critical operation for appendicitis, that he was now allowed to see friends, and that "there is no living man into whose eye I would rather look or whose hand I would rather shake than yours." My heart was touched and went out to the dear fellow, about whose condition or proximity to me I had no knowledge until now. I determined to see him the first practicable moment. The sessions of the Convention opened soon afterwards and it was not long before the floor was occupied by a "windy" member, to whom I had listened often and without illumination. I attended to his familiar and inane strain for fifteen minutes, when the thought occurred to me, "This is the providential opportunity opened to you to see the dear old boy. You may do him some good and you can get none here for the next hour or two." So, hat in hand, I crept out quietly, was absent one hour by the watch, and on my return found "the wind" pouring out from the same inexhaustible source.

2nd. One of the older yet more unbalanced members, for whom personally I entertained a very kind regard, had the floor. He was heated in utterance, extravagant in expression, and wordy to excess. I noticed member after member leave the Hall, until it was thinly tenanted. I determined, however, to hold my ground, but presently the speaker launched out into a tirade of vituperation and accusation, absolutely intolerable, against an absent member, one of our most honored and highly esteemed colleagues. My nerves were shattered. I felt like shrieking but happily restrained myself and instead made for the lobby, where I found a large number of the members and remained until the fiasco was over. This is my only experience of the lobby during our sessions, except in passing into and out from the Hall.

I have already given my estimate of the Convention as a whole; as one of the ablest, most intelligent, cultured, sedate, gentlemanly and long-suffering bodies of which I have

known. Its work has been approved by the people with a unanimity and cordiality perhaps never exceeded. Some of its salient provisions have already been tested in the Supreme Courts, State and Federal, and remain intact. It has ministered to the decrease of political corruption and the purification of social morals. It has added largely to the legitimate revenues of the Commonwealth. It has opened the way for solid and progressive advance in Education and Public Instruction from the lowest to the highest stratum and delivered this important department from much noxious political influence. It has elevated and purified the courts and rendered them more tributary to the economic welfare of the people. It has brought railroads and other public service corporations under needed and wholesome control; and by many other provisions it tends to promote the welfare of the State and its citizens, economically, socially, morally, and to restore the old Commonwealth to the position of influence, normally hers, among her sister States.

In setting forth these claims, it is not intended to intimate that this instrument attains perfection. While the larger part of it expresses the unanimous convictions of the Convention, some of its most important provisions are compromises, adopted after hard-fought battles, as the best that could be secured under the circumstances. The Article on "Education and Public Instruction," while far ahead of the provisions of the preëxistent Constitution is, in my opinion, far behind what it ought to be, in some of its features, in order to promote the best interests of the State and its children and youth. The Article on "Suffrage" with its "Understanding Clause," although of only temporary effect, was so abhorrent to my moral sensibilities that the Constitution containing it could never have received my affirmative vote, except, 1st, as a compromise measure,—the best that could be obtained and much better than its competing proposition, "the Permanent Understanding Clause,"—and 2nd, with the cordial and intelligent consent and approval of my constituents.

In order to obtain the latter, I called a meeting of the people of Prince Edward at the County court-house, which was attended by a crowded audience of intelligent citizens from all parts of the county, occupying the entire standing

space in the court-room. In a speech of nearly two hours, I explained the important changes in the organic law and my attitude to each, demurring to none until the Understanding Clause was reached, when I explained that it was susceptible of fraud and would probably be used fraudulently, and that I was wholly opposed to it and could not vote for the Constitution containing it without their free and full approval; that it was a compromise and the best that could be obtained but that it was vicious, the only alleviation being that it was temporary, extending to January 1st, 1904. After I concluded and took my seat, a series of resolutions was passed, approving of my course in the Convention, instructing me to vote for the Constitution as a whole and for its promulgation by the Convention, without reference to the vote of the people. This I did without hesitation.

Among the members of the Convention at the beginning, there were many whom I learned to know and admire, some of whom I came to love for their genial and lovable qualities. For all I cherish a kind regard and good wishes. Some who in 1901 were little known outside their respective communities, have attained preëminence in their special spheres and now enjoy a national reputation. Two of our former colleagues, Messrs. Fairfax and Stuart, have been accorded seats on the Corporation Commission and their names are household words throughout the Commonwealth and beyond. Others of the younger men are forging on to the front, some of them already near the goal.

My personal experience in, and attitude to the Convention, have been expressed often in the following language: "I never worked harder, learned more, or enjoyed myself so much in the service of any year of my life as during its sessions." While by no means one of the "leaders," I did my duty and believe that my efforts were not altogether vain. I left the Convention a wiser, broader, more rounded man than when I entered and can say to-day, "God bless the old Commonwealth and her people," with an intensity of feeling and depth of meaning I had not experienced before.

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